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THE CATHOLIC WORLD

A Monthly Magazine of General Literature and Science

Editorial Comment Exploiting the Ego		513
"Wordsworth's Exquisite Sister"	*Theodore Maynard*	523
"Lawrence of Arabia" (*Poem*)	*Anna McClure Sholl*	532
Chink, Chink Chinaman (*Story*)	*Carroll K. Michener*	533
The Philosophy of Simplism	*James W. Lane*	549
Lost Secret (*Poem*)	*Frances Frieseke*	554
Some Precedents for the Borah Resolution	*William Thomas Walsh*	555
Premonition (*Poem*)	*Ellen Gilbert*	563
Melodrama	*Martin I. J. Griffin*	564
Cathedral Bells (*Poem*)	*Mary Sinton Leitch*	568
The Pre-War *Pension* (Part II.)	*Eleanor Downing*	569
The Nightmare Literature of William Faulkner	*Camille McCole*	576
Ecstasy (*Poem*)	*Alice E. Cate*	583
Potpourri	* * *	584
The Martyr With a "Yin"	*James F. Kearney, S.J.*	587
Sto et Pulso (*Poem*)	*Mother St. Jerome*	595
Shadow and Substance A Tale of Old Glaston	*Eleanore M. Jewett*	596
The Drama	*Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt*	603
The Ball and the Cross: A Korean Mother Hubbard Comes Home	* * *	608

Nova et Vetera 612 Foreign Periodicals 615 Recent Events 618

Our Contributors 622 New Books 624

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THE
CATHOLIC WORLD
AUGUST, 1935

EDITORIAL COMMENT

EXPLOITING THE EGO

DAVID HUXLEY — the name of the tribe is legion and all the Huxleys are highly articulate— wrote recently in a volume entitled *Growing Opinions:* "The tendency of modern literature is to describe the more and more immediate subjective experience of the writer, to pour out personality to its dregs. It is not so much frank realism . . . as a rank and gratuitous rudeness, a depressing egotism which imagines that the entire world can be waiting anxiously for sordid self-revelation."

Sordid Self-Revelation in Literature

Mr. Huxley healthily revolts against the prevalent custom, and accuses it of prostituting literature. He speaks of "sheer nastiness," and of "psychological misfits" who "air their complexes." By the way, didn't Freud explain that the complexes *should* be aired? that they must be brought up from the subliminal self and exposed to the light of day? Doubtless, but he never could have meant that the complexes should be aired with an eye on the cash value of the revelations. Confession is good for the soul, but confession for cash is sacrilege. These "open confessors" don't want absolution. They are not repentant. They glory in their shame. The worse their sins, the better they think themselves, like the toper at the old-fashioned temperance revival telling what a beastly sot he was, or like a Buchmanite in evening clothes in a fashionable hotel, titillating the polite ears of his audience with the recital of his Casanovan escapades. But the literary exhibitionist lacks the saving grace of the bum from the gutter or the Don Juan out of Mayfair. *They* at least may mean it, but *he* writes with his tongue in his cheek. They have no more evil intent than to dramatize themselves at the mourners' bench or in the drawing-room; he reveals his nastiness for the sake of the royalties. Nor is he averse to "laying it on" pretty thick to beat his rivals, like Bernard Shaw trying to prove that his sex-life was more vile than that of Frank Harris.

The literary craftsman now as al-

ways makes his living with his imagination, but the function of the imagination has changed a good deal since Shelley's day. It is no longer a skylark that "singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest." Nowadays the imagination — the paying imagination — is more pig than lark; it has no wings to challenge the empyrean, but only a snout to root in the muck. And there is another difference. The skylark's song is one of "unpremeditated art." Contemporary literary self-expression is anything but "unpremeditated." It is as carefully calculated for sales at the book counter as the motion pictures used to be in their unclean days for brisk business at the box office. The fouler the product the better the pay. Huxley has the correct word: it is "prostitution."

ONE labors under a disadvantage in making such statements in pages like these where Christian decorum must be observed. The evidence cannot be presented. Once upon a time when I had rather severely reviewed a group of books that were extravagantly praised in some of our best literary journals, a gentleman—by the way, a Catholic gentleman—challenged me and threatened to complain to my ecclesiastical superiors. I sent word to him to go ahead, and bought second copies of the offensive stuff (the review copies had been cast into the incinerator) and stood ready if need be to shock the archbishop by showing him some passages the like of which I am sure he had never seen and could never have imagined possible. But the challenger got "cold feet," the hierarchical innocence was unassailed, the second volumes like the first went into the inferno and we charged the episode up to profit and loss. I still feel that the Catholic gentleman owes me for the expense, to say nothing of the disgust involved in the purchase of that second consignment of printed nastiness.

Intimate friends of the earlier Paulist Fathers will remember that Father Searle, mathematician and astronomer, used to relax like Lewis Carroll by composing comic verse, mostly limericks. One of them, written about a former editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, runs:

"A certain old fellow named Hewit
Received a foul book to review it.
At the very first page
He flew into a rage
And out of the window he threw it."

Fortunately that manner of disposing of literary filth was discontinued. Otherwise there would be by this time a very large malodorous dump outside our windows.

THE urge for self-expression is manifest in journalism as in more pretentious literature. And here it becomes more ridiculous than offensive. It amuses me to see the signature and photograph of a newspaper scrivener displayed brazenly at the head of his column like the pennant of an admiral at the masthead of his flagship. If the columnist were Addison or Steele or Swift or Thackeray! But no, he is only Mark Hellinger or Walter Winchell or Heywood Broun or Westbrook Pegler or some other manufacturer of brittle "wise-cracks," retailer of stale philosophy masquerading as bright new original thought, or dis-

A Face and a Name

penser of scandalous Broadway gossip. Even so ambitious a journalist as H. L. Mencken explains that the purpose of literary criticism is self-expression, which really means exploitation of the ego.

Nowadays even we Catholics have been compelled to follow the vogue. We are reminded that "Names are News," and that a photograph (generally a caricature—perhaps to neutralize the writer's vanity) catches the attention of the fickle reader and somehow lures him on to read. I confess that the logic, or the psychology of it escapes me. It may be that if the reader sees a handsome head with "intelligent" features, a broad brow crowned by a luxurious mane, he will say, "The guy looks intellectual; let's see." Or if—more likely—the face is forbidding, the features unprepossessing and the luxurious locks sadly missing, the reader may say, "Can it be possible that there is anything in a head like that?" The reader's interest may be phrenological rather than literary, like that of the boy who never took his eyes off the lecturer, but when asked how he had managed to concentrate so miraculously, explained: "He talked all night and never moved his lower jaw."

GOOD wine needs no bush. Good literature and good art need no signature. Raphael didn't sign his name to the Sistine Madonna (unless perhaps cryptically for the *cognoscenti*, and even they have to hunt for the symbol with a microscope). The stone masons at Reims and Chartres forgot or deliberately neglected to cut the names of the architects into the corner stone. They seem to have thought the name of God, *Deo Optimo Maximo*, sufficient. The author of *The Imitation of Christ* says, "Consider what is said, not who says it," and in all consistency he neglected to sign his name to that supreme masterpiece of spiritual literature. The King James' Bible, presumably the finest piece of writing in the language, carries a fulsome and idolatrous dedication to the king as "Most Dread Sovereign," and to Elizabeth as "That Bright Occidental Star," but the names of the scholars who did the superlatively excellent job are not appended. The Douai-Reims version avoids the sacrilege of putting the names of the translators between the same covers as the Inspired Word. Scholars may know, but I don't and, dear reader, you don't know the names of the seventy men, the *Septuaginta* who gave us the *Septuagint*. Even the authorship of Shakespeare's plays is disputed. And so is it not more than slightly ridiculous, is it not preposterous, that while the masters concealed their identity, we poor 'prentice hands should insist that the world be told who it is to whom credit is due for the perishable product of our pen?

Classics Need No Signature

HOWEVER, there is a commendable, necessary form of literary self-expression. Not all such revelation need be a nauseating eructation of filth. Huxley says that "the immediate subjective experience of contemporary writers seems to be all sordid self-revelation" and "sheer conceited nastiness," "rank and gratuitous rudeness": they "pour out personality to its dregs." This, of course, is an abuse, but without a decent self-expression literature is not possible. The writer, like the artist, or the sculptor, or

the architect must reveal himself—unconsciously perhaps—in all that he produces. I have remarked that the masters didn't sign their masterpieces. But in another sense they did. You may see Raphael in the Sistine Madonna, along with the Holy Mother, the Divine Child, the Pope and St. Barbara. In the majestic "Moses," in the Church of St. Peter-in-Chains, there is the lawgiver (most evidently a *lawgiver*!), also there is Pope Julius II. who sat as model, but together with them in that superb piece of work—in it and through it and all over it—is Michelangelo.

Automatic Self-Identification

The popular art critic Thomas Craven in a review of Finlayson's *Michelangelo, the Man* reports that the author promises to introduce to us the man divorced from his art. It can't be done, says Craven, and of course he is right. And what is true of the man of stupendous genius is equally true of artists of lesser eminence; they and their work are one. It would be difficult even for a tyro in criticism not to recognize a Whistler or a Joseph Pennell or a Frederick Remington or a Maxfield Parrish, and I imagine that almost any amateur of architecture could say "that's Stanford White," or "that's Ralph Adams Cram." The signature is wrought into the work: it need not be cut on the face of the stone. When a certain particularly handsome Public Library was built years ago, as soon as the scaffolding was removed an ingenious observer detected the fact that the initials of the names of great men carved in a stone panel, Moses, Confucius and so on, was an acrostic of the names of the architects. It may have been a coincidence; it would seem to have been a trick; but in any case it should not have been necessary. If the architects had greater faith in themselves they might have borrowed Sir Christopher Wren's epitaph, *Si monumentum quæris*, adapting it a little, "If you seek a *signature* look about you."

As in art and sculpture and architecture, so in literature. Men may dispute as to who Shakespeare was, but whoever he was, he wrote himself into *Macbeth* and *Lear* and *Hamlet*. You could no more mistake him for Richard Brinsley Sheridan or Oliver Goldsmith or Arthur Pinero than you could mistake the Alhambra for the Houses of Parliament at Westminster, or thirteenth century Gothic for Italian Renaissance Baroque. To drop abruptly from the classics to the moderns, is it not true that Ernest Hemingway, Aldous Huxley, Henry L. Mencken, Erskine Caldwell, Arthur Brisbane and O. O. McIntyre may be easily and infallibly distinguished from one another?

ENOUGH of that. What really bothers me is the unsolved problem, why is the style of Catholic journalism in general so undistinctive, so lacking in personality? The men and women who make it are as vital, interesting, entertaining, fascinating as any others. They have opinions and convictions, quite as strong as any one else's. Let us add that they are not lacking in idiosyncrasies quite as picturesque as those of the earlier American Catholic journalists (Phelan or McMaster or Brownson or Lambert, for example) and yet, unless my memory and my critical judgment are playing a trick upon me, while we have generally a higher standard of

journalistic merit than our predecessors of a couple of generations ago, our product is, for the most part, less vigorous, less warmly human, less instinct with the charm and magnetism of colorful personality than that of the doughty fighters just named, or of John Boyle O'Reilly and James Jeffery Roche.

There is a story about a great preacher whose friends begged leave to print his sermons. "On one condition," he answered, "you must print me with them." There's the rub! How to get on paper the man of flesh and blood, bone and sinew, passions, prejudices, and the whole congeries of qualities that we call his "personality" or his "individuality." *"Le style c'est l'homme,"* said Buffon, and if the man cannot perform the magic of placing himself in and under and between the lines so that he leaps out at you when you read, what business has he with journalism? We all know painters who paint and singers who sing and pianists who play without communicating their personality to the canvas or to the human tympanum or the keys. Why then do they continue? When the "ham" actor explained "Actors must live," some cruel fellow asked "Why?" Once on the golf links I met Al Smith and asked him, "How's your game?" He answered, "This *isn't* my game." On a platform with a multitude before him, in the crisis of a presidential campaign he was in his element, playing a game that was his as much as golf was Bobby Jones's, or tennis was Tilden's. He could communicate his personality to twenty thousand persons in a hall or to sixty millions over the radio, like a magician waving a wand and casting a spell. But he couldn't wield a brassie or a niblick as a wand. The implement simply would not express his personal magnetism.

Must Catholic Journalism Be Impersonal?

I REMEMBER meeting and spending two or three hours once with a bishop who had seen some twenty or thirty years among savages. For several hours in private conversation he poured out such a stream of fascinating anecdotes that I was enthralled, like the stay-at-homes who heard Marco Polo, back from his incredible adventures. So I said to the bishop, "Do write that down for me and be sure to write it just as you have spoken it." He tried, but the manuscript had no more thrill than a textbook; a hack writer could have made a more vital story out of the *Britannica*. The personality had evaporated; there was no Marco Polo, no Sir Richard Burton, no Lawrence of Arabia in it. It hadn't even the zest and the verve of Harry Franck or Richard Halliburton. You would think the bishop had never seen the jungle, had never been poled through a wicked rapid, had never slept in a bamboo hut decorated with a frieze of the ghastly prizes of a head-hunting expedition.

The same phenomenon is manifest, and to a greater degree, on the radio. There is a man whose intelligence is second to none in my acquaintance. He thinks deeply and clearly, he writes lucidly, he is wise and learned and has vast experience. But on the radio he is hollow, flat, tedious. Another: witty, a splendid *raconteur*, the life of many a banquet, a genuine scholar; an unusual if not unique combination. But the radio is not his vehicle. He needs the banquet table, the lights, the bonhomie, the excite-

ment, the food, perhaps the drink. Over the air he is about as witty as Cotton Mather, as magnetic as Herbert Hoover.

Now, print and paper paralyze some, as the microphone paralyzes others. Then what business have they with writing? After all, it takes a writer to write. Not an orator, not a lecturer, a preacher, or a conversationalist. He may be a Savonarola in the pulpit, a Daniel O'Connell on the platform in front of the well-known "sea of upturned faces"; he may be a combination of Doctor Johnson, Oscar Wilde and James McNeill Whistler in conversation, but a dud as a writer. Of course it works the other way. Oliver Goldsmith "wrote like an angel and talked like Poor Poll." In either case, what can be done about it? Nothing. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.* The shoemaker must find his last even before he can stick to it.

How One May Become an Editor

THE Catholic Press in America is largely in the hands of religious orders. Led by what are called vaguely "the exigencies of the occasion," a religious superior says to one of his subjects, "Come be a preacher" and he cometh; to another, "Go be an editor" and he goeth. But the listeners in the pews are sometimes tempted to say, "Perhaps he could write it," and the readers to say, "Perhaps he could speak it." The Book of Proverbs tells us, "The obedient man shall speak of victory," but the victory must be in heaven. The priest who was yesterday a missionary and who may be to-morrow a pastor, but to-day, under holy obedience is trying to be an editor, is doubtless storing up merit in heaven. But so are his poor long-suffering readers.

IT is rare to find a man so versatile that he can express himself equally well in two or three different mediums. Of course there was Michelangelo, who could write you a sonnet, or paint you a picture (though he despised painting as a woman's vocation) or carve you a statue or build you a dome. And there was Leonardo who could do all those things and also dig a canal and invent a flying machine. But such myriad-minded, multitalented geniuses come only once in about five or six centuries. But in religion a superior tells you "Drop this and take up that"; go to China and learn the language; or stay home and conduct a charity drive; or take these vacant lots and build a rectory, a school, a convent and a church, out of nothing. And oh, yes, perhaps you can assemble the funds by running a paper. And that's how you become an editor.

THERE are others who, as we say, have the stuff in them but can't get it out. For some artificial reason they are prevented from "releasing the inhibitions." They have humanity and personality, but one or all of what I like to call the 3 P's are acting as a dam to the flow of their thought and emotion. The first P is Prudence. The second is Policy. The third is Politeness. In a certain brand of Catholic journalism—the dignified brand—talent is stifled, suffocated, smothered by the editorial mandate, uttered or implied, "Be prudent, be polite, be politic." You must say only such things as will please laity, clergy, hierarchy, Catholics, non-Catholics, believers and unbelievers. Proceed

upon the sweetly idealistic theory that I'm a good fellow, you're a good fellow, everybody's a good fellow. No one is a scoundrel, a hypocrite or a bigot. There is no malice, there is only ignorance and, at that, inculpable ignorance. Act upon the motto (of course it isn't true, in fact it is immoral, but act as if you believed it), *Qui sait tout pardonne tout.* If you knew the mind of your opponent you'd agree with him; we are all going different roads to the same goal; if you have strong convictions, suppress them or tone them down. A display of emotion is vulgar. Beware of strong language; avoid invective as the plague. Forget John the Baptist, forget Christ's excoriation of the Pharisees. Be nice, be polite, be prudent.

Ham-Stringing the Writer

That's enough to take the guts out of any journalist. On that program there would never have been a Horace Greeley, a Charles A. Dana, an Orestes Brownson, a James A. McMaster, a Father Lambert or a Louis Veuillot. Mark you, this is not to be interpreted as a defense of bulldozing. I am no champion of billingsgate. But I do feel that if Catholic journalism had in it somewhat more of the 23d Chapter of St. Matthew, or the 1st Chapter of St. Paul to the Romans, with a little of the fire and fury of Isaias and Elias, it might sweep the country.

AGAIN: there is the obstacle, the phobia, the bogey of "disedification." So long as Catholic journalists write as if all their readers were intellectually and morally immature, unprepared to know the truth except when the truth is sweet and lovely, write down to them as one speaks down to kindergartners, proceed on the obscurantist theory that our people don't know what's what or what's going on in this wicked world, so long will our journalism remain wishy-washy, namby-pamby, flat, stale—though perhaps not unprofitable.

The "United Front"—

THERE is one more obstacle to vital personal journalism. The timid tell us that we must present a "United Front" to the world, suppress our differences of opinion, refrain from debate with one another, sing the same song, keep step, and avoid above all the weakening of the morale of our forces by any manifestation of individuality. If by individuality is meant peculiarities, oddity of views, crotchets and prejudices, I agree. But to say in general that on all matters we must take the same view and express the same opinion is to advocate the goose-step, regimentation, standardization, paralysis. If editors follow that plan, Catholic magazines and papers will become mere house organs, trade-journals, propaganda sheets.

In two successive conventions of the Catholic Press Association, a bishop and an archbishop happened —without collusion I am sure—to enforce the idea that Catholic editors and writers should make greater use of their hereditary freedom. "The Catholic Press is by right the freest press in the world," said the bishop; "if I have any judgment to pass upon you editors it is that you do not sufficiently use your freedom." On that platform he conducts his own diocesan organ. "Speak out boldly; tell the truth," said the archbishop, and in his diocesan paper as in all his public utterances he follows his own advice.

"TELL the truth!" a simple maxim and noble. But one who follows it must steel himself to the consequences. Truth telling is a very risky sport. One had better not go into the game, unless like a boxer or a football player, he is ready for hard knocks. In the parlance of the day, if he "dishes it out" he must "take it." Furthermore, one who tells or writes the truth may himself be able to speak dispassionately, but he must not imagine that the world in general will weigh his arguments in the scale of reason and logic. Even so bloodless a philosopher as Herbert Spencer gives warning that "opinion is ultimately determined by the feelings and not by the intellect." So, the editor who tells the truth as he sees it must not be scandalized if he is answered with passion and prejudice. He must be ready for whatever reaction may come.

Versus the Telling of the Truth

Let any Catholic editor, or for that matter any public speaker venture to take exception, for example, to Father Coughlin's interpretation and application of the papal encyclicals. He may attempt and may achieve a coolly scientific evaluation of the views of the "radio priest." But if he opens up the subject anticipating a serene and purely academic discussion, he will be quickly and very roughly disillusioned. Invective will be poured upon his head, vituperation, insinuation, and indeed not mere insinuation but bald declaration that his motives are base, that he is prompted by jealousy or by an unaccountable hatred; he will be accused of breaking the "united front" for the sake of gratifying his own insensate desire for the limelight; he will be accused of utilizing another man's hard-won fame to "grab off" a little notoriety for himself; and in general he will be made to realize that it is a hazardous thing to speak out his convictions if they do not absolutely coincide with those of the great popular hero commonly reputed to be the "one and only" champion of the poor.

ONCE there came to our radio station in New York a gentle scholarly speaker, a priest and perfect gentleman, at that time new to the microphone and altogether unsuspicious of the passionate fury of which some radio addicts are capable. Innocently answering a question sent in through the mail, "Why cannot Catholics be Freemasons?" he set forth the Catholic viewpoint patiently, politely and with his characteristic kindness. As soon as he had finished, he was called to the telephone and compelled to listen aghast to a flood of vituperation and obscenity. He hadn't understood that on certain subjects the popular mind is not only not receptive but unreasonable to the point of madness. As it happens, Freemasonry is one of those subjects. The public school system is another. The right of a Catholic to be president is another. But perhaps the hottest subject to handle just now is economic and social justice. It is not an unmixed evil that it should be so. So long as the world was lukewarm on the social question there could be no betterment of the condition of the "forgotten man." Indeed he was forgotten, not so much because his cause was deliberately thrust out of the mind of the world at large as because it had never entered into that mind.

Father Coughlin—

To give Father Coughlin his due, he has, more than any other one man in our country compelled the world to listen to the case for the inarticulate poor. His method is, either deliberately or spontaneously, dramatic and spectacular in the extreme. Was it Teddy Roosevelt who said, "Speak softly but carry the big stick"? Father Coughlin has gone the strenuous Teddy one better. He has wielded the big stick, but he has taken no pains to speak softly. He gives and, I dare say, expects no quarter. He—if any one—understands that the battle for social justice is no perfunctory French duel. Rather it is one of these modern "wrastling" matches in which nothing short of mayhem is barred. You may kick, punch, butt into the other fellow's stomach, pick him up, whirl him around, slam him down, step on his face, sit on his head, grind his nose into the resin and in general "rough-house" him until squeamish spectators—if any—cry "this is terrible!" while the regular customers howl with delight like red Indians at the torture of a captive. No one except a mastodonic pachyderm should go into that game; a slender fellow with a thin skin will be slaughtered.

Versus Father Parsons

When recently Father Parsons, reluctantly, as I understand, and only because of repeated demands from the readers of *America*, undertook to present an objective, unemotional, scholarly analysis and critique of the theories of Father Coughlin, he expected, no doubt, that some ardent and angry admirers of the poor-man's champion would "'eave 'arf a brick" at him. 'Arf a brick wouldn't be so bad, or even a whole brick, but Father Parsons was unprepared for what General Johnson calls the "dead cats" that came hurtling in his direction, or for what the aggrieved actor called "base cowardly eggs," the kind that hit and run; that is to say anonymous scurrilous attacks. But the scholarly Jesuit had to endure a fierce barrage of not too-choice missiles. But he was, I am sure, more hurt because no scholars answered his arguments dispassionately, as he had presented them, than because persons incapable of scholarship retorted with the only weapon they know how to wield—vituperation. I hope I betray no secret when I say that he was cut to the quick by Father Coughlin's reference to himself as "a fellow priest notorious for playing into the hands of unclean motion-picture producers," and as one who "shows a greater aptitude for the lessons taught by financial journals than for those espoused by the encyclicals of the Church." Those two blows were beneath the belt. Any fair referee would have halted the fight at that moment, disqualified Father Coughlin and raised the right hand of Father Parsons in evidence of his being victor. No priest in the United States — and this includes Father Coughlin—has been a more loyal and enlightened expositor of the social doctrine of the encyclicals than Father Parsons. True, he has not had a nationwide radio network as the vehicle for the communication of his views, but no constant reader of *America* could venture the accusation that Father Parsons has lagged or been lukewarm in allegiance to the Pope or to Catholic doctrine.

As for the remark about friendship with "unclean motion-picture producers"; it must have been just a wild blow flung out in the heat of

the fray. Let us hope it was unintentional, but none the less it was foul. Mr. Quigley and Mr. Breen, who are close to Will Hays in Hollywood, are indeed friendly with Father Parsons, but any statement, any suggestion or suspicion that because of that friendship Father Parsons has been a traitor to the Legion of Decency is simply untrue. The Editor of *America*, I say, could not have expected to escape a few brickbats from Father Coughlin's followers, but he might have been spared this knife thrust in the back from the champion of justice himself.

It is not pleasant to say these things, but my very theme is that an editor must sometimes speak out even when it is unpleasant. It would be craven to stand by, see a good friend unjustly attacked and do nothing, or even say nothing.

PERHAPS it would be wise to add that my entire opinion of Father Coughlin and of the service he has done is not to be hastily judged from the preceding paragraphs. He has been notably, indeed phenomenally courageous. According to his lights he is a faithful exponent of the papal encyclicals, and he is, I feel sure, a disinterested friend of the afflicted. But these qualifications do not make him the sole depository of Catholic doctrine on social justice, or the only authorized American commentator on the papal encyclicals. His fondest admirers may well regret that in the heat of his zeal he unjustly attacked a priest quite as loyal as himself, and quite as capable a student of the economic and social problem.

HOWEVER, to recur to my main theme, I believe that Catholic editors should s p e a k out their minds, come what may. A clash of arms, though inevitable, is better than dead silence. There should be no affectation of unanimity where there is really a difference of opinion. Regimentation, standardization, crystallization of thought does not promote the Catholic cause. Intellectual timidity and moral cowardice are a detriment to any form of apostolic endeavor.

"WORDSWORTH'S EXQUISITE SISTER"

By Theodore Maynard

W. and his exquisite sister are with me. She is a woman indeed! in mind I mean, and heart; for her person is such, that if you expected to see a pretty woman, you would think her rather ordinary; if you expected to see an ordinary woman, you would think her pretty! . . . In every motion, her most innocent soul outbeams so brightly . . . Her eye watchful in minutest observation of nature.

—*Coleridge.*

SINCE the appearance of *Recollections of a Tour Made in Scotland* (edited by J. C. Shairp and published in 1874), and of the *Journals* (edited by William Knight and published in two volumes in 1897[1]), there has been a steadily mounting interest in Dorothy Wordsworth, both for her own sake and because of her influence upon the development of her brother and of Coleridge. Edmund Lee's biography appeared in 1886, and recently Catherine Macdonald Maclean[2] and Ernest de Selincourt have produced admirable studies.[3] Miss Maclean's book traces the "gradual closing in of the wearing and prosaic details of life upon a woman whose capacity for intensity of living amounted to genius, and who sought above all things fullness of life," but she carries her investigations only up to 1813, for the reason that it is Dorothy Wordsworth's early years about which hitherto comparatively little has been known, and stops short of the later tragedy. Mr. de Selincourt, on the other hand, has made his biography so careful and complete as to achieve definitiveness. The romantic legends are finally disposed of, and the full truth about Dorothy at last, it would seem, made known. The book stands as a model of patient accuracy, fine understanding, and good sense.

If Dorothy Wordsworth had no other importance to us, we should still be under an immense debt of gratitude towards her because of what she did for her brother. This he fully acknowledged:

"She, in the midst of all, preserv'd me still
A Poet, made me seek beneath that name
My office upon earth, and nowhere else."

As Mr. de Selincourt says, "In literal truth, Dorothy saved her brother's soul alive." From a few others he did, indeed, receive the spiritual support he needed, especially from John Wordsworth, the sea-captain, whose ambition it was to retrieve the family fortunes so that William might devote himself to poetry. But there was much that the good John could not supply, and that Dorothy did. In the first place the relatives somewhat naturally could not understand how a young man without money or a profession refused to do anything except write verses. Dorothy understood perfectly, and kept him faithful to his vocation which, from the beginning, as a famous

[1] A one volume edition appeared in 1924.
[2] *Dorothy Wordsworth.* The Viking Press. 1932.
[3] *Dorothy Wordsworth.* The Oxford University Press. 1933.

passage in *The Prelude* shows, had been recognized and accepted in a spirit truly religious.

It was Dorothy, too, who, when Wordsworth was engulfed by trouble, was his confidante, and who stood by him. Only recently, since the researches of Professors Harper and Legouis, have we had any inkling of what his difficulties were. We know now how during his youth in France the poet had been carried away by the fascinations of Annette Vallon, but was prevented by circumstances over which he had no control from marrying her. War with France made it impossible for Wordsworth to do anything at that time for Annette or his daughter Caroline. Meanwhile the likelihood of the scandal coming to light ruled out as a practical possibility the only profession that seemed open, that of a clergyman. More than ever those of the relatives who knew anything about the matter were convinced that no good could come out of poetry. And Wordsworth, scrupulous in his sense of responsibility, was torn with anxiety, and was in grave danger of doing the obvious thing, of abandoning poetry and of taking up some remunerative employment. It was Dorothy who saw the right road through the perplexing difficulties, and it was she who kept Wordsworth upon it.

In the end, as everybody can see now, she was justified. When at last he and Annette could meet—with little Caroline and Dorothy in the group—the whole matter was frankly talked over. William and Annette had grown apart, so sensibly acknowledged that the episode was one of youthful infatuation, and agreed that marriage would be a mistake. Dorothy and Annette became friends and corresponded from time to time. And William, honorably released, was free to marry his cousin Mary Hutchinson.

Some recent critics—Herbert Read for example—have tended to exaggerate the Annette Vallon incident as an influence upon Wordsworth's poetry. The trial sobered him of course. But to suppose that Annette was a source of poetic inspiration is a romantic illusion which, after De Selincourt's discussion of the case, can hardly be maintained any longer. August and September, 1802, the time of his release from Annette, were the months when Wordsworth produced his greatest sonnets. The attraction was short-lived. There had never been any real spiritual affinity between the vivacious Frenchwoman and the serious English poet. All this Dorothy saw; and it was her insight, her tact, her discretion, and her faith in her brother's true vocation that enabled the problem to be solved as it was.

From 1795, when she settled with him in the Racedown cottage until her brother's death at Grasmere fifty-five years later, they were never parted. There was a selfless devotion on her part towards him that is one of the most moving things in all literary history. It was not merely that she was content to share his poverty, to manage the household, to nurse and bring up the children that makes all this remarkable, nor even that after William's marriage in 1802 she continued to live with Mary Wordsworth with never the slightest sign of disagreement or petty jealousy — a fact that was equally to Mary's credit; but that the spiritual insight of Dorothy was never at fault. So great was her faith in him, so strong her power of inspiration and encouragement, that

we might almost call her Wordsworth's Muse.

No doubt she lacked the faculty for giving him the kind of constructive criticism which he needed, and which he got from Coleridge. No doubt she perceived so clearly what William was trying to do that she was too ready to accept the actual poem for the ideal one. But it would be too much to expect that Dorothy should have been herself and Coleridge rolled into one. What she had to give she gave in fullest measure, and it was what Wordsworth most needed: perfect understanding. And she had given this from the beginning. Take, for instance, "The Sparrow's Nest," in which Dorothy figures as "Emmeline":

"Behold, within the leafy shade,
Those bright blue eggs together laid!
On me the chance-discovered sight
Gleamed like a vision of delight.
I started—seeming to espy
The home and sheltered bed,
The sparrow's dwelling, which, hard by
My father's house, in wet or dry
My sister Emmeline and I
Together visited.

"She looked at it and seemed to fear it;
Dreading, tho' wishing, to be near it:
Such heart was in her, being then
A little prattler among men.
The blessing of my later years
Was with me when a boy:
She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares, and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
And love, and thought, and joy."

And again, writing of the persistence of Dorothy's influence, Wordsworth tells us:

"Where'er my footsteps turned,
Her voice was like a hidden Bird that sang;
The thought of her was like a flash of light
Or an unseen companionship, a breath
Or fragrance independent of the wind."

We are grateful to Wordsworth for the acknowledgment, but even were we without it, from other testimony, and particularly from that of Dorothy's *Journals*, we would be able to see clearly how great her influence was. It has been well said that brother and sister each kindled the other, that what William was in poetry, that Dorothy was in prose.

Time after time in the *Journals* we are told how this or that of Wordsworth's poems came to be written. For January 31, 1802, we get for example the following entry:

"William had slept badly; he got up at nine o'clock, but before he rose he had finished *The Beggar Boys* and while we were at breakfast, that is (for I had breakfasted) he, with his basin of broth beside him untouched, and a little plate of bread and butter, he wrote the Poem to a Butterfly. He ate not a morsel, nor put on his stockings, but sate with his shirt neck unbuttoned, and his waistcoat open while he did it. The thought first came upon him as we were talking about the pleasure we both always feel at the sight of a butterfly. I told him that I used to chase them a little, but that I was afraid of brushing the dust off their wings, and did not catch them."

This appears in the stanza as its most exquisite touch:

"Oh! pleasant, pleasant were the days,
The time, when in our childish plays,
My sister Emmeline and I
Together chased the butterfly!
A very hunter did I rush
Upon the prey:—with leaps and springs
I followed on from brake to bush;
But she, God love her! feared to brush
The dust from off its wings."

In the same way she relates how on April 5, 1802, she and William saw the daffodils in the woods below Gowbarrow Park; how on July 30th of the same year she and her brother crossed Westminster Bridge shortly before six in the morning (they were on their way to Calais and Annette[4]); and how in *Recollections of a Tour Made in Scotland* (this was in 1803) she and William saw the reapers at work, and follows this with the famous poem that resulted. The prose version of Wordsworth's "Night Piece" is in Dorothy's entry for January 25, 1798:

"Went to Poole's after tea. The sky spread over with one continuous cloud, whitened by the light of the moon, which, though her dim shape was seen, did not throw so strong a light as to chequer the earth with shadows. At once the clouds seem to cleave asunder, and left her in the centre of a blue-black vault. She sailed along, followed by multitudes of stars, small, and bright, and sharp. Their brightness seemed concentrated, (half-moon)."

[4] The famous sonnet, however, was not composed until September, on the return journey.

On Coleridge, too, her influence was great. She enters for March 7, 1798: "William and I drank tea at Coleridge's. Observed nothing particularly interesting. Only one leaf upon the top of a tree. The sole remaining leaf. Danced round and round like a rag blown by the wind." This appears in "Christabel" as:

"The one red leaf, the last of its clan
That dances as often as it can
Hanging so light, and hanging so high
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky."

It is not quite a question of unacknowledged borrowing. The "toothless mastiff bitch" that "maketh answer to the clock" (Dorothy's "manufacturer's dog with his strange uncouth howl"), "the thin grey cloud," and the magnificent line "And the Spring comes slowly up this way" (Dorothy's "the spring that continues to advance very slowly") indicate rather Dorothy's community of interest shared on equal terms with England's two greatest poets.

Coleridge writing in August, 1833, to Miss Agnes Scott says:

"Dorothy Wordsworth, the sister of our great Poet, is a woman of Genius, as well as of manifold acquirements; and but for the absorption of her whole soul in her Brother's fame and writings would, perhaps in a different style, have been as great a poet as himself."

That she was a woman of genius is certain. But she saw herself clearly when she wrote that she was "only half a poet." For she did write poems, which will be considered in a moment, and they indicate

her lack of creative power in this particular mode.

A further word should first be said regarding her relations with Coleridge. The upholders of romance at any cost have regarded her as Coleridge's spiritual bride. If only, they have sobbed, Coleridge had not been married at the time he met Dorothy, he would have married her. Coleridge's marriage to Sara Fricker turned out disastrously: so much is true. Had Coleridge been free it is quite possible that Dorothy would have married him. If so, she and Coleridge would both have been unhappy. Coleridge should have been a monk, or better still a Jesuit—one of those exceptional Jesuits who are allowed a roving commission. He should certainly never have married. It was "dearest Dorothy," "dearest Coleridge" in letters and conversation; but between him and Dorothy there never existed anything but a very great friendship.

Dorothy admired Coleridge's genius, and in her deep love for him watched with a breaking heart his degradation brought about from drugs and drink. She witnessed to her deep sorrow the estrangement between her brother and her friend, brought about partly by an unfortunate accident but mainly by Coleridge's suspicions, which would now be called a "persecution complex" induced by terribly irregular habits; she rejoiced in the reconciliation (though this turned out to be only partial). But if anything in Coleridge's tangled career is certain it must be that there was no love (in the sense in which the word is used by undiscerning people) between these two.

Dorothy's mind about love and friendship was very early made up. At seventeen we find her writing off to Jane Cookson: "I am as heretical as yourself in my opinions concerning Love and Friendship. I am very sure that love will never bind me any closer to any human being than friendship binds me to you, my earliest female friend, and to William, my earliest and my dearest male friend." And the extraordinary thing is that she was perfectly correct at seventeen about what was to be true of her at eighty-four. I am convinced (though once I held another opinion) that Ernest de Selincourt states the case with complete truth when he writes:

"The tender affection with which Dorothy writes of Coleridge has led some readers to conclude that he held the first place in her heart, and that a frustrated passion for him was the secret tragedy of her life. Such a view appeals alike to the sentimentalist and the psychoanalyst, but to hold it is to misread her . . . If her life had its tragedy, it was not that she loved Coleridge, but rather that her passion for her brother was so intense as to preclude her from feeling for any man an emotion which would have satisfied the physical as well as the spiritual side of her nature. Coleridge himself must have realized this absorption in William: frank and open as she was, she could not have concealed from him the character of her feelings for either of them."

It seems to me impossible that anyone who has read the *Journals* could hold any other view. They convey an almost breathless ecstasy of love for William, a tremulous sensitiveness to everything that concerns the brother who is so constantly referred to as "my Beloved." A typically beautiful passage is the one made

for March 23, 1802: "He is now reading Ben Jonson. It is about 10 o'clock, a quiet night. The fire flutters, and the watch ticks. I hear nothing save the breathing of my Beloved, and he now and then pushes his book forward, and turns over a leaf."

But he was just as loving towards her, as may be seen from the *Journals*, and from so many of his poems. It should be said, however, that Professor Harper demurs to the identification made by Thomas Hutchinson in a note to the Oxford edition of Wordsworth of "Emma" and "Emmeline" with Dorothy. He admits of course the "Emmeline," but objects that "Emma" would have to be regarded as a pseudonym for Dora, and that Dorothy was never so known. Against this it is worth noting, that when the poet's daughter Dora is mentioned, it is under the name of "Laura," and that the references to "Emma" would seem to fit nobody except Dorothy, unless we are to accept Harper's suggestion that "Emma" is a cryptic "Lucy."

The Lucy poems present a difficulty which will never be solved. Miss Maclean believes that though these poems do not directly refer to Dorothy, they were inspired by the love between brother and sister; and Mr. de Selincourt holds a very similar view. It would seem likely enough that, though the original Lucy was probably some beautiful child who died young, the memory of some incident concerning her was transferred along a chain of subtle association to Dorothy. Mr. de Selincourt deserves to be quoted on this point:

"Coleridge's intuition cannot be astray when he says that he always felt that the sublime epitaph *A slumber did my spirit seal* had been prompted by the thought of Dorothy's death: the exquisite lines on the education of the child framed by Nature to be a lady of her own, which precede the epitaph, are clearly connected with it both in thought and feeling; and just as we know that the poem to Lucy on the glow-worm recalls an evening of their life at Racedown, so it is at least probable that the incident recorded in *Strange fits of passion I have known*, where the poet riding home at night is suddenly overwhelmed by an irrational fear that Lucy is dead, had a similar inspiration. It is 'a favourite of mine,' wrote Dorothy, significantly. She knew within herself how much she had given and was giving to her beloved brother."

But though the inspirer of poetry, Dorothy was quite correct in describing herself as "only half a poet." Poetic feeling she had in abundant measure. And it was she, with a quicker power of observation, who pointed out to William things that might have escaped his notice, but which he, and not Dorothy, could make into poetry. She could not manage meter successfully, as she herself acknowledged, unless it was a meter of the simplest sort as in her "Christmas Rhyme":

"A cottage in a verdant dell
A pure unsullied household well,
A garden stored with fruit and flowers
And sunny seats and shady bowers—"

this did not call for any very accomplished technique. And this, together with "The Cottager to her

Infant" and "Address to a Child" are her most satisfactory pieces. In "The Mother's Return," as in most of the other few pieces by her, the meters have a decided tendency to wobble. Thus on April 12, 1832, Dora Wordsworth writes to the young Catholic dragoon turned poet whom she eventually married:

"I hope she will sometime let me send you an affecting poem which she has written on the pleasure she received from the first spring flowers that were carried up to her when confined to her sick room—the last 3 stanzas which I remember I will steal for you

'I felt a power unfelt before
Controlling weakness, langour, pain;
It bore me to the terrace walk;
I trod the hills again.

'No prisoner in this lonely room
I *saw* the green banks of the Wye,
Recalling thy prophetic words,
Bard! Brother! Friend from infancy.

'No need of motion or of strength
Or even the breathing air;
I thought of Nature's loveliest scenes
And with memory I was there.'

you must excuse limping measure. Aunt cannot write regular metre."

For the best poetry in her it is necessary to go to the *Journals*. There we see on every page a freshness of feeling, a sympathy with nature and with people, an observation which is a marvel of minute exactness, and a literary style of setting down her impressions that was always inimitably her own. Her eyes always seemed to be open, and nothing escaped them. Her power of making friends instantly was invaluable, though at times it may have been slightly embarrassing, to her somewhat stiff and reserved brother. De Quincey noticed that upon their rambles she was "the one who took upon herself the whole expense of the flying colloquies exchanged with stragglers on the road." And on the continental trip of 1820 Mary Wordsworth writes: "Dorothy is an adept at making her way, for she never hesitates—off into the kitchen, talks to everybody there, and in the villages, on the roads, makes friends and gains information, and jabbers German everywhere."

She was quite devoid of literary ambition, or, as she put it, "I should detest the idea of setting myself up as an Author." Yet she had a literary gift which, in its own way, has never been surpassed. For example, writing at Alfoxden on February 4, 1798, she gives us this typical passage. She has not bothered herself with rounding out her sentences, her object being only that of setting down accurate notes of her impressions. But each word is exact:

"Walked a great part of the way to Stowey with Coleridge. The morning warm and sunny. The young lasses seen on the hill-tops, in the villages and roads, in their summer holiday clothes—pink petticoats and blue. Mothers with children in their arms, and the little ones that could just walk, tottering by their side. Midges or small flies spinning in the sunshine; the songs of the lark and redbreast; daisies upon the turf; the hazels in bloom; honeysuckles budding. I saw one solitary strawberry flower under a hedge. The furze gay with blos-

soms. The moss rubbed from the palings by the sheep, that leave locks of wool, and the red marks with which they are spotted, upon the wool."

She makes no attempt to describe, or to record her state of soul. Her only object is to set down her impressions so that she won't forget them. But she nevertheless succeeds in writing beautifully, and in making us feel the beauty of the things she has seen. As her brother put it in *The Prelude:*

"She welcom'd what was given, and craved no more.
Whatever scene was present to her eyes,
That was the best, to that she was attuned
Through her humility and lowliness,
And through a perfect happiness of soul
Whose variegated feelings were in this
Sisters, that they were each some new delight:
For she was Nature's intimate. Her the birds
And every flower she met with, could they but
Have known her, would have lov'd. Methought such charm
Of sweetness did her presence breathe around
That all the trees, and all the silent hills
And everything she look'd on, should have had
An intimation how she bore herself
Towards them and to all creatures."

It is a tragic thing to think that a woman so eager, so vivid, and so full of a zest for life should have been insane during her last twenty years. All kinds of inept suggestions have been made to account for her breakdown, ranging from the suggestion of secret frustration to that of her having worn herself out by taking too many long walks. The truth would seem to be that her mind snapped under the strain of having been obliged to support for so long a number of quiveringly intense impressions. Insanity was the price she paid in the end for her genius for delight. She had worked hard all her life, and she had had her sorrows; but her body did not fail, and it was not sorrow or tragedy that unhinged her too delicately poised mind. De Quincey, describing her in 1807, writes:

"Her face was of Egyptian brown; rarely in a woman of English birth had I seen a more determinate tan.[5] Her eyes were not soft, as Mrs. Wordsworth's, nor were they fierce or bold; but they were wild and startling, and hurried in their motion. Her manner was warm, and even ardent; her sensibility seemed constitutionally deep; and some subtle fire of impassioned intellect burned within her."

Being the woman that De Quincey describes, and the woman she was, eager, enthusiastic, sensitive, highly-strung, giving without stint and quite beyond her powers of endurance, she found the strain too much for her. There is no need of inventing a secret frustration, it is all quite easy to understand.

It is painful to think of the twenty years that ended in 1855. But they

[5] Lockhart, writing in 1835, says Dorothy was "as yellow as a duck's foot." He was cruel at times.

should not be avoided. The most pitiful fact, surely, about her case was that, after her intellect had become deranged, she who had been the most unselfish of beings became querulous and like a spoiled child.

Yet she had lucid intervals when something of the Dorothy of former days reappeared for a while. "At times," wrote Mary Wordsworth in a letter to a friend in 1836, "if you can fix her attention, her intellect is as bright, and she will express an opinion when asked, with as much judgment, as in her best days—but alas these gleams are shortlived." This was quite true, but Mary seems to have been trying to present the best possible account of the sufferer, whom she describes in one sentence as happy, and in another as full of restless feelings, and perpetually rubbing her head. In another letter, written in the same year to the same friend, Mrs. Wordsworth says of Dorothy: "She is exactly like a very *clever tyrannical* spoilt child (for she is acute and discriminating to a marvellous degree), yet she has intervals of mildness and is overcome by her old affections, and sometimes she is very languid and weeps—which is very affecting." Her brother could usually calm her, when she had one of her violent and abusive spells, but the strain of such distressing duties told heavily upon him: after them his hand would be shaking so much that he could hardly write legibly.

Even during this period, however, she was occasionally able to write brief letters which were full of charm. She would compose scraps of verse. And one way of getting her out of a bad mood was by asking her to recite them. Her memory, at least as far as poetry was concerned, was remarkable.

This, at least, is something pleasant to recall, and that (again to quote Wordsworth), "While all other affections seem to be dried up, her love for her brother is as fresh as ever." That falls as a shaft of sunlight in a darkened room, as does this (written by Mary in 1849), "The only enjoyment he seems to feel is his attendance upon her—her death would be to him a sad calamity."

He did not have to suffer it, for he died the following year. When he lay dying Dorothy's faculties seemed suddenly, as though by miracle, according to Quillinan, to have been completely restored, and "but for age and bodily infirmity, [she] is almost *the* Miss Wordsworth we knew in past days."

But after William's death she sank again, and if she was now less excitable, was also more lethargic and indifferent. But this could hardly be wondered at, for she was nearly eighty.

Flashes would still come, however, from the little shriveled figure, whom passers by could see when she was being wheeled in her chair in the garden. She would watch a flower or a bird for hours, and afterwards would suddenly begin to weep or to sing. Dorothy, like her brother, had always been deeply religious, in what might be called a "Wordsworthian sense"; but in later life they became (to use a characteristic Protestant phrase) "regular churchgoers," and in old age they showed (Dorothy especially) a deep Christian piety. She died on January 25, 1855.

Hers was a beautiful, innocent life, full of joy, but far from free of suffering. Her consciousness of her condition during her last twenty years must have been terribly acute. One likes to think of her as she was

in early and middle life, vivacious, witty (though never humorous), observing everything, feeling every grass-blade wave in the wind stir in her heart, warm-hearted, striding along, tanned of face, at five miles an hour beside her adored brother whom, it would be perhaps an exaggeration to say, she made, but whom she certainly saved for poetry, and whom she, the first of the Wordsworthians, understood better than any of them. If a new vision of the world, almost a new gospel, was given to men by William Wordsworth, Dorothy Wordsworth had a share in it that will be increasingly acknowledged. I can think of no woman to whom English literature owes more than it does to her.

"LAWRENCE OF ARABIA"

Obit May 12, 1935

By Anna McClure Sholl

IRAQ is one with England now. Swift steeds
Gallop no more for him on Nefud's sands;
Rider and horse have joined the shadowy bands
In dreaming Petra—rose-red as the deeds
Of ancient valor. He no longer heeds
The gift of day and out-stretched praying hands,
Wild cries of battle when the fight demands
All that the soul can summon of its creeds.

Fold up the white burnoose—the shade is deep—
Give the lithe Arab horse his dole of corn—
Whose Rider dreams to-night in starry tent
Of kingdoms wrought before he fell asleep!
This Warrior will not wake at cry of horn—
Beyond far Mecca and Medina sent.

CHINK, CHINK CHINAMAN

By Carroll K. Michener

I

BODILY, Miss Groebe lived alone in the old farmhouse upon which suburban Winville was encroaching. Spiritually, by virtue of a complexity of things — among them her vivid imagination, the bridal costume of a Chinese princess, and a pair of inscrutable, cindery, heavy-lashed eyes—she presided over a hypothetical Chinese household somewhere East of the moon and West of the Yellow Sea. Although the precise location of this astral residence was indefinite, she knew that it stood upon a rice-green hill slope between a tall pagoda and its vermilion reflection in a glass-green, lotus-shadowed lake. The surface of the water was always very still and tranquil, except when it was stirred sleepily by an incensed breeze or by the lacy fins of great carp-like goldfish.

To understand all this, it is necessary to go back somewhat beyond even the Charity Ball of June, 1901. The earlier, happier circumstances of Minetta Groebe's life flowed inexorably into that curiously subversive, dramatic moment, and the subsequent anticlimax ebbed as inevitably from it.

Perhaps, after all, there is no understanding it. Allis Browme could not. To him, Minetta Groebe's Oriental appetency became an unspeakable, outrageous thing.

At twenty they were engaged. The rift had not yet become a chasm. But even in grade school Minetta had been called "Chinky." This was because her eyes were set into her broad, heart-shaped face at a slight angle — like twin almonds, with the centers a crisped black. Over them, high-arched, was a thin tracery of upcurving brown. She wore her straight, jet hair in bangs, exactly like those of Pitty Sing, daughter of Ah Sing, the Chinese gardener. She played prettily with Pitty Sing, and with Charlie Sing, the child's brother. This, possibly, was the very beginning, or the first evidence, of Minetta's complex.

She ate the exotic sweets Charlie Sing brought to school in his pockets —candied comquats, nougat of mysterious ingredient and complexion, sugared dumplings cooked in pork fat, and dried lichee nuts. The other children would not touch them. She flew Charlie Sing's red kites made in the shape of tunny-fish, and played a sort of shuttlecock with toes and heels.

From Pitty Sing Minetta acquired a quaint, Asiatic equivalent of the rime of Mother Goose. She babbled of old Chang, the crab, who had a basket on his back, scissors to cut his chow, and chopsticks for a fork. She knew all about Miss Firefly on the Hill, the snail with two horns, the mouse that rolled down from the candlestick top—b-l-l-l-ump!—and the mournful cow on the mountain whose bones were to be chopped into very cheap dice.

At the end of a day of truancy she was brought home from Ah Sing's garden mucilaginous with

rice puddings and bilious with noodles fried in fish gravy.

"Jou po po!" she commanded, weeping.

This, although she was already sick from too much food, was evidently a reference to something to eat.

Frequently, thereafter, she outraged her father's hearing with fragments of unmistakable Chinese speech. Her father, at least, had no Chinese proclivity — unless, of course, one could be discerned in a recent half-hearted, unavailing effort to cultivate ginseng root for the Hongkong market. He had spent days spying out and transplanting little forest growths that resembled newly sprouted beans.

As for Minetta's propensity, it should have worn away with adolescence, but instead it developed a new form. At twelve she discovered in the school library Legge's translations from the Chinese. Other girls read *Little Women*, but she was immersed in poetry written when even Asia was young. Scholars in silken skullcaps, generals bristling with paint and peacock feathers, princesses, courtesans—such were the tinseled people of these rimes. She became one of them. She had never heard, at this period, of the theory of transmigration of souls, but she had a fondness for what she believed the original notion that centuries ago she might have been one of those princesses — Mulan, for example; Mulan, beautiful and brave, the woman warrior.

Minetta's early liking for things Chinese existed, of course, on the plane of pure fancy, while the prejudice of Allis Browne had foundation upon more actual ground.

They argued it out, while they were still in school.

"You ought to know how I feel," he complained. "I've had a relative killed out there — a missionary. Aunt Eunice."

And further, he remembered his childish terror of the pig-tailed gardener, Ah Sing, who came to the kitchen door each day with trays of vegetables slung swaying from the ends of a shoulder pole.

"Chink Chinaman'll get you if you don't stay good,"—this had been his mother's most effective admonition.

Minetta laughed at these timorous inhibitions. He was offended, and they quarreled.

Though, seemingly, it was a trivial thing to disagree upon, the argument cooled them for a time. There were occasional repetitions of the dispute, but in the end these yielded to the obvious lodestone of both sentiment and sex.

"Where shall I take you on the honeymoon?" was the eventual question. He asked it without suspecting the dismay her instant choice might have brought him.

"To China!"

But that was only what she wanted to answer. In fact, though the words crowded stubbornly to her lips, she denied them. The compromise was France.

Minetta's seeming capitulation might have lasted as far as that—till the honeymoon was over—if it had not been for the episode of Uncle Nathaniel. She had had from him, one Christmas, a box odorous of the East, containing a roll of Shantung silk, an ivory fan, and a set of Chinese dominoes exquisitely cut from bamboo. Now he was back, at last, from a long, roistering, unprofitable spree along the adventurous Chinese coast.

"You Chink!" he greeted her. This was his first visit since the

girl's childhood, and he was astonished at the curious accentuation of her Oriental traits. The physiological refinement of young womanhood had set higher her cheek bones —the racial mark of eastern Asia. Her hair was straight and strong as a pony's mane, her feet small—so diminutive as to suggest the bound feet of China. But the whole of her was miniature as well. She was slender and erect, and had boyish hips like the Soochow girls. Sighing, Nathaniel Groebe remembered, to remark upon it, that the Soochow girls were called the most lovely in all China.

"Here—you wait a minute!"

He went rolling and shuffling, like the sailor that he was, to the sea chest temporarily at rest in a corner of the kitchen. From it he took a roll of things, silken-soft.

"You put these on. A bride's costume, that's what it is. You'll think you're a blooming princess. *She* was, until the Boxers finished her affairs."

After a period of impatient waiting, he beheld her, profanely. She was ablaze, like a tulip, in the scarlet tunic that fell to her hips. The garment was crowned by a loose, high collar of blue and black, magenta and gold. It was embroidered with bats, which signified, Uncle Nathaniel explained, the prospect of connubial felicity. There was, too, a curious intermingling of yellow butterflies, representing happiness, peaches that meant longevity, and peonies standing for wealth.

Beneath the tunic was a skirt of many colors, falling to her ankles. Upon her head was a contrivance golden with tinsel and sparkling with make-believe gems—the Phœnix crown, Uncle Nathaniel said. Pendant from it, and thickly fringing her face, were slim strings of blue beads. A jade bodkin pierced the knot of hair at the back of her head, where she had instinctively and correctly coiled it. And she had, in the end, dashed a cherry of rouge against the rosebud center of her lips.

"You little Chink!" her uncle shouted, repeating the formula again and again.

Allis Browme burst in upon the tableau. Minetta's smile smote dazzling warm against his eyes. And yet her heart was beating erratically, questioning, doubting his approval.

"Allis, isn't it wonderful? It's just the thing for the Charity Ball."

But he was hurt, evidently, and then angry.

"If you're thinking of wearing it—" he began, "well, you ought to understand. I'd rather you didn't."

To Minetta, this, at last, was insupportable. Her tongue she managed to keep in leash, but her silence was full of eloquent defiance. Allis Browme saw the determined tilt of her small head, read stubbornness in the rigid, boyish, dismaying Oriental figure. He moved away toward the door.

"If you insist," he said, bitterly, "you'd better take Charlie Sing with you to the dance. I won't go."

And that was precisely what she did.

II

Looking back upon it from the distance of more than twenty years, the affair seemed incredibly trivial to Miss Groebe; but it was, at least, believably tragic. She could not have imagined that so small a thing could turn the course of a whole life. She was, she thought, unchanged by those twenty-odd years. The Chi-

nese complex persisted; this in spite of its unhappy reminders; in spite, also, of the Charity Ball's unpleasant minor sequel. Allis Browme, waiting for them outside the hall, had vented his emotions upon Charlie Sing in a scene of shocking, nearly criminal, violence.

Charlie Sing almost immediately disappeared from Winville, together with his father, the elephantine Mrs. Sing, and all the pretty, doll-like sisters. Red brick buildings, after a time, encumbered the rich soil where Ah Sing had raised his vegetables. For all this, Miss Groebe suspected, the banker, Allis's father, was responsible. He was a man of unconsidering power, capable of bending a community to his overmastering will. Not only the Sings were gone, Miss Groebe discovered, but, for a long time, the whole of the small Oriental settlement. Only after his death did it begin to creep back to its old place.

Allis Browme, she observed, was a great deal like his father. Occasionally, as from a great distance, she saw him at the outer edge of her occluded life. He was a solitary figure, like herself. His early marriage—only a year after the Charity Ball—had left him a widower, without children.

Miss Groebe had been alone in the old farmhouse for a good many years. This and the long spinsterhood, she had the humor sometimes to perceive, only accentuated her Oriental eccentricity. She walked aloof, vaguely, through the life stirring about her. There was in her a feeling of detachment from the world. It was as if she were impalpably divorced from it, like the cone of a candle flame on its tenuous, pale pedestal of unburned vapors.

When she was born, the Groebe farm had lain two miles from the edge of Winville. Now it was almost submerged in a bungalow suburb. Her neighbors—the bungalow people—were unaware of the exact character of Miss Groebe's withdrawal. They could merely see that she was not entirely and at all times "there." Nobody had ever been heard to suggest mental aberration, but the opinion was general—and Miss Groebe well knew it—that she inhabited another world.

The truth was that she was alive in a very vivid world. She was a perpetual traveler into all the crannies of the East. As she walked to school in the morning—for nineteen years she had taught in one of the lower grades of the city's outermost district—she passed, not the rows of saucy, garish bungalows and Dutch colonials, but aisles of golden-tiled temples, housing Asiatic similitudes of actual puff-bellied American business men who breathed, habitually, the smoke of after-breakfast tobacco. Squat-torsoed, bronze-bellied Buddhas they were to her, soporific with incense. Aged lilac bushes at one corner of her yard seemed to exhale the exotic scent of ylang-ylang. The grocery store at the point where she boarded her street car was filled with Chinese cabbages, with bamboo sprouts and succulent *hau-tsai*—all in imagination; with reed baskets of lichee nuts, monkey nuts, melon seeds and water chestnuts; with cubed paper parcels of tea, jars of lily bulbs preserved in ginger syrup—

Passing the new rectory, Miss Groebe remembered bitterly a late unpleasantness. Miss Hanks, fellow parishioner—a spinster of austerity and indeterminate age—had kept in mind all these years some recollec-

tion of Miss Groebe's girlish fancy that in a previous earthly body she had existed as a court lady of Cambaluc the magnificent — a Chinese princess stiff with imperial satins and gemmed with pendants of priceless jade. The rector, in consequence, had begun to hear whisperings from the church gossips, and had called to conduct mild spiritual inquisition into this curious heresy. But Miss Groebe was a good churchgoer. Since the minister's visit she had continued to occupy her pew, and to make her customary contribution to the foreign mission fund, just as she had been doing for a good many years. It was doubtful—though she did not boast of this—if without her generous mite Evangela Peterson, the parish missionary, could have been half so certainly maintained at the foreign station in Hung Hwa.

The day being Saturday, Miss Groebe, as usual, went the rounds of the steamship agencies, hovering long over the pretty folders. She was not, she realized, particularly welcome. They knew her of old—these steamship people. She was perpetually planning, never going, on long trips to the Orient; forever arranging itineraries, choosing staterooms, never buying a ticket.

The young woman in the department store travel booth was upsetting, absurdly inaccurate.

"You mean Kwantung Peninsula, not the Province of Kwantung?" Miss Groebe was obliged to suggest in polite, inquiring admonition. "They're hundreds of miles apart."

Armed with travel booklets, she determined to do her planning at home.

The combined chop-suey restaurant, laundry and grocery store of a certain Quong On, pioneer of the new Oriental colony, was many blocks out of her way, but it was the next port of these Saturday excursions. This was as near as she had ever reached, bodily, to actual Cathay.

Quong dealt with her in deference, though her wants were limited to a small parcel of tea, a bundle of joss-sticks, the fat-paunched idol carved from a peach pit, and a napkin ring of shells inlaid upon lacquered mud.

The odors enraptured her—garlic from the restaurant kitchen overhead, the palely acid smell of tea, a dozen alien aromas distilled from burning punk and the shreds of tobacco in Quong's water pipe.

She thought of Mrs. Sing — the sticky dumplings, the sugared cocoanut—

A sound from a dingy corner caught her hearing amid the crackling of paper with which Quong wrapped her purchases. A shadow stirred there, and from behind a screen of boxes a moaning sigh came to her ears.

Quong On spoke sharply, repressively, but the shadow heaved itself erect. The gaunt thing stared at her, then dropped away.

Wholly inattentive to the flow of dissuasion that followed her, Miss Groebe, with an absurd, intuitive certainty, approached the disordered corner. The shadow rose again, and she saw a face of devastating emaciation.

"Lazarus!" she breathed.

But it was, actually, she knew, the face of Charlie Sing. Upon it there was more than the hue of racial yellow. It wore the jaundice of disease. The skin was scarred, the eyes burned darkly. The wracked body shook, and swayed dizzily, half erect—repulsive, pitiful to see.

"Lie down," commanded Miss Groebe.

She turned to Quong.

"Where did he come from?"

"No sabby. I think b'long dope smuggler. Eat plenty black smoke."

"I see—opium, you mean."

The proprietor assented.

"But why haven't you done something for him?"

"No money. Pretty soon die."

This, she had read somewhere, was the Chinese attitude toward misfortune. It marred, slightly, her sentimental picture of the East.

"Well, *I'll* take care of him. Call me a taxi. He is going to a sanitarium."

"You pay?"

Caution spurred Quong On to pause a moment before relaying the instruction, with a shout, to one of the restaurant waiters.

"I pay—I've been a long time paying," was the enigmatic assurance.

III

Miss Groebe awoke to an unwonted sound. Was this the Jade Phœnix chamber? Ah, no—that existed only in an old dream. And as for the sound, it had been persistent, she realized, straight to the shattered edge of tenuous sleep. She could hear it now, above the sigh of a moist breeze filtering through balsam needles beside her bedroom window—the thudding of a hoe in soft soil. A twinge of untimely rheumatism seized her as she turned upon one elbow to peer out into the garden. Charlie Sing was there, as he had promised.

Exotic in shiny laundryman's jacket, the poor creature seemed nevertheless an appropriate paradox to the familiar landscape. A brimless fragment of felt hat served to accentuate the Mongoloid projection of ears, cheek bones and lips. Miss Groebe had the sensation, now that she was fully astir, of peering through the porthole of a steamer cabin, or through the window of her sleeping car compartment upon some scene of rural China nearly as ancient as the sun. The hat, of course, would never do. She thought of an old straw thing in the attic. It would be nearer the essential Chinese—and Charlie would suffer less from the summer's heat.

That, she knew, was thinking a long time ahead, but it was intuitively valid. Though spring was young she could envisage summer; Charlie Sing had only arrived from the sanitarium, but she felt that he was a fixture here. This was to be his recuperation—the final cure. But it would go on indefinitely. He was her man, already as much a part of the old farm as if it had held the bones of his ancestors—as if this were the yellow soil (she imagined, at least, that it was yellow) of old Cathay itself.

She did not question such a muddled arrangement of ideas. With a clear sense of possession she proceeded with the work of tidying the house. The old dwelling seemed, suddenly, to have become a household again. Not in the many years since her father's death had there been a man regularly about the place.

Shyness seized her as she went out through the back door with a milk pail. Only from the corner of an eye did she observe Charlie Sing at his work of leveling the rough soil.

But as she sat with her cheek pressed against the warm, sleek, sentient flank of the Guernsey, she was aware that he stood over her,

silently. The cow, assailed by a doubt, moved mildly away, leaving her stranded with stool and pail.

"So, boss!" she called, soothingly.

Charlie Sing took the pail, and Miss Groebe relinquished the stool. The cow retreated to a corner of the yard, then yielded to the persuasion of an alien word purring from alien lips. Presently she was busy with her cud, content to turn her head in an occasional wide arc to view the alien's enterprise at her udders, from which there was a foaming flow of the morning's milk.

Miss Groebe watched for a moment. There had been little speech between them. This was no longer the Charlie Sing of her girlhood. Some of the vital part of him seemed to have vanished. His words, when he spoke, were clipped and broken. He did not seem to remember accurately.

Charlie's father, Miss Groebe recalled with a thin smile, had been a dismal old fellow in a black alpaca coat that had slits in the sides; but Charlie, at twenty, was a vastly different individual, plump, smiling, measured by an excellent tailor. He was a good student—better than Allis had ever been. With Winville as his birthplace, the Chinese boy spoke English that was without a trace of his father's nine-toned Cantonese. He danced well. To dance with him had been a vogue among the high school girls.

The Charity Ball—it all came back to her in sudden, swooning reminiscence, more dazzling than even the morning sun beating steadily into her eyes—had been for Charlie a night of triumph no less than of catastrophe. His had been a figure of Oriental magnificence—the pair of them were superb, she would have admitted, their costumes worthy of the offered prize. Willow-green and yellow silk—that was the stuff of Charlie's Mandarin coat—falling from his shoulders not like the hasty improvisation of a theatrical costumer but with all the propriety of a garment familiarly worn. Embroidered upon it, she could remember clearly, was an official emblem, a *p'utzu*, he called it, nestling among dragon's claws and chimerical fangs. From beneath a black skullcap topped with a scholar's button of ivory hung a queue—artificial, of course, for Charlie Sing was crop-haired. It gave her a sense of shock, now, to observe coiled braids under his ragged hat. This was the symbol of his nearly complete reversion from an American birthright. Though his clothes, save for the black jacket, were still essentially western, they depended from his slow, plastic body like the amorphous bagging of a coolie. He wore thick soles of the Occident, nevertheless he shuffled in them as if they were the felt slippers of China.

Turning away with the thought of breakfast, Miss Groebe contemplated the barn, a sad weathered thing. It was, in a way, like Charlie Sing—fit setting for his decrepitude.

She sighed at the ruin about her. Fences were decayed and patched. Canada thistles carpeted the pasture. Clusters of young weeds were already riotous in the garden and in corners of the yard. Manure, litter, rusty fragments of old machinery, a broken cartwheel, a shattered, sagging trellis—this was some of the most obvious decay.

Under the north shade of a lane of walnuts and hard maples, once leading from the barn into a distant field, was a waste of rank vegetation, vestige of what she remembered as her father's Quixotic scheme for

great wealth in the raising of wild ginseng. And except for the Guernsey, a few untidy vegetables, and the corn plot tilled for her by an obliging neighbor, the dozen acres that remained of the old farm possessed an air of entire abandonment. Corn and a small grass plot fed the cow, vegetables sufficed for the meager needs of Miss Groebe. The cow, at any rate, was hardly a measure of economy, but one rather of philanthropy. There were three undernourished pupils in her grade—the Hatterstad children—who needed a supplement of food. Hence the drudgery of milking the Guernsey, and the two-quart pail that was part of Miss Groebe's mystery as she trudged daily past the bungalows on her way to school.

She scrambled eggs, mentally noting that she must try making sweetened pork dumplings such as Mrs. Sing used to fry in soya bean oil.

Charlie Sing would not come into the kitchen, and she was obliged to carry his food to a convenient bench in the woodshed. She stood behind him, waiting, while he ate. Dimly she understood that this was the Chinese convention. Men took their food first, apart from the women. She was content with the arrangement.

When she was ready for school, Charlie Sing was at the door, expectantly silent. She saw, over his shoulder, that the garden rake had been busy. An expanse of moist loam lay smoothed and neat, ready for seed. She understood the query in his listless, tired body. She would bring the seed when she returned from school.

Free from irritating contact with the actualities of life that were represented by her room of grade pupils, Miss Groebe came back with half a notion that the events of the morning were only fancies. The vision of a Chinaman delving in her garden would prove, she was afraid, to have been a specter called up by some flourish of an old maid's unkempt mind.

But when she passed the screen of hard maples, buttressed by a mass of overgrown lilacs, she saw with sighing relief that she had been victim of no illusion. Charlie Sing was still there, puttering about the garden.

A change, subtle yet to some degree palpable, had come over the place. The garden exhibited an amazing, geometrical tidiness. It was ridged and pathed, guttered, segmented. Weeds were gone from the fence corners — those spring imps that had mocked her effectually in other years. Evidently Charlie Sing had neither forgotten his father's craft nor escaped the long inheritance of China's lore of the soil.

He regarded her vacantly, dully interrogative. He would be tired, famished, she thought hurriedly. He must have supper at once. She ached with remorse because she had forgotten to leave food for his midday meal.

After that came the problem of where he should sleep. This troubled her a little. There was a spare room, uninhabited for more than a dozen years. But tatters of maiden scruple succeeded in shaming the thought. What would the neighbors say?

While he ate she took blankets and an empty bedtick to the barn. He would understand. There was plenty of hay to fill the tick, and he could lie where he chose.

The faint odor of tobacco smote her as she came past the woodshed. Hearing the soft, peculiar "pfut-

pfut" of his puffing at a steel pipe like Quong On's, she breathed a curious sigh of satisfaction. There was a man about the house!

At dawn of the next day Miss Groebe was buoyantly awake. She felt none of the leaden, rheumatic, lonely futility of other mornings. She was certain that Charlie Sing, like the sun, would be abroad in her garden.

Chastely slippered, her feet carried her shuffling down the stairs. She was aware, as if for the first time, of a smell of great age about the place—the smoke and grease of ancient cooking instilled into the very woodwork of cupboards and walls. This would be like China, she thought — a land venerable with odors.

The wood fire purring in the stove puzzled her until there was a moment to consider. Charlie Sing must have come into the house—while she slept! Her heart stopped at the thought, then leaped to a new cadence that continued through the day.

When she returned from school there were further changes about the place. The gate, which had had but one hinge in the morning, now swung upon two, the second evidently salvaged from a great junk heap in the shed. Three new wooden pickets adorned the old-fashioned fence.

The seeds, as the days went, pushed thin fingers from the soil. Then they crowded aloft, into complete resurrection. Young spring softened toward summer. A late petal of youth bloomed in Miss Groebe's physical body. Her mind was a tranquil corner of Indian summer brooding mistily over the fecundity of Charlie Sing's greening garden.

IV

Allis Browme, as chairman of the school board, opened his special meeting with misgiving. He knew the purport of the delegation waiting to be heard. They were suburban folk, residents of the district in which Minetta Groebe taught; Smith, a red-faced parent of seven children; Miss Hanks, the spinster of indeterminate age; property owners, all of them, some of whom he had known since he was a boy. They had asked before, and they would ask now, for the dismissal of Miss Groebe. His procrastination, finally his definite persistence against the will of the board, had outlasted their patience. He saw, now, that he would be obliged to yield.

The woman spoke.

"Really, Mr. Browme, she ought to be let out. We've stood it as long as we can. She isn't fit to teach any more."

"Yeh"—the red-faced one took it up—"my oldest says she's crazy as a coot."

Anger thickened the veins in Allis Browme's neck. He wanted to clear them out, even the ones he called, habitually, Charlie and Nick. He could have shouted:

"You're all crazy! She's got more sense than the lot of you."

But as the chairman of the board he could only yield his attention.

The woman continued to speak.

"... that isn't all. It's the Chinaman. Perfectly scandalous ... living alone. The whole neighborhood's talking. And of course the children hear. Really, you know, it can't go on."

Allis Browme supposed that it couldn't.

The room seemed suddenly distasteful—nauseous. He waved the

delegation away, entertained a motion for the dismissal of Miss Groebe, declared it carried without objection. He would, he said, make the announcement himself. Miss Groebe had been a faithful public servant. He would see, personally, that something was done to soften the act.

Long shadows were leaning from the trees sheltering the Groebe house as he approached. He walked. His great new car seemed anachronistic here. Passing the last of the encroaching bungalows he paused for a moment beneath the row of walnuts. He could remember barefoot days helping to gather the hard green fruits of these trees and putting them to dry upon the roof of a shed. It was that long since he had known Minetta. She was pig-tailed, then — and freckled. But always pretty. He thought her distinctly pretty, then, and long after.

The Chinaman was stooping there, just over the fence, half hidden by a welter of weeds under the trees. This was curious. Digging for roots, with a heavy mattock—that was what the fellow was doing. There were, about him, neat piles of whiskery tubers, some Allis Browne observed in an instant of surprise, definitely shaped—arms and legs, even—like a man. But the Chinks were mysterious people. Probably the old fellow ate this trash. Such roots, he knew, as turmeric and ginseng, were fabulous cure-alls in the Orient. Now that he came to think of it, old Ah Sing had carried, sometimes, a wizened, man-like root, suspended from his neck after the manner of a charm.

The old fellow, who had looked up and then away again, with no apparent recognition, was not so ancient after all. Allis Browne stared, slowly realizing the man's identity. This scarred, emaciate face should have been Charlie Sing's—was such, undoubtedly.

He went on, quickly. The somberness of the old house chilled him. Rank climbers darkened the porch, and the iron knocker sounded sleepily hollow amid silent obscurity.

Minetta's voice answered, through a crack in the just-opened door. He could not see her, but felt that he was the object of doubting scrutiny.

He heard the voice again, receding.

"If you're coming in—though I can't think why—you'll have to wait for me, please. In the parlor—"

There was mustiness in the room—ancient dust-motes that stirred across a bright rift of sun. Nothing was changed, least of all the corner whatnot with its conch shell, the slab of orange wood from California, and sprigs of sea-moss imprisoned under glass.

It was a long, unaccountable time to wait, but he heard footsteps at last on the creaking stairs.

The sight of her was dizzying. Shreds of an old anger blazed in him dully for an instant, then went out, definitely. He had a curious, unmanful feeling of remorse—a sense of loss. Minetta Groebe in the wedding costume of a Chinese princess stood there; eyes not a candle-ray dimmer of defiance than twenty-odd years before—the old Minetta!

She was, he thought, absolutely unchanged. It was the twilight, possibly, that erased her wrinkles. But the silk was crinkled—he could see that. And there was the odor of camphor. This magnificence must have been just released from some seldom opened closet. The costume had not been worn, probably, since that Charity Ball.

This whimsicality of hers served

only to confirm his impression of her continuity — the undeviating quality of her essential character. She had, he reflected with a faint glow of amusement, kept him waiting upon this masquerade for the quaint purpose of demonstrating that there was no recession—not so far as she was concerned—from the ancient quarrel between them. The bridal costume was, for her, a stubborn symbol.

"Minetta—"

He had the impulse, suddenly, to go and forgive her, to take her into his arms, and forget the past.

But this, he recognized, was some illogical, transitory suggestion of a wholly dead sentiment—a weakness of the late, reminiscent forties. He recalled his errand.

"It's about the schools, Minetta," he found himself saying. "We've had to make some change—"

"You mean—" Her voice was small, frightened, beneath the defiant inflection. "You mean I'm fired, at last! Well, I've been expecting it, Allis—expecting it of you."

He moved nearer, protesting.

The smell of camphor was overwhelming. This was the past, coming up before him. Once more there was the absurd impulse to seize upon her small body—to mend forever, in spite of everything, the sense of acute loss. But his voice running on, extenuating, explaining, denied these sentiments. He spoke of another position somewhere, as teacher. She would be taken care of. Her credit at the bank—

She was gone, suddenly. He heard the murmur of silk, the soft sigh of felt soles upon the stairs, then the sound of laughter from an upper room—laughter that stopped upon a sob.

Allis Browme moved slowly from the house. The Chinaman was invisible, now, but he felt malevolent eyes peering from somewhere in the thickening dusk.

V

At breakfast, in the morning, Miss Groebe found a handful of coins beside her plate. She was puzzled until she remembered yesterday's rhubarb. Charlie Sing must have taken a few stalks to market. Asparagus, too, she supposed, was nearly ready to cut.

An emotion filled her. Henceforth she would have to depend upon Charlie Sing and his vegetables. There would be no more salary. Some one else must take up the responsibility for Evangela Peterson at the mission in Hung Hwa.

Charlie Sing, she could see from a kitchen window, was still grubbing among those weeds under the hard maples. He seemed obsessed with that spot, where nothing had grown since she could remember. It was too shady either for vegetables or corn, and she had never gone to the trouble of having the ground plowed. What he hoped to do with it she could scarcely imagine.

Boys from the bungalows hung over the sagging fence, watching his labor. She could hear their annoying chant of "Chink, Chink, Chinaman!" or an occasional "Hey, John! Eat rats?"

But Charlie Sing did not appear to mind; at least he gave no sign.

Miss Groebe, in the garden, was aware, suddenly, of a shocking variation in this pestering chorus.

An angelic girl child among the boys—blond curls, a clean face and spotless dress—shrilled at her the unclean sophistication:

"Teacher lives with a Chinaman!"

Miss Groebe felt an angry weight at her heart. This was confirmation of the neighborhood sentence that had been passed upon her the day before. She had not been a teacher for nineteen years without learning that the speech of a child echoes the prejudice of its parent. Allis Browme, after all, was probably not to blame. This was the work of the bungalow people. She was, she recognized, the community scandal.

Well, that was of no consequence any more. She was as much of a social pariah as this simple alien of drug-clouded mind. She would live out her life now, more than ever, upon the astral plane of the Orient. She would not look beyond the garden, or the weathered shingles of the old house, which to the eye of imagination were gray tiles sheltering the ancestral residence that stood in Cathay upon a rice-green hill. A tall pagoda . . . the glass-green lake . . . goldfish shadowed under lotus leaves . . . this was the stuff of her fancy.

Charlie Sing abetted her determination with an extraordinary performance. She did not ask him—speech between them was rare—but she suspected him, as well, of the delicate intention of protecting her against further neighborly distaste.

Quong On hinted as much when she went to him for explanation.

"Who was the woman?" she asked him.

"B'long Mrs. Wong. Laundryman widow. Seven children."

"Yes—at least that's the number I've counted. But why did you let Charlie marry her?"

Quong On puffed reflectively at his pipe before answering.

"Chinaman—American lady—no good. Make too much talk. Anyhow, plenty of work on farm. Eighteen hands not too many. More work, more profit."

And, Miss Groebe might have added, more mouths to feed. But she did not grudge them. She was at the head, now, of an actual colony, hardly less than if she were *tai tai* of an ancient family in China, cloistered within her imaginary palace.

The barn was full of the little Wongs. It had been remodeled by Charlie Sing and his bride to suit the needs of the tribe. The garden swarmed with them, and there was an air of shock, of race withdrawal, in the community outside.

Miss Groebe was alive to the stimulus of this astounding new experience. Charlie Sing, she knew, had been astir each day before dawn, walking four miles to the city market, with vegetables heaped upon a pair of baskets dangling from either end of his pole. But now there was a new order of things. In the far corner of the farm, overlooking a paved roadway upon which coursed an unending stream of motors, there appeared abruptly a sheltered booth, over which either the recent Widow Wong or one of the children was in picturesque attendance.

There was money thenceforth beyond Miss Groebe's expectations, which took care of arrears to the mission fund. The garden proved prolific. She was aware of Charlie Sing's liberal use of the fertilizers that had lain rotting in the barnyard, but there was something almost hypnotic, as well, in his influence over the growing vegetables. Radishes maturing daily from successive plantings yielded countless coral-tinted bundles. Pearl-like

onions went to the booth in basketsfull, yet the supply seemed undiminished, refreshed miraculously at the beginning of each day. Lettuce, carrots, beets, string beans, cucumbers, came in their season, a dozen growing to State-fair proportions where Miss Groebe had been able, in other desultory years, to raise but a single one. Charlie Sing seemed to be in animistic cabal with the green things under his dominion.

The garden's dimensions expanded. Every inch of the huge lot at the back of the house yielded to Charlie Sing's persuasions. There was even an overflow into the barnyard, and finally an encroachment upon the corn lot. A green embroidery of pumpkin and squash vines betrayed itself there, carpeting the field beneath lusty, rustling corn. Ducks appeared upon a small, half-stagnant pond, alive with a fat fodder of insects.

The extension of things, Miss Groebe observed, was not wholly lateral. Two rows of cucumbers, for example, were now growing where only one would have grown before. Charlie Sing had trained the vines aloft upon trellises—long sticks thrust into the ground and leaning at the top, for mutual support, against those of the adjacent row.

The garden burgeoned with fertile increase. Miss Groebe, too, bloomed beneath this Oriental solstice. Color was in her cheeks. She became matronly of aspect. The barren unwholesomeness of spinsterhood seemed to have dropped away. More than ever was her life divorced from the life echoing about her—the murmur of the bungalow people, increasing, ripening into the sinister poison of intolerance.

VI

Allis Browme, in his office at the bank building, consented to receive a delegation. His life, he reflected wearily, seemed to be filled with delegations, although he had resigned from the school board, and that eliminated more than a few.

An impatient building contractor, the bulbous president of a suburban development corporation, and the somewhat imperative, neurotic secretary of a women's civic committee, were admitted.

They had come, they said, to urge upon him a program of municipal development for the old Groebe farm—sorry fragment of what it had been, an eyesore to the suburb that was crowding it on all sides.

"The way it is," breathed the bulbous spokesman, "it's holding back the whole district. Impairs the value, y'know, of the adjacent property. Ought to be cleaned up—tumble-down barns, cow pasture, manure piles, weeds, truck garden. Why not plat it—?"

But that, it seemed, was not all. The woman spoke:

"We'll have a race war, quite likely. You'll see! Why, I've heard, already, some of the queerest talk—. We can't do a thing with Miss Groebe. She won't listen. Her head, you know, seems to be way off somewhere, in a cloud. It was bad enough with *one* Chinaman there, but now she's got a whole colony! And imagine that, in the midst of an exclusive suburb like ours! Disgraceful! It's—"

The building contractor thought property values had been decreased twenty-five per cent fronting the Groebe place.

"If you don't do something," he warned, "the neighbors will."

Allis Browme was wearily angry. They were, he knew, absolutely right in these representations. He would be obliged to act. But the thought sickened him.

For years, though Minetta, he supposed, was only vaguely aware of it, there had been a first mortgage against the farm. It had come to foreclosure, and eventually possession rested in his bank. But he had taken the property over, long ago, into his own account. He had not harrassed her, of course, with the item of rent. And he had been genuinely troubled to know that if Minetta could only have held on to the farm it would have meant wealth for her in the end. But she had been unable to meet the interest and taxes. That, he supposed, was because of the foreign missionary fund. In realty markets there had been clamor for the land, recently, but he would not sell. He could not come to the decision of dispossessing Minetta. He did not, in fact, wish her to know that the land title was his.

But something, now, must be done. The Chinese colony—that was the trouble; not Minetta's old, incredible Oriental complex. He had, he hoped, attained with years a sense of tolerance that was lacking to him in that year of the Charity Ball.

With no clear purpose in mind, he drove, when it was evening—darker, now, than on that previous call—toward the civic community's ethnological scar.

At a distance there were shouts—women or children, he believed. Whatever the other objection might be, the colony at least was noisy. Probably there was frequently the minor wailing of a Chinese violin, the beating of a gong, or singing in shrill falsetto, such as he had heard sometimes in Chinatown.

Nearer, passing the great screen of walnut trees, he could hear, actually, the banging of a tin pan. There was an excited, frightened accent in the babble of voices. A light hung over the trees. Abruptly he saw that it limned the rude outline of the barn, making it black against fiery yellow. He caught the reflected glitter of flame from a window of the house.

Understanding, he drove faster, and brought the car to a sharp stop before the gate. The barn, he could see now, was certainly doomed. The house, by way of an intervening shed, the roof of which was already aflame, seemed in imminent danger.

Remembering that water mains had long since reached the suburb, Allis Browme listened for the sound of fire apparatus. The street was filling with spectators. An alarm, certainly, must have been turned in.

He looked for Minetta Groebe, and found her in the vegetable garden, with a Chinese urchin burying his head in her skirt. She was engaged, calmly, in dissuading Mrs. Sing from her frantic beating of a dish pan—the superstitious business, he concluded, of frightening away the fire demons.

Charlie Sing was visible, momentarily, emerging from the door of the blazing barn, burdened with a sack under the weight of which he staggered to a remote corner of the yard. Emptying it there, he returned, and vanished again into the barn. As if to engulf him finally, the door belched, now, with white smoke tinctured with tongues of flame.

"He'll smother!" exclaimed Allis Browme, standing close to Miss Groebe. "What's he after?"

"I've tried to stop him. It's the

roots he's gathered. Chinese medicine, I suppose. He's had them drying in the mow."

The fire company was late in coming. Listening for the sound of it, Allis Browme was seized abruptly with a monstrous suspicion. He knew the neighbor's hostility.

"See here, Minna, you haven't a phone, I know. But some one's sent in the alarm?"

She looked at him quizzically, half reproachfully, shaking her head.

"You didn't suppose—" she began, searchingly. Then: "Don't be stupid. They'll be glad when the place is burned."

"The swine!" he muttered, unconsciously absolving himself from the implication. "This might even be incendiary."

His sudden dash through the gate startled the knot of idlers crowding about his car. It had been his intention to drive to the nearest fire station. But anger filled him with the desire for closer, sharper conflict. He strode to the nearest bungalow.

Figures detached themselves from the street, following him. One, darting ahead, confronted him in the doorway. With a burst of violence he flung the obstructing body aside. Turning to face the rest, he shouted:

"There's ground here for arson! I give you warning—the man who stops me goes to jail on that charge!"

He found the telephone.

When he returned, unmolested, he saw that he was already too late. The barn was gone, and the blaze from the shed had eaten its way into the house. There was, he imagined, an air of silent gratification among the bungalow people.

The clanging dish pan was silent now. Mrs. Sing wailed beneath the cucumber trellis, and her brood wept about her. But Minetta Groebe was gone.

Alarm seized him. He questioned the Chinese woman, but her reply was incoherent.

Abruptly, there was a furtive tug at his sleeve; a child—not a yellow one. This was a Hatterstad girl.

"In the house—Miss Groebe went in the house," quavered the child.

The musty rooms, echoing to his voice, would not disclose her. The smoke, upon the second floor, blinded him, and there was flame near the stairs. Still Minetta eluded his search.

Then he saw her, over a screen of fire, descending calmly from the attic. There was silken stuff in her arms, the blaze of a scarlet garment.

She loitered, seemingly careless of her peril. Curiously, she appeared indifferent, too, to the burning house—to everything here that held her linked to the past—all, of course, save the bridal costume that was burning in her arms, when he had carried her from the house.

She moved, directly, toward the far corner of the yard, and sank to her knees beside Charlie Sing's heap of ginseng. There were tears in her eyes. Allis Browme, noting these and the furnace of embers where the barn had stood, began a question, hardly needing the reply.

"Charlie—"

"He went back," she said, simply, "for the last sack of his roots."

VII

Quong On weighed them, and brought the figures to Allis Browme in the directors' room at the bank.

"B'long three hundred *catty*," he intoned, with shrewd deprecation.

"But how many pounds, Quong, when it comes down to English; and how much is it worth?"

"Four hundred pound. Two thousand dollar."

"And you'll be making a hundred per cent, I suppose."

Quong's demeanor clouded with polite denial.

"Some root very good," he said. "Shape like a man. Twenty dollar. But American seng not so good as Manchurian."

"Very well. What do you say, Minetta?"

Miss Groebe smiled, wanly.

"I had no idea ginseng was really worth anything. Though father, I remember, t h o u g h t so. Poor Charlie! He should have had the money. I think he wanted to take the family to China. And this would have done it. He was tired, probably, of being a yellow peril."

Quong On advanced an eloquent supposition. Charlie Sing, he said, had grown the vegetables, dug the seng, to send Miss Groebe to China. That, he had imagined to be the remaining hope of her life.

When Quong was gone, Allis Browme took her hand cautiously.

"What will you do with it?" he asked. "You'll be independent, with all that money."

Curiously, he was thinking about the moment, twenty-odd years ago, when he had asked an equivalent question: where would she go, he had wanted to know then, on the honeymoon? And he should have understood the answer then as he did now.

A tear glittered against her smile. His voice was colored with regret:

"I'd take you to China, gladly. But you've no need of me, now."

She looked away, touched his sleeve with her hand. She was shaking her head, and he could see the trembling of her lips.

"Send the Sings there, Allis. Give them the ginseng money. And they can have my pagoda palace, too—and the lotus lake, and the goldfish; everything but the bridal costume."

He mused over this.

"But what will you do, Minna?"

Suddenly, as of old, her smile smote warm and dazzling against his eyes.

"I'll just come home, I suppose, from China. Haven't you missed me—a little?"

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SIMPLISM

By James W. Lane

THERE is a word on page 809 of the *Concise Oxford Dictionary*, 1917 edition, which thoroughly fascinates me. It is a simple word, and the definition is simple, too, running only a line, and, in fact, only two words long. The word fascinates me because although I am conscious that it must long have existed, as is attested by its presence in the *Concise* and other dictionaries, I have never heard nor seen it used until very recently. More and more, when used, does it refer to things modern in the sense of modernistic. The word is simplism.

What simplism has to do with an age that never seemed, on many counts, in a worse mess one might well wonder. But it is just because the world is in such a mess that simplism, or simplist remedies, have been suggested for it and where they have worked, brought order or apparent order out of chaos. Simplism may therefore be the last stronghold of the modern mind.

Now what does simplism mean? The two words the *Concise* uses for definition are "affected simplicity." What a paradox! But it is so. Simplism *is* affected, both at its best and at its worst. The affectation of good simplism is, however, nothing to be ashamed of. It comes from knowing that you are being simple and that with such knowledge you have yet kept simplicity, as some artists to-day successfully sculpture in the style of the Negro or draw in the style of the primitive cave painters. Both Negro sculpture and cave paintings were simple naturally, without trying. The true simplists who take us back to those styles know that, no matter how affected their own styles may appear, there is something worth while at the core. The false simplists are also affected, but their sort of affectation is one not only of style but of thought and matter. These incompetent or perverted practitioners, among whom are some prominent writers and artists to-day, have turned simplism into a travesty of simplicity. Like Gertrude Stein, with her mellifluous repetitiousness, they have the simplist technique without the simplist way of thought. In T. S. Eliot's "Ash-Wednesday" we start with this:

"Because I do not hope to turn again
Because I do not hope
Because I do not hope to turn
Desiring this man's gift and that man's scope
I no longer strive to strive towards such things"—

which is simplist in style and repetitious in verbiage, as is the poem throughout, but obscure and self-obstructing—hardly simplist qualities—in thought. This type of pseudo- or semi-simplism is really affected. The theory of simplism has been tortured out of all recognition. Real simplism is merely simplicity acting with double the ordinary sincerity, double the ordinary lucidity.

With this caveat about false sim-

plism aside, it may be said that all modern life is honeycombed, or shot through, with simplism. When simplism is effective, it has a stark, biting sincerity. In all the arts, in forms of government and social philosophy, simplism is present to-day. Like "stream-lining," it is designed to accomplish its effects with the least trouble and in the least time, offering no foolish resistance to the processes of nature, but building itself forth naturally and yet significantly.

Many people to-day are tired of the old ways of doing things. They have suffered and, so they feel, gotten nothing for their pains. Politically, therefore, they turn willing ears to the Huey Longs of the world who can offer them a drastic change. It is not so much that benefits will come from it (though the people hope for those, too) as that a drastic change is the thing desired. Sweep the slate clean—and then offer simple remedies. Simplicity is everywhere advocated and so it is no wonder that simplism is the name given to the theory behind the advocacy.

A simplist thing, whether it be sans-serif lettering of a peculiarly abstract and compressed bit of modern sculpture, cannot easily be forgotten. It impinges upon your consciousness, like that essence of flight, called the "Bird in Space" by Brancusi, which is nothing but a single piece of almost unsculptured brass, as self-contained as a projectile. Yet the whizzing idea of flight, joyful and aspiring, is all there. Then, too, the enormous bodies sculptured by Lachaise and Zorach are equally simplist, for these great blocked-out masses are done by artists who see life in the large, simplistically. These are works meant to be seen by thousands of men, inside of theater halls and on public squares, and no intimate scale would do.

It is easily observed that modern architecture is in every sense of the word simplist. Those long lengths and breadths of glass, let into ferroconcrete, where the latter often seems more like panels than the glass—what are they but attempts to simplify, clarify, and cleanse. The house thus becomes a regular glass house, with monotonous, but few strong-courses of ferroconcrete and a few thin metallic or concrete uprights to support the stories. It is all completely functional and stereometrically exact, whether you take, as a grandiose example, the geometrically pure, multiple lines of the RCA building in Rockefeller Center or, as a simpler one, some of the housing development structures turned out by Howe and Lescaze and others of our "simplist" architects.

Painting has gone through a longer awkward age. Unlike the simplist developments in architecture which date back only ten or twelve years, the rebellion in painting against what was regarded as useless—the photographic and then the impressionistic approach—goes back to the beginning of the century. Cézanne was then attracting attention by his geometrical pronouncements that all forms could be summed up in cones, cubes, and cylinders. Musing to-day upon the still-lifes of Cézanne, one may see that they led eventually to the simplist paintings of the moment. Mondrian, of Holland, for instance, believes in reducing the principles of the painter in a composition to the fewest—to what appears to some the absurd. For Mondrian says that only three colors — the primaries, red, blue, and yellow—should be

used, and they in their purity; that they should be separated from each other by squares formed by straight, right-angularly intersecting lines. The size of the colored squares and the placing of the colors is left up to the artist. But he must use lines and he must use the primaries. The result, to judge by Mondrian's work, has the charm of stark simplicity, like the tentative color-testings of a house painter against a wall. Affectation is the expense of such simplicity. Yet perhaps it is not affectation at all. The Chinese have a saying that everything, or at least most things, are beautiful, if one subtracts the meaning from them.

There is another painter called Hélion, who with a few shaded lines and razor-sharp edges of different colors, stimulates one's visual nerves. His painting may mean what you like—often it seems as though a fleet of boats were intended—but the sharp design is what catches your eye, as a cravat with pointed arrows for design might excite it. The success with which the design appeals to you is absolutely dependent upon the artist's power to weld his self-imposed forms into a rhythmic, stringently selected entity and not upon his copying any scene in nature.

Modern painting of the Mondrian-Hélion type looks almost as if turned out by an impersonal machine. Here lies its attraction. It welds the æsthetic and the mechanistic into a work of art. Machine-minded we are to-day, and likely to remain so for some time to come. Our affections are most easily engaged if they are solicited through the medium, already known to be efficient and labor-saving, of machinery or stream-lining. So our artists and designers have either entered industry or borrowed from industry and engineering their principles of design. Thus, as never before, any art object (whether in the fine or the applied arts) must manifest in its scale or form an order and a proportion that an engineer would think meet. Our modern furniture is literally machined and nothing could well be simpler or more functional. Severely devoid of all decoration, its charm comes from its scale and proportion and the emphasis which its stream-lined simplism places upon the nature of the material.

Simplism, then, having swept away all styles possessing what we considered decoration, but which it considers adventitious ornament, may easily be discerned by this "pure" style of its own. It catches the attention immediately by this outer shell, with its air of impatiently implying "sharp's the word and quick's the deed." It is never slow on the uptake. And it fashions ovens and bridges as artistically as it produces machine-made lace or silver. Its form of expression is lucidity itself.

In the more serious quarters of literary and philosophic simplism the same style is evident. The literary form in which philosophic simplism clothes itself is a sort of "This-is-the-house-that-Jack-built" style. The writing is usually in the shape of stark, pithy statements and the use of margin and length of line generally put the statements into stanza-form, which although they are not poetry, often possess a poetic ring and have what is as persuasive as verse—order. The journalistic columnist, Peter Maurin, who wrote the following has acquired the simplist technique up to the hilt, for the thing is barbed with sharpness—in style and matter:

1. The world would be better off,
   if people tried
   to become better.

2. And people would become better,
   if they stopped trying
   to become better off.

3. For when everybody tries
   to become better off,
   nobody is better off.

4. But when everybody tries
   to become better,
   everybody is better off.

5. Everybody would be rich,
   if nobody tried
   to become richer.

6. And nobody would be poor,
   if everybody tried
   to be the poorest.

7. And everybody would be,
   what he ought to be,
   if everybody
   tried to be
   what he wants
   the other fellow
   to be.

This syllogistic simplism, which almost borders on affectation, has a maddening fascination, the fascination of order and alliteration—but it is also elemental literature (with the paradoxes, contradictions, and surprises of literature) and elemental philosophy as well. Anyone can understand it. Indeed it was written for the characteristically simplist minds—and very often the most lucid, too—of workers.

But simplism in philosophy or literature is being addressed to the intelligentsia also. One of the greatest exponents of simplism to-day lives in Britain—the distinguished sculptor, engraver, and draftsman, Eric Gill. On first reflection we should think it strange that a journeyman artist (or, since he would be proud, I am sure, of the epithet, let us call Eric Gill an artisan) should become so articulate as a philosopher. One remembers D. H. Lawrence, a coal-heaver once, and perhaps a few others, but not many. The distinction of Eric Gill is that he harks back to the time—it is certainly not much subsequent to that of Benvenuto Cellini or Leonardo—when the artist was a complete man, fully a draftsman, fully a philosopher, and (one thinks) fully content.

Thus in Eric Gill we have a phenomenon that is Renaissance, but since he deals with the moral problems of man's soul and work also—spiritual and economic questions with which the Renaissance had little truck—he is more than Renaissance: he is modern and simplist.

Gill is simplist in reducing to the all but absurd. He is simplist, that is, in the finality and definiteness of all his conclusions. When you read him, you feel that this whole man is an "insider" not only for the needs of the workingman, on whom he has written an explosively sincere little pamphlet called *Unemployment*, but also for the individualist, the artist, for whom he wrote the pungent volume, *Beauty Looks After Herself*. There he says:

"To have pleasure in things is the object of art.
Pleasure in things is a good and is the object of the intelligence
Pleasure is objective
Great intelligence is not necessary for prudence (happiness)
Great prudence is not necessary for intelligence (pleasure)

A fool may be a saint.
A villain may be an artist.
A fool may be a villain.
A saint may be an artist.
But a fool cannot be an artist, nor a villain a saint."

Though Gill is probably neither villain nor saint, he is an artist as well as being an æsthetician—and as an artist a very good simplist. Those who come to know his art—whether in stone, wood, or paper—will see in it a caressing labor and a clear, marvelously conceived subject. The trite is his bane. Hence, he always pokes his truncheon at the plaster statues of commercialized religious art. His own plastic and graphic art, we may ask—how can it remain so fresh and impersonal? Those madonnas of his, done in a few upwelling and then falling lines, like the contour lines of a geographical chart, how compact yet full is their design—the outlines of a maypole, the amplitude of a fountain, for May is Mary's month and the mother of Our Lord is a fountain of light. Thus, as Gill explains in his book of engravings, art is "always inextricably bound up with the expression of ideas."[1]

Eric Gill's philosophy of art, being simplist in its freshness and impersonality of approach, believes in the absolutism of beauty. Under it, the gorilla has beauty as much as the lily. Under it the primrose by the river's brim is no longer a yellow primrose, but God's primrose. Simplistically this philosophy, as worded by Gill, maintains that,

"That which is beautiful relatively to man's love of it is relatively beautiful, and is more strictly called *lovely*. That which is beautiful relatively to God's love of it is beautiful absolutely."

Thus real simplism is a type of absolutism and self-sufficiency. Hence it is worthy to be dignified by the name of philosophy. With its development of the idea of social justice in housing units, of the idea of beautiful order not only in art but also in the assemblage of electrical and mechanical units, of the idea of the individual soul to help in mass movements, of the idea of political absolutism in governmental units under fascism and communism, real simplism is seizing hold of the modern mind. The modern mind has gone through so much that it may be able to afford this crowning yet ascetic luxury.

Not the least virtue of simplism is the ability to make definitions. With them it sweeps the decks clean—in art, politics, sociology and philosophy. But we of to-day need definitions. Too long we have soft-soaped ourselves with the fuzziness of indeterminate literary and philosophic credos. We were rich and we were long-winded. But to-day we are terser and poorer. Some, too, like the simplist poets, Auden and Spender, are half-rebellious. We are trying to find not only a *modus vivendi* but also a *modus credendi*.

One cannot, however, fool one's self with simplism. Whether it is a simplist art object, a simplist painting, a simplist film, a simplist book, or a simplist political philosophy, simplism buttonholes you and you must attend to its definitions. Even the wrong definitions, if made with intensity, have enormous power. Witness again the simplism of communism and fascism which, without the sure base of faith in the

[1] *Engravings by Eric Gill.* With a Preface by the Artist. Bristol: Douglas Cleverdon. 1929.

soul, have gone so far because they have been escapes from mazes, *culs-de-sac*, and oppressions.

Such escapes are diagnostic of simplism. For simplism is life bared to the bone but regulated in a shipshape way. For a world that had forgotten discipline (which is the advocacy and cultivation of order, as simplism, defined by *The Century Dictionary and Cyclopedia*, is "the advocacy and cultivation of simplicity"), this new philosophy is resurrecting it. The battle cry of simplism is therefore the splendor of order.

LOST SECRET

By Frances Frieseke

As flowers yield their sweetness to the bees
So have I yielded songs unto your love.
I thought my heart, hidden away and small,
Would keep my secret, but you know it all.

You could not see it in my eyes.
I looked at blossoms in the sun
I looked at grasses in the dew
I filled my eyes with gold and blue.
You could not see it there—
I never looked at you.

You could not hear it in my words,
My words as light as butterflies.
I spoke of wings and brooks and leaves,
Of green wheat and of yellow sheaves.
You never heard me speak
Such words as the heart weaves.

Only in songs impersonal and blithe
I sang my love, and thought you would not see.
And now I know my heart is far too small
To keep a secret, for you know it all.

SOME PRECEDENTS FOR THE BORAH RESOLUTION

By William Thomas Walsh

"IF that resolution is killed, it will be because the Chief Executive of the nation has issued orders that it be killed."

The speaker, according to *The New York Times* of March 25, 1935, was Archbishop Curley, making an address at Washington. He referred to the so-called Borah Resolution, asking for an investigation of the persecution of Catholics, including American citizens, in Mexico.

No official notice of the assertion was taken at the White House. Propaganda had already been set in motion to the effect that the hands of our Government were tied as regards the "dispute" below the Rio Grande, as the headline writers euphemistically call it, because we had no right to "interfere in the domestic affairs of another sovereign nation." The public was encouraged to believe that there were no precedents for such a course. And yet the files of the State Department, as President Roosevelt undoubtedly knows or ought to know, are fairly bulging with precedents—records of intervention by the United States of America in places far more distant than Mexico, and in persecutions much less flagrant and less notorious than the one that has been in progress, more or less continually, for more than a decade under the domination of Calles and his clique of internationalist revolutionaries.

In 1870 we sent a warship to protect Christian missionaries who, having gone voluntarily among savages, had met with persecution. Mr. Hamilton Fish, then Secretary of State, wrote to the American Minister to Hawaii that "It is a matter of regret that the Christian missionaries of the United States and of Hawaii to the Micronesian group should have experienced any obstacle in the prosecution of their calling, and especially that they should have been wronged in their person and property by the savage aborigines. It is hoped that the vessel of war which, it is understood, has been ordered thither, will have the effect of preventing any further outrages upon our citizens."

In 1876 we took it upon ourselves to join England in reading the Spanish Government a little lesson on religious toleration. On December 8th of that year Secretary Hamilton Fish wrote to Mr. Adee, our *chargé d'affaires* at Madrid, as follows:

"Upon the 23d of November, Sir Edward Thornton called upon me and stated that he was instructed by Lord Derby to read to me, and if I desired it to leave with me a copy of an instruction bearing date of October 28, which had been addressed to Mr. Layard, Her (British) Majesty's minister at Madrid, touching religious toleration in Spain, and that Lord Derby expressed the hope that the Government of the United States might instruct its representative at Madrid to make representations in a similar sense to the Government of the King. I transmit, herewith, a copy of this instruction, which was given me by Sir Edward Thornton. . . .

"You are instructed to act in concert with Mr. Layard, Her Majesty's minister, in the sense in which he is instructed by Lord Derby, and to take occasion to speak in a similar sense to the minister of state, impressing upon him the deep interest which the question of religious liberty in Spain excites in the United States, and the strong hope that the steps lately taken by the Spanish Government with reference to religious freedom and toleration may not be followed by others of a more retrograde character, and that the rights which the minister of state admits are secured to Protestants by the eleventh article of the constitution may be entirely respected, and that the United States rely upon the good faith of the Spanish Government to promptly and firmly suppress any attempt from any quarter to infringe upon these rights."[1]

Note that there was no question here of the persecution of American citizens. The strong and courageous words were hurled across the Atlantic merely at the request of Lord Derby, on behalf of any Protestants whomsoever who might *even in future* encounter the spirit of intolerance in Spain. Spain, yes. But Mexico? Profound silence. It makes a difference whose ox is gored.

In May, 1882, we intervened in Russia on behalf of the American Bible Society, who had been forbidden to sell Bibles from house to house in Estonia, then part of the Russian Empire.

But as Representative Emanuel Celler of New York observed in his speech in the House of Representatives on February 1st last, when he courageously supported the demand for an investigation of the present persecution in Mexico, it has happened in the past that our Government has "interfered in the domestic affairs of other sovereign nations" most often and most vigorously on behalf of Jews in various parts of the world. The record is interesting, and if President Roosevelt has not read Mr. Celler's address in the Congressional Record, or has not obtained from the State Department the correspondence on the subject which is so readily accessible to him there, he will find the whole interesting story most lucidly set forth with a wealth of detail and quotation in *A History of the Jews in America,* by Peter Wiernik.

The earnestness of the language employed on several occasions furnishes an ironic contrast with the present silence of President Roosevelt and his administration concerning the bloody injustice in Mexico; a contrast that would be amusing if it were not so tragic.

In 1867, Secretary of State Seward wrote to Mr. Morris, United States Minister at Constantinople, about the persecutions of which Jews in the United States were complaining, and Mr. Morris reported back that he had told M. Golesco, agent of the Danubian Principalities, that the sufferings of the Jews "have all the appearance of religious persecution, and *that the confidence of the government of the United States would be impaired in the government of Bucharest, unless the proscriptive measures were discontinued.*"

In 1870, when it was reported among Jews here that Jews in Roumania were being persecuted, our government had just established official relations with that country. President Grant sent there as Consul General a Jewish lawyer, Mr.

[1] My italics throughout. W. T. W.

Benjamin Franklin Peixotto, whose letters to Washington concerning the treatment of the Jews in Roumania were singularly fruitful. Furthermore, our State Department sent letters to our ministers all over Europe asking them to enlist the good offices of various governments to stop the persecution of the Jews. Meanwhile, Mr. Peixotto's letters led to a great mass meeting at the Mansion House in London and evoked Lord Shaftsbury's famous message of sympathy. All this resulted in the championship of the Jews by the Powers at the Berlin Congress in 1878, and Roumania acquired the status of a sovereign kingdom *only on the express condition that her government recognize the civil and political rights of Jews.* What would Mr. Roosevelt reply today if, in addition to the passage of the Borah resolution, we asked him to send some distinguished Catholic to Mexico City, from there to broadcast descriptions of the persecution of the Catholic Church not only to Washington but to the four corners of the earth?

The United States Government has "interfered in the domestic concerns" of Austria on behalf of the Jews. On November 28, 1879, Secretary of State Evarts wrote to John A. Kasson, United States Minister to that country, that our government had always *"felt a deep interest in the welfare of the Hebrew race in foreign countries,* and had viewed with abhorrence" the wrongs inflicted upon the Jews by "other creeds in the east." In this case Mr. Evarts did not insist that the Jewish claims should be made a *sine qua non* of continuing official relations with the Austrian government, but he said that any terms favorable to the Jews would be "agreeable and gratifying to this Department."

And then there was the Swiss Confederation. A general convention between that Republic and ours was signed at Berne, November 25, 1850, by Mr. A. Dudley Mann, American Minister to Switzerland, and this document was sent to the Senate on February 13, 1851, by President Millard Fillmore. "Neither the treaty nor the papers accompanying it," remarks Mr. Wiernik, "were ever made public." We do know, however, that in sending the treaty to the Senate President Fillmore objected to the fact that Christians alone were entitled to enjoy the privileges guaranteed by the Swiss Articles of Confederation. On that occasion both Senator Henry Clay and Secretary of State Daniel Webster availed themselves of the opportunity to denounce discrimination against the Jews in Europe. The Senate refused to ratify the treaty with Switzerland unless the article which seemed to discriminate against Jews was stricken out. As a result a new treaty was drawn up, and Article One of that treaty provided for the especial protection of Jews who might wish to enter Switzerland as American citizens.

"By the year 1900," says Mr. Wiernik, "America had the largest community of free Jews in the world, that is, of Jews who labored under no special disadvantages and had no special difficulties, like those which were making life a burden to the Jews of Russia or Galicia . . . The interest that the government of the United States took in the Roumanian situation is therefore believed to have been due principally to the friendly attitude of Theodore Roosevelt and Secretary of State John Hay towards Jews in general. It was, however, nothing new for

the American government to use its good offices in behalf of the persecuted Jews of Roumania." It was fortunate that this precedent had been established so solidly, for the position of the Jews in Roumania seems to have become acute about 1902; and on July 17th of that year, we find Secretary of State John Hay sending a long dispatch on the subject to Charles L. Wilson, our *chargé d'affaires* at Athens. This dispatch contained a large part of the famous "Roumanian note" which was sent the following month to all the signatories of the treaty of Berlin. Mr. Wilson submitted a draft to the Roumanian government. No action was taken. Only three days later Secretary Hay issued the Roumanian note, copies of which were sent to our representatives in France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Russia and Turkey. If President F. D. Roosevelt is at a loss for a formula to employ in addressing the Mexican government of 1935, which owes its very existence to the good offices of his administration and its predecessors, he might find one in these words addressed by Secretary Hay to the sovereign government of Roumania:

"The condition of a large class of the inhabitants of Roumania has for many years been a source of grave concern of the United States. I refer to the Roumanian Jews, numbering some 400,000." After recalling a similar remonstrance of our government to Turkey in 1872, Mr. Hay continues: "The political disabilities of the Jews of Roumania, their exclusion from the public service and the learned professions, the limitations of their civil rights and the imposition on them of special taxes, involving as they do, wrongs repugnant to the moral sense of liberal modern peoples, are not so directly in point for my present purpose as the public acts which attack the inherent rights of man as a breadwinner, in the ways of agriculture," etc. . . . The pauperization of the Jews, he went on to say, was forcing them to migrate from Roumania. But their emigration was necessarily a hardship to the "community upon which the fugitives may have been cast." As no other country would take them, America was their goal, for "the United States offers asylum to the oppressed of all lands." However, the poor Jews came to America as objects of charity, unfitted for their new life here. The Secretary then proceeded to make an argument which is probably rare, if not unique, in the annals of our diplomacy. "Whether consciously and on purpose or not, these helpless people, burdened and spurned by their native land, are forced by the sovereign power of Roumania upon the charity of the United States. This government cannot be a tacit party to such an international wrong." The United States could not appeal to the treaty of Berlin, because we were not a signatory, but we could appeal, and did appeal, said Mr. Hay, to the principles consigned therein, *"because they are the principles of international law and eternal justice."*

This note made a sensation throughout the world. All that Mr. Secretary Hull would have to do today would be to substitute "Mexican emigrants into our border states" for "the Roumanian Jews" and the parallel would be complete.

The United States as an infant nation was on the friendliest terms with the Czarist government of Russia, and in 1832 the two govern-

ments concluded a treaty which appeared to make hostilities between them a very remote possibility. But in this treaty, as Mr. Wiernik observes, "the rights of American Jews to enter Russia on the same conditions as other American citizens were not safeguarded as explicitly as ought to have been done in dealing with a power so unfriendly to the Jews." This fault did not become apparent until half a century afterwards and, he says, "must be ascribed more to oversight of Russia's treatment of the Jews than to wilful neglect." But the Damascus affair in 1840 brought the wrongs of the Russian Jews to our attention in no very agreeable fashion. Thirteen Jews of Damascus, victims of the old "ritual murder" accusation, were imprisoned and tortured. The Jews of England and France hastened to help the accused Jews through European governments; but "the steps taken by Jews here," says Mr. Wiernik, "and the noble responses of the government under President Martin Van Buren is (*sic*) of real historical value and has been so regarded by Jost (*Neuere Geschichte der Israeliten*). It was the first time the American Jews had asked our government to aid Jews elsewhere. The consolidation of the Jewish public spirit which resulted is highly praised and, in a measure, modern Jewish history may be said to date from the Damascus affair of 1840 . . . *The American government on its part did not even wait for the request of the Jews to intercede in behalf of the victims of barbarous cruelty, but of its own accord it sent instructions to its representatives in Turkey and in Egypt to do all in their power for the unfortunate Jews.*"

At a great meeting in New York on August 19th, the Jews sent a resolution to President Van Buren. A reply from Washington stated that the matter had already been brought to the attention of the President by a letter from our Consul at Damascus, "and a letter of instruction was immediately written to our Consul at Alexandria" (copy of which was enclosed).

Our Secretary of State, Mr. John Forsyth, outdid himself on that occasion. Under date of August 14th, before receiving the resolution from the Jews of New York, he had written to John Gliddon, our Consul at Damascus, as follows:

"In common with all civilized nations, the people of the United States have learned with horror the atrocious crimes imputed to the Jews of Damascus, and the cruelty of which they have been the victims. The President fully participates in the public feeling," and has instructed the State Department to extend "the active sympathy and generous interposition of the government of the United States . . . to these persecuted people whose cry of distress has reached our shores."

Three days later Secretary Forsyth wrote to our Minister to Turkey, David Porter, that the President had learned "with profound feelings of surprise and pain of the atrocious cruelties" inflicted on the Jews in Damascus, and *"the President is of the opinion that from no one can such generous interference proceed with so much propriety and effect as from the representatives of a friendly power, whose institutions, political and civil, place upon the same footing the worshippers of God of every faith and form, acknowledging no distinction between the Mohammedan, the Jew and the Chris-*

tian. Should you, in carrying out these instructions, find it necessary or proper to address yourself to any of the Turkish authorities, you will refer to *this distinctive characteristic* of our government, as investing with *a peculiar propriety and right* the interposition of your good offices in behalf of an oppressed and persecuted race, among whose kindred are found some of the most worthy and patriotic of our citizens."

When Jews were massacred in Kishinev, April 19-21, 1903, "almost from the first," says Rabbi Maximilian Heller in the *American Jewish Year Book* for the year 5664 (page 21), "the world's indignation centered in the United States. Served by a vigorous press whose liberal spirit voices the prevailing attitude; animated by a humanitarianism which lies at the foundation of all our public institutions; realizing also that America was the chief refuge of all victims of persecutions; the people of the United States become, again, the world's logical leaders in a campaign of humanity."

There was a Roosevelt in the presidential chair at that time who never left the world very long in doubt as to his disapproval of religious or civil persecution, wherever it might be, especially when the persecuted were Jews. In the first part of his speech to the Executive Committee of the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith, on June 15, 1903, he said:

"I have never in my experience in this country known of a more immediate and deeper expression of sympathy for the victims, and of horror of the appalling calamity that has occurred." Secretary of State Hay wired Mr. McCormick, our Ambassador at St. Petersburg, asking for a report on the alleged want and suffering of the Jews of Kishinev. Mr. McCormick replied ten days later that "it is authoritatively denied that there has been any want or suffering among the Jews of Southwestern Russia, and aid of any kind is unnecessary."

This report did not satisfy the Jews in the United States. "The people here," says Mr. Wiernik, "understood that the Ambassador reflected the official view of the Russian government" and they proceeded to collect large sums in New York and elsewhere for the "thousands of destitute families and hundreds of widows and orphans." More than seventy-five meetings of protest were held in fifty localities and twenty-seven different States, besides the District of Columbia, during May and June of that year. Many non-Jews, including "officials and ministers of religion," protested. The Hearst papers in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco, "did much to arouse the public to the gravity of the situation" and helped to collect money for the victims in Kishinev. In all $100,000 was collected and sent.

A petition drawn up by the executive committee of the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith was submitted to President Roosevelt (Theodore) with the request that he send it on to the Czar of Russia. The President did so. The Czar declined to receive it, but T. R. had left on doubt as to where he stood in the matter. This petition contained 12,544 signatures from thirty-six States and Territories. The signers included United States Senators, members of the House of Representatives, twenty-two governors, many judges and State legislators,

one hundred fifty mayors of cities, and *"clergymen of all denominations, including three archbishops and seven bishops."*

The President allowed copies of the petition to be bound and placed in the archives of the Department of State.

When other riots followed, many loyal Jews, including a number of radicals, collected funds for the Jews in Kishinev and there was a great increase in Jewish immigration, "which was easily absorbed and little burdensome to the general Jewish public and to the public charities, because most of the new arrivals had near relatives or friends who took care of them during the short time that elapsed until they could find employment," says Mr. Wiernik. In November, 1905, Jewish immigration increased by 22,000.

When the massacres continued, a committee headed by Oscar S. Straus and Jacob H. Schiff collected more than a million dollars from Jews and non-Jews, while indignation meetings were held in many places. During a parade in New York City, December 4, 1905, several Christian churches tolled their bells to express their sympathy for the Jews.

Following a hearing before the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, February 8, 1906, a joint resolution was prepared as follows:

"Resolution by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress Assembled: That the people of the United States are horrified by the report of the massacre of Hebrews in Russia on account of their race and religion, and that those bereft thereby have the hearty sympathy of the people of this country."

This resolution, prepared by Representatives Goldfogle and Sulzer, was introduced in the Senate by Senator McLaurin, and in the House by Representative Robert G. Cousins of Iowa. It was adopted unanimously, without debate, by both houses on June 22d, and was approved by President Roosevelt on June 26, 1906.

For many years the treatment of Jews thousands of miles away had been a source of friction between our government and that of Russia. In 1893 the State Department had written to Ambassador Andrew D. White a letter containing the "surmise that some strange misapprehension exists in this regard in the mind of His Majesty's Government, which your accustomed ability and tact may explain and perhaps remove." Evidently the tact and ability were not sufficient, for in 1898 we find Ambassador Breckenridge writing the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs that "it has long been a matter of deep regret and concern to the United States that any of its citizens should be discriminated against for religious reasons while peacefully sojourning in this country." Finally matters reached such a pass that Congressman William Sulzer of New York introduced a resolution in the House demanding the abrogation of our treaty with Russia. Congress was "flooded" with letters from Jewish organizations from all over the United States asking for passage of the bill, and the measure was adopted "with practical unanimity." President Taft, however, *had already anticipated the required action* by instructions he had given several days before to the American Ambassador at St. Petersburg to serve formal notice on the Russian government that the Treaty of 1832 would be abrogated on the last day

of December, 1912. Both houses approved of Mr. Taft's action without a dissenting vote, and as Mr. Wiernik happily concludes, "the battle was won as far as the American side of it was concerned."

Morocco is much farther from Washington than Mexico, yet the United States Government showed a very tender solicitude for the welfare of Jews in the former place in 1906. When Henry White, our Ambassador to Italy, went to the international conference in Algeciras in Spain, January 6th-April 7th of that year, Secretary of State Elihu Root sent him a special letter bidding him work for the protection of the Jews in Morocco, and including a letter from Mr. Jacob H. Schiff "setting forth the pitiable condition of the Jews in that country and enumerating the legal restrictions to which they were subjected." When the treaty was signed, April 2d, Mr. White caused the insertion of a certain provision "whereby the signatory nations guaranteed the security and equal privileges of the Jews in Morocco." It is a matter of more recent record that the American Representatives at the Peace Conference in 1918 did not forget our traditional interest in oppressed peoples in all parts of the world and particularly the Jews. "President Wilson," said Mr. Wiernik, "was personally inclined to favor the Jewish claims," and, he adds, "the American Jewish representation received more recognition than was hitherto given to any *Schtadlanuth* at an international gathering of a like nature in the past. *The spokesmen for the Jews were thus enabled to leave their mark on the texts of treaties in which the rights of minorities were defined,* and a weighty precedent was established for the recognition of the rights of Jews where they are acknowledged to be a special nationality."

In view of all this, would it not be well for American Catholics to make a special appeal to their Jewish fellow citizens, who seem always to have had so much influence with the State Department, to help them by means of the Borah resolution and otherwise to obtain justice for the Catholics who have been suffering such cruel and unjustified persecutions in Mexico during the past dozen years? Catholics have generously supported protests in favor of persecuted Jews in all parts of the world. Moreover, we learn from the *American Jewish Year Book* for the year 5678 (September 17, 1917, to September 6, 1918) that *"despite the fact that Mexico is a Catholic land there is no hostile feeling shown toward the Jews,* the better class of whom enjoy many social advantages."

The *Jewish Year Book* speaks with approval of Mexico's "forward movement" (by which unfortunately it seems to mean those various revolutionary governments which have persecuted Catholics), and notes that the family of Madero was descended from the Portuguese Jewish family of that name, and that José Y. Limantour, financial genius of the Diaz administration, was descended from French Jews, adding that "Diaz himself, though of Indian descent, is said to have traced his family back to the De Haas families of historical interest . . . To-day Mexico feels the need of some stimulating force from outside, and Carranza is giving serious consideration to the project of inviting Jews from Russia to colonize the land. With peace and order restored, Mexico would be a land

with countless opportunities. The Jews are in certain quarters considered the very material required in the country for reviving the country's industrial and commercial growth."

Carranza's administration, it will be remembered, was the one recognized and made permanent by President Wilson and all succeeding United States administrations including the present one. Calles, Obregon, Cárdenas, and Canabal are all heirs of the Carranza movement and inheritors of its policies, policies tacitly approved by the United States Department of State. These programs have more and more approached the revolutionary programs of Soviet Russia, including the ruthless suppression and spoliation of the Catholic Church. Let us appeal to our Jewish brothers in the United States to join us in demanding equal freedom for Catholics and Jews everywhere in the world—such freedom as we have enjoyed together in the United States.

PREMONITION

By Ellen Gilbert

IT is summer to-day on the hills,
And summer to-day in my heart,
And only a stripe of blue
Holds Heaven and earth apart;

Only a stripe of blue,
Where the mountains meet the sky,
And the meadows meet them both,
While the river rushes by.

It is summer to-day on the hills,
And summer to-day in my heart. . . .
But why do I hear the wind that blows
When the storms of winter start?

MELODRAMA

By Martin I. J. Griffin

"IT'S sheer melodrama!" is a frequent and meaningless criticism often overheard in theater lobbies. By rendering this profound verdict the self-appointed critic feels that he has condemned a dramatic offering as beyond the pale of acceptance by an intelligent man. Yet should we ask such a perspicacious observer just what constitutes his "sheer melodrama" we usually find that he has no very definite notion of the characteristics of melodrama beyond the inanities of burlesque revivals such as *After Dark* and *Ten Nights in a Barroom.*

We may not consider melodrama to be quite a respectable dramatic form, but the elements of which it is compounded are the basic emotions of mankind, presented without subtlety, often with entire disregard for logic, but rich in emotional appeal and colorful situations. So far have we progressed in critical acumen that we view a *Ten Nights in a Barroom* or an *Uncle Tom's Cabin*[1] as an hilarious burlesque and a sad commentary on the tastes of our fathers, while we view a *Broadway*, or a *Mourning Becomes Electra* with sober-faced appreciation because it is couched in the theatrical terms of our own times, and does not violate the conventions of the contemporary stage. And yet these plays are, structurally and dramatically, as surely melodrama as *Bertha, the Sewing-Machine Girl.*

1 Until recently when, I believe, a short hiatus occurred, there had never been a time since its first production in 1852 when *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was not playing somewhere in the United States.

The appeal of melodrama lies in the fact that it is dramatic entertainment for the people, for the average theater-goer, combining comedy, near-tragedy, spectacle, song and music in the space of three hours' relaxation from the demands of everyday. Not always is the *catharsis* of tragedy suited to our mood, nor do we always wish unalloyed comedy. For such a mood, the melodrama's the thing!

Melodrama originated in France toward the end of the eighteenth century. The French play of this type, the *mélodrame*, was itself the product of a long series of developments extending over a period of more than fifty years. The word *mélodrame*, which we now attach with a definite meaning to a particular dramatic form, was created by Jean Jacques Rousseau to describe a scenic monologue, *Pygmalion*, which was presented with a musical accompaniment. Rousseau used the word entirely in its etymological sense, to signify "music drama." In essence, however, his *Pygmalion* was a *scène lyrique*, a combination of instrumental music and speech, possessing but little dramatic force.

The actual development of the *mélodrame* from its early stages to its completed form is interesting, and forms an ironic tribute to that inner circle of professors and *littérateurs* who gather, in priestly solemnity, around the *sanctum sanctorum* of literature and will not allow the unregenerate Common People to profane it with their touch.

In the latter half of the eighteenth

century, about 1770, the *Comédie Française* held a monopoly on all drama in France. Not only was it their exclusive right to produce the work of the masters, Corneille, Racine and Molière, but no one else was permitted to produce any play containing dialogue. Pantomime and puppet shows were the only entertainments allowed, and even these were forced to bow to tradition and enact and reënact versions of that kaleidoscopic Harlequin-Columbine romance. These, together with jugglers, sword-swallowers, acrobats and idiots, provided the sole sources of entertainment for the uneducated classes. In the country, frequent fairs were held in the villages, at which these various types of entertainment were staged by itinerant companies in temporary tents and booths. It is in these obscure fairs that the germs of the developing melodrama are found.[2]

With the ingenuity which has always characterized the oppressed, the limitations imposed upon the pantomimists resulted in the development of new forms. The first step was the discarding of the older Italian (originally Roman) pantomime, with its time-honored characters, Pantaloon, Harlequin and the others, and the introduction of historical and fantastic pantomimes, interspersed with songs, dances and music. Since speech was not permitted the actors, and in order that the pantomime might be made intelligible to the audience, placards explaining the action were suspended over the heads of the actors. When, much later, monologue was permitted, actors of ability managed to enact long plays by themselves. Further progress was made in the development of melodrama when an enterprising manager, Arnould, discarded historical and fantastic pantomime, which, even with the assistance of the explanatory placards, was still somewhat difficult to follow, and dramatized in pantomimic form an incident of real life which was familiar to the majority of those who frequented the small theaters of the Boulevards.

This experiment was a tremendous success, and encouraged Arnould to seek further means by which to circumvent the paralyzing restrictions of the *Comédie Française*. He dramatized, for instance, the death of Captain Cook on the *Ile d'O-Why-E* (Hawaii), according to the popular knowledge of that then recent event. Like his other more local themes, this was successful, although it is recorded that his audiences did not take kindly to the unhappy ending, preferring then, before the Revolution, as afterwards, to have virtue triumphant.

The work of Arnould was a step forward in the history of the drama in France, but even with his successes, the small provincial and the small Parisian theaters were still in a most unhappy state. One of Arnould's rivals, Nicolet, had a troupe of pantomimists, acrobats, and tight-rope walkers. Upon the payment of a bribe of 24,000 *livres* to the *Comédie Française*, he was permitted to have almost as much freedom in the presentation of his spectacles as he desired. But, the *Comédie Française* insisted, Nicolet could not touch their repertory, nor present entertainment which closely resembled their own drama. Further,

[2] These jugglers, sword-swallowers, acrobats, etc., are the direct theatrical descendants of broken-down gladiators, *mimi* and *pantomimi*, *rhapsodes* (singers), *prestigiatores* (jugglers), *funambuli* (rope-walkers), *scurræ* (clowns), of the decadent Roman theater, who, with the decline of the Empire, spread out into Gaul to eke a living by performing in the villages on feast days.

they encouraged indecency and licentiousness in his plays, in order that the differences between their own drama and that of the smaller theater of the Boulevards might be more pronounced. And as a final indignity, they required that Nicolet have visible upon his stage at all times a tight-rope and a springboard! Under such discouraging restrictions, Nicolet could not succeed in competition with Arnould. The result of Arnould's work and ingenuity was to endow pantomime with a serious plot and a moral tone, with a new name, *pantomime dialoguée*. These qualities are still integrated in melodrama.

It was not until 1791 that the theaters of Paris obtained freedom from the rigorous autocracy of the *Théâtre Française*. In that year the National Assembly decreed that all the theaters of Paris were on an equal footing. There was but desultory progress made until the time of the Revolution, but with that event popular drama received a great impetus. The people who frequented the theaters were in a constant state of excitement, and were so accustomed to scenes of bloodshed, under the efficient auspices of *Madame Guillotine*, that, to interest them, the make-believe of the theaters had to be compounded of rather elemental materials. In attempting to meet this demand, progress toward the form which we now know as *mélodrame* was rapid.

The *pantomime dialoguée*, which Arnould had developed, progressed toward a definite dramatic form in the hands of Louis Sebastien Mercier and others, who attempted to give the people the type of theatrical fare they desired. But it is to Guilbert de Pixérécourt that we look for the establishment of the *mélodrame* as a distinct dramatic type. "When I appeared," he says in his *Dernières Réflexions sur le Mélodrame* (1843), "it was necessary to invent a new theater." This is true only in part, because the materials, the manner and the procedure were developed ready for his hand. It is true that this embryonic *mélodrame* was present only in its component parts. Pixérécourt put the parts together, gave form to the substance, and a title to the *genre*. What had been a hybrid form of entertainment—an exaggerated story interspersed with music and dances and acrobatics—he made into a distinct type, with as many rules and conventions as had heretofore cluttered up the distinctly classical drama of the *Théâtre Française*.

Pixérécourt's early plays, from about 1791, are largely experimental but with *"Carlina, ou l'enfant du mystère,"* he arrived at the complete formula for the *mélodrame*. This formula has been little changed by his successors. In general, there are four essential characters in a melodrama: an unhappy, and preferably beautiful, young woman who is exceedingly virtuous; an honest, preferably handsome, young man, who is willing, at the frequent risk of his life, to protect the heroine; a villain, who has designs of evil; and a lackey, or valet, preferably humorous, to serve as comedy relief. There may be any number of minor characters. During the course of the play, the villain pursues the heroine, just as long as the audience can stand it, whereupon the hero will manage to wreak exemplary vengeance upon the villain, and graciously accept the reward of his valor, usually the hand and the heart of the heroine. The comedian takes the stage now and again to relieve,

by his antics, the taut nerves of the spectators.

Pixérécourt established the convention of presenting the *mélodrame* in four acts (later in five acts), which develop uniformly until everything is happily resolved. Act I. is consecrated to love, and the exposition of the situation. In this we learn the condition of the heroine's heart, the location of "the papers," or the local real estate situation. We also discover that the villain wants the heroine, or the papers, or the homestead. Act II. depicts the unhappiness of everybody who has the slightest acquaintance with the villain; Act III. continues the story of the villain's diabolical success, but we hopefully await Act IV., wherein we perceive the triumph of valor and virtue and the inevitable punishment of vice.

Upon this basic framework of drama, various importations from the *scène lyrique* and the *pantomime dialoguée* were interspersed. A ballet might be ingeniously woven into the swift action of the play, in all probability with the same cheerful disregard for logic that our current musical comedies exhibit. Songs, usually saccharine or lugubrious, were introduced at judicious intervals. And always there was music. To this, particularly, Pixérécourt gave minute attention, and in his manuscripts was always careful to indicate where music was to be used, and what type of music was to be played. Thus certain themes were used to accompany the exits and entrances of the leading characters—manly tenor notes for the hero, light soprano tones for the heroine and deep bass for the villain. By music, too, the audience was prepared for the next scene to be played, and always in the "big scenes" the musicians gave themselves over whole-heartedly to eighteenth century versions of "Hearts and Flowers." That this matter of music in the *mélodrame* was an important one is indicated by the programs of the time, in which are noted the names of the writer of the music and the inventor of the ballet.

The *mélodrame* achieved its greatest popularity at a time, during the Revolution, when strong emotions were stirring. The French, who had the greatest drama in history, aside from the unique Shakespeare, took these melodramas quite seriously, and delighted in what we now—in a very superior manner—recognize as illogical absurdities. But the appeal was universal. In the *Memoirs* of Fleury, one of the most famous actors of the *Comédie Française*, there is a mournful entry recording the fact that the *grandes-dames* of the new France held loges in the *Théâtre Française*, to which they came for an hour to show off their diamonds and new gowns, and then hied themselves off to the theaters of the Boulevards, where they could enjoy something which they understood, and could revel in the gaudy and appealing details of the *mélodrame*.

Because of its imposing style, the *mélodrame* was sometimes judged to be of more literary importance than the actual facts warranted. The lines of the players were orotund and pompous, abounding in moral maxims and sentiment. The action was swift and vital. The characters, since they were types, were strongly accentuated, and the emotional appeal of the situations, heightened by the adroit use of music, produced a satisfying form of theatrical entertainment. But while it was always good theater, it was not always good drama.

The appeal of the melodrama is well-nigh universal, chiefly because it gains its effects swiftly, permits the audience to enjoy the vicarious thrill of danger, and share volubly in the ultimate triumph. So long as simple emotions at conflict appeal to mankind so long will melodrama appear on our stages. To be supercilious toward melodrama is merely to admit ignorance of melodrama, for one can no more ignore the importance of this curiously evolved form in the history of dramatic art than one can afford to disregard those early stirrings of romanticism which culminated in a rebirth of poetry.

CATHEDRAL BELLS

By Mary Sinton Leitch

At dusk upon the unlovely street
Where factory smoke had mocked the sun,
The homeward tread of toilers beat
The long slow rhythms of defeat,
When, sudden, rang a clear and sweet
Cathedral carillon.

Like cleansing rain on fetid air
The pure notes fell, and all around
Was peace—and innocence was there,
While many told, who paused to hear,
Those beads of psalmody that were
A rosary of sound.

Now always when I seem in vain
To strive with pity that rebels,
With sullen doubt that would profane
The august threnody of pain,
Upon my spirit breaks the strain
Of those cathedral bells.

THE PRE-WAR PENSION

By Eleanor Downing

PART II

DIFFERENT altogether from the *Manetto* was the *Pension Whitby* in Nice. Its long, white buildings, flush with the pavement, faced the rue Cotta. All day the sun poured down on the white street, the white green-shuttered house, and the white garden walls of villas with palms bristling above them. Across the street from the *pension* was a large open field, which one day, when the *pension* had become a hotel, would be transformed into a "park." But in those days, it boasted one bench, one dejected palm, and a single orange tree, with three oranges which everyone in the *pension* watched with parental interest. Beyond this incipient park rose, against cloudless azure, the belfry of the *chapelle du Sacré Cœur*. At twelve and six, its bell rang out peremptorily, jarring on the Protestant susceptibilities of all the Nonconformists in the *Pension Whitby*. Still further south was the Promenade des Anglais, where ladies in open Victorias displayed their laces and taffetas and ostrich plumes. Beyond the promenade lay the Mediterranean, evanescent, misty, slumberous. It would be gross exaggeration to say that from the *Pension Whitby* one saw, or even heard, the sea. Psychologically, one was aware of it; physically, there was no hint of its enigmatic presence.

Just inside the front door of the *pension* was the office, and behind its glass partition sat Georgie Whitby, Mrs. Whitby's son; courteous, conciliatory, smiling behind a blond moustache the color of ripe corn. Legend had it that he had once won 5,000 francs at the Jetée, had invested his winnings wisely, and never again approached the green baize tables.

To the right and left of the office were corridors leading to the *salons:* rooms floridly furnished in Victorian style, with gilt mirrors and tufted furniture. Here were held the frequent social gatherings: concerts by Italian musicians in coats of crimson satin, card parties, entertainments of magicians, who, to my delight and my mother's dismay, invariably selected me as assistant demonstrator.

Further along the east corridor, one came to the lift, an elaborate affair of mirrors and red velvet, in which—until one learned the precaution of walking up—one spent apprehensive hours between floors. Beyond the lift, one came to the dining room. Down the center ran the usual long table; but for two francs a day, one might secure (as we wisely did) a small table by the window. Such an arrangement insured privacy, without social isolation. Immune from conversational efforts, one might listen to the animated chatter of the *table d'hôte*. During the waits between courses, when Jean, the polyglot waiter, disappeared interminably behind the pantry doors, one could plunge into Vasari or Anna Jameson. Indeed, if one were sixteen and ambitious, one

could acquire, in the dinner intervals of a single winter, a complete knowledge of Italian art. There was the "fill-up," too, a course of *risotto*, macaroni, or noodles, which Mother and I carefully avoided, and which added another ten minutes to reading-time. But when the *sardines frites* or *omelette fines herbes* appeared, and later the inevitable chicken and salad, books disappeared, and the contemporary scene fixed our attention.

Unlike the guests of the *Pension Manetto*, who were all, except ourselves, French, Spanish, or German, those of the Whitby were exclusively English and American. At the end of the table, not three feet away, sat Miss McCaulish, an American girl bent on extracting every ounce of enjoyment from her year abroad. Her fair hair was brushed into a smooth, regular pompadour, above frank blue eyes, tip-tilted nose and humorous mouth. Next to her, on the right, sat her aunt, Mrs. Whited, a resident of the Hotel des Champs Elysée in Paris, a large well-groomed woman, outspoken to a fault, but kindly as she was caustic. To Miss McCaulish's left, sat Dr. Cray, a minister from Vermont and his meek spouse, both of whom turned down their glasses primly when the *carafes* of red and white wine began to circulate. Miss McCaulish delighted in her proximity to the Reverend Mr. Cray; for it gave the imp of mischief in her soul an opportunity to disport itself. Large, silver five-franc pieces won by her at Monte Carlo were invariably brought to the table and thrust under his nose, while the poor gentleman bit his mustache, squirmed uncomfortably, and gripped the chair-legs with his feet. When fortune did not favor her, she discussed, to his very evident distress, the relative merits of champagne and Asti, or the ethical basis of divorce.

Beyond the Crays, sat Mrs. Dawson and Miss Biggs, of Bournemouth, Hants, daughter and stepmother, touring Europe on bicycles and spending a month in Nice before invading Italy. Knapsack limitations precluding evening dresses, both flaunted evening blouses: Mrs. Dawson, a black-sequined bodice with square-cut neck, filled in modestly with lace; Miss Biggs, a Persian blouse, made presumably from a scarf of generous proportions.

At the far end of the table, sat two middle-aged sisters, whose names I have forgotten, because everyone referred to them, accurately if unkindly, as "Piggy" and "Wiggy." Piggy was fifty, dark-haired and plain; Wiggy, with a highly-colored complexion surmounted by an unmistakable golden wig with bangs, was fat and forty-five; but, according to her elder sister, the beauty of the family. Piggy adored and admired her; and Wiggy, who needed little encouragement, would skittishly trip along the corridors, coquettishly waving her hand to Georgie as she passed. "Girls will be girls," Piggy would remark indulgently, as Wiggy's white net flounces whisked out of sight. At the book-party, given in the *grand salon*, Wiggy, in a white veil, appeared as the "Bride of Lammermoor"; and Piggy, interrogated as to how one might determine her sister's literary identity, exclaimed, "Oh, just fancy! Didn't you guess? She simply *looks* the part."

Next in order came Mr. Halloway, one of those civilized, futile gentlemen from Massachusetts, who used to inhabit European *pensions*, watching the game of life, but re-

fusing to enter in and bark their shins. Certainly Wiggy's wistful looks and occasional assaults failed to disturb his fossilized equanimity.

To Miss McCaulish's right, beyond her aunt, were two sets of mothers and daughters. First, came Mrs. Hodgeson of Ottawa, her hat, at lunch time, set high on her head; for, as she informed all and sundry, she always bought the first hat presented, without looking in the mirror. Terry made up for her mother's indifference to dress. At nineteen, she was a sumptuously-curved brunette, quiet, good-natured, lazy; but not too lazy to spend her large monthly allowance on gold lace evening dresses and ermine stoles.

Beside her sat Liza Crandell, so beautiful that, on first encounter, one held one's breath, as in presence of a vision; so disorderly, with her tangled hair and creased frock that one longed to tidy her and smooth her out. Mrs. Whited, who suffered from no social repressions, soon set Liza to rights. Not three days after the elder lady's arrival, I discovered her in the small writing room, disentangling Liza's long curls, combing and winding them into smooth knots, with ringlets above the ears, flinging away her perpetual corsage of roses, removing her pearl earrings and lace fichu. And behold Liza transformed from a candy-box girl into a classic beauty. Mysteriously, too, the ruptures in Mrs. Crandell's one-and-only evening gown healed up and disappeared.

But if Liza lacked an adequate wardrobe, she did not lack suitors. Three awaited her pleasure. Upstairs, packed away in her trunk, between layers of tissue paper, lay a trousseau made by her own hands: sets and sets of valenciennes-trimmed underwear; the *négligés* lined with china silk, orchid and blue, nile green and rose, to match the yards of satin ribbon in the beading. With what pride would she display her treasures!

"But I don't know which man I shall decide on," she would comment naïvely, "the Frenchman, who has a title and a château—and a yacht—but who drinks and gambles; the South American, who is disgustingly rich, and lives on a plantation a hundred miles from nowhere; or the American who, poor darling, is only a second lieutenant in the navy."

Well, she married the South American; and years ago died on that remote plantation. Poor Liza, with her pathetic beauty, her roses, and her rumpled dress!

The *Pension Whitby* boasted, however, of a more esoteric social life than that of the dining room and *salons*. On the third floor, in an elaborately furnished suite, lived Mrs. Whitby, now retired,—the founder of the *pension* in a mythically remote past when, as a bride, she had exchanged Norwich for Nice. Seldom did she emerge from her suite; but there, on Thursday afternoons, the *élite* were gathered to drink tea and listen to music. The sheep were summoned thither by small pink notes, placed in their letter-boxes; and, thereafter, —though, as befits sheep, they were unfailingly gracious—they knew the goats for what they were.

Since our bedroom and parlor formed part of Mrs. Whitby's suite, my mother and I were every Thursday guests. The tea was delicious, the music pleasant, the people variegated,—French countesses, Russian artists, Italian impresarios mingling with the hotel guests. The bric-a-

brac and curios, too, were fascinating, even if there were maternal injunctions against handling them. But most captivating of all was Mrs. Whitby herself, poured into a mold of garnet satin and velvet; a dainty, unwrinkled little person, for all her sixty years and her red-gold transformation. How she fluttered from one guest to another, chirping like a small bird; plying the youngsters with *petits fours* and *fruits confits;* explaining the merits of her new Angelus, which, electrically operated, reproduced the playing of famous pianists.

My epic theme being the *pension,* I must not wander into Arcady: but Nice, in those days, was not far removed from that idyllic land. The air was alive with music, drenched with sunshine. One awoke to the sound of rich Italian voices singing "Santa Lucia." Later, after a breakfast of chocolate, flaky *croissants,* and apricot preserves, one attended a concert at the Jetée, sketched a quaint bit of the old quarter, and returned to lunch with an armful of tea-roses and mimosa bought for a franc at the flower-market. In the afternoon, dressed in pastel broadcloth and white kid gloves, one listened to the concert in the Jardins Publiques, or drove, in a Victoria, to the château or the ostrich farm, winding up invariably for tea at Vaugade's or the Hotel Royale. In the evening there was the Casino Municipale, where, on account of my tender years, the guards would merely let me peep into the gaming rooms, before "shooing" me away; and, still better, the opera, where—perhaps from Mrs. Whitby's box—one listened breathlessly to *Rigoletto* or *La Bohème.*

Ten years ago, I again visited Nice. A horde of tourists in drab costumes infested its streets: streets so dirty that one had to exercise caution at every step. The concerts were lifeless; the street-singers had vanished, and the sunshine with them. In my fur coat, I shivered beneath the palms. The *Pension Whitby* was a hotel, and the park had blossomed into a network of paths and potted orange trees. Individual tables filled the newly decorated dining room. Red plush and white marble had been banished from the drawing rooms, in favor of faint grays and chaste Directoire furniture. Madame Whitby, with a word of cheer to Georgie, had departed to her long rest. I fled incontinently to England, where the early snowdrops and pear blossoms touched my heart with balm, and shut out the vision of a ruined Paradise.

Not in any sense Arcadian was the *Pension Cléry.* It was far too bustling and methodical a place to suggest poetic comparison. But that it fulfilled perfectly its rôle of catering to Americans, English, and Canadians spending some months in Paris, no one familiar with its comfort and its inflexible routine could ever doubt. It stood on the rue de Clichy, back of the Opéra and the church of the Trinité, not five minutes' walk from that erstwhile Mecca of the feminine bargain-hunter, the Galeries Lafayette. If one were not alert, one might pass its inconspicuous gate, set in a noncommittal gray wall. But, once within, one was immediately aware that here was an establishment. To the left was the *concierge's* office, where Madame Minet, in a red crocheted shawl pinned up to her throat, greeted the entering guest, effusively if he was a regular tipper,

glumly if he was not. There letters were sorted and packages deposited. If a package arrived in one's absence, Madame Minet thoughtfully tipped the commissionaire forty centimes, obtained a receipt, and placed it significantly under the string of the bundle. Madame Minet was the official censor of all who entered by the front gate the sacred precincts of the *pension;* and if a guest, in pursuit of night-life, jangled the bell after midnight, she eyed him, especially if he were an habitual offender, with silent but scathing severity.

To gain access to the main building of the *pension,* one might pass through the graveled court, "landscaped" into an elaborate pattern of paths and rock-plants. Or one might follow the long corridor from the *concierge's* office, pass through the conservatory, with its ferns and wicker furniture, and thus into the *salon.* Occupying a central position in that room was a circular red velvet sofa with a cone-shaped center. Here, of an evening, sat half-a-dozen guests, back to back, contorting their necks in conversational endeavor. But one sat there only if the deeply-cushioned carved mahogany chairs were already occupied. Mosaic-top tables, oil paintings in carved Florentine frames, and a grand piano, invitingly open, gave the room an old-fashioned charm. Beyond, was the dining room, its windows overlooking the court. The long table was supplemented by a row of smaller tables, at which sat the less sociably inclined. How many delicious lunches and dinners I have enjoyed at the small table in the alcove; meals that rose, at Thanksgiving and Christmas to a pyrotechnic display of culinary art; of *soufflés,* salads, *bombes glacés*—and of good old-fashioned turkey with cranberry sauce and sweet potatoes. Then, as the guests toasted one another in champagne, at the expense of the house, the holiday-homesick-feeling vanished, and Paris rose triumphant over the ruins of Peoria.

But in the dining room of the Cléry the flow of soul was more constant than the occasional trickle of champagne. Day by day, all the information regarding Paris, artistic, commercial, gustatory, and picturesque, collected by its sixty tireless guests was pooled at the *table d'hôte.* There, one contributed one's impressions and discoveries: of the demimonde at the Palais de Glace, on Thursday afternoons; of the ivories at the Musée Cluny; of the spangled chiffon scarves, for thirty francs, at the Printemps. And there, too, one gathered up the impressions of others, organized them, and formed one's plan of action for the morrow. Above the clatter of tongues and forks, rose, however, a steadier sound: the voice of Mr. Horton. Broad-shouldered, bald, suave and imperturbable, Mr. Horton dominated the *table d'hôte.* He had lived long on the Continent, in South Africa, in India. Everywhere he had gathered curious facts, as a ship does barnacles. These facts he poured forth on the least provocation, and, if not always accurately, with the most amazing detail. If the lady on his right mentioned Louis XI., he would hold forth for twenty minutes on the particular type of mental abnormality revealed by that monarch's skull; if the gentleman on his left, refused, with apprehensive glances, the oysters from Arcachon, he would explain at length the marine conditions which produced their metallic coloring.

Nor was there any gap between Louis and the oysters. Somehow, subtle associations led from subject to subject, so that the deep-voiced accompaniment of Mr. Horton's discourse flowed uninterruptedly from *hors d'œuvres* to dessert.

Mr. Horton's only rival in popularity was Mr. Gordon, a round-faced cherubic Englishman, who, as a boy, had sung in the choir of Lincoln cathedral. Despite his gray suit, spats, and turquoise watch fob, one could picture him still in a surplice, singing Christmas carols. Mr. Gordon, who reveled in the society of ladies, planned for them, week by week, excursions to Chantilly, Sèvres, or Robinson's, where like birds, one lunched up in the trees. These trips he would guide with joyful enthusiasm, watchful lest one member of his harem should miss a single point of interest. By preliminary arrangement, all expenses were disbursed by him, and refunded later, on presentation of an itemized account. I still preserve my bill for the trip to Chantilly. As an example of calligraphy and precision it could not be surpassed.

Half-way up the curving stairs beside the dining room was the *bureau* of Madame Cléry, the proprietress, and Madame Augier, her sister. There, like two watchful and efficient school principals, they sat, aware of all that transpired in the regions above and below them. If, planning a shampoo, you bribed Céleste to bring you three pitchers of hot water instead of one, Madame Augier, who feared for the complexion of her rugs, would contrive to express, at her next encounter, her silent disapproval of your action. And woe betide the luckless guest who tried to sneak into the dining room for *déjeuner* after nine-thirty! At that hour Madame Cléry would post herself on the threshold of her office, her small beetle-like dog, Chérie, under her arm. As you descended, smiling ingratiatingly, her eyebrows would rise, and she would greet you with a curt, *"Bon jour."* Chérie, sensing her mistress's disapproval, would yap shrilly at your retreating back. Next day, you passed the office door at nine-fifteen.

Yet everyone bowed uncomplainingly to Madame Cléry's Draconian code; for steam heat that really sizzled, comfortable rooms, excellent meals, and pleasant people were not frequently to be found in Paris for fourteen francs a day, even in the halcyon days before the War. Moreover, Madame Cléry and Madame Augier could, on occasion, relax into more human mold. At home, in their private villa at Auteuil, they had little in common with the dour ladies on the staircase of the *pension*. In the villa, with their old mother knitting in a rocking chair, the cat asleep on the parlor table, the windows open to the scent of mignonette from the garden, they became just two hospitable, middle-aged ladies. Even Chérie, relieved of her duties of guardianship, snored heavily on her quilted satin cushion.

If you visit the Cléry to-day, you will find it all overlaid with dust; actual, not metaphorical, dust. In the *salon* the furniture is the same, yet everything has changed. The gaunt, eager proprietress who has replaced Madame Cléry will try to lure you into engaging one of the cavernous, shabby bedrooms with smudged mirror and soiled *duvet*. Can it be the very room where you spent so many cosy hours? Disengaging yourself rapidly, you will

seek out Columbin's, to drown in tea and smother in strawberry tarts your sense of the tears of things.

Gone is the old-time *pension:* for let no one suppose that the sordid substitutes which to-day pass as "*pensions*" are worthy of the name. For those of us who knew Europe well before the War, the *pension* will remain a pleasant, perhaps a piquant, memory. In it we may find, if we look intently, a cross-section of early twentieth century society: a hostelry as suggestive of our own pre-War era as was Chaucer's Tabard Inn of Merrie England. In our literature, too, the *pension* has its place. Who can forget the *Pension Frensham* of *The Old Wives' Tale*, the *Pension Beaurepas* of Henry James, or the *Pension Müller* of Katherine Mansfield?

Yet the passage of time is not alone responsible for the disappearance of the *pension* as it existed two decades ago. The old order of comfort and security for the cultured and none-too-rich has passed, or is passing, and with it the opportunity for leisured travel. Even should the economic horizon clear, it is doubtful that the old *pension* will ever reappear. The change is more than economic: we too have changed. Cars, radios, night clubs deprive us of the richer opportunities of life. And if we do reach foreign shores, the urge for kaleidoscopic experience—for quantitative, not qualitative, vision—dictates our breathless itinerary. The *pension* dwellers are gone, and with them one of the quaintest and most human of our social institutions.

THE NIGHTMARE LITERATURE OF WILLIAM FAULKNER

By Camille McCole

"I haven't written a real novel yet. I'm too young in experience."
—*William Faulkner.*

"THIS book is to be neither an accusation nor a confession, and least of all an adventure, for death is not an adventure to those who stand face to face with it. It will try simply to tell of a generation of men who, even though they may have escaped its shells, were destroyed by the war." When Erich Maria Remarque wrote these words by way of preface to his *All Quiet on the Western Front* he could not have forseen the deluge of books which were to exploit with such ruthless assiduity every passion and cruelty and lust that lurked in the souls of a generation destroyed by war and so fed on cruelty that it has come to enjoy it for its own sake, and so nurtured on horror that it has come to accept the gruesome as one of the "powerful" and necessary characteristics of good fiction. Remarque no doubt had a legitimate purpose in writing his book, and so, too, did Nadel in *Down the Red Lane* and Nadel's compatriot, Henri Barbusse, in *Under Fire:* they were honestly trying to show the stupidity of bloodshed and to awaken their readers to a realization of the terrifying consequences, moral as well as physical, which war entails.

Moreover, their methods were more or less artistic. But the majority of American novelists, who are somehow not so alert in imitating the literary virtues of the continentals as they are in aping the defections, seized upon the theme as a convenient background against which they conjured up a boring procession of disillusions, unmitigated cruelties, prejudices, and—royalties! There was *The Enormous Room*, by that doddering don of gibberishness, Mr. E. E. Cummings, a novel which attempted to depict the tortures of a French detention camp and which succeeded only too well in displaying what Mr. Kenneth Burke aptly calls only a "charitable eye for excrement." There was the naturalistic treatment of *Three Soldiers* by John Dos Passos to whom we can look with fervent gratitude because it is possible to skip most of his "camera-eye" pages without missing the story. There was the highly impressionistic account of Thomas Boyd in *Through the Wheat*, and William Scanlon's *God Have Mercy On Us* (which might have been a good book were it not for its unnecessary profanity), and Laurence Stalling's *Plumes*. It is hard, indeed, to say when the succession will terminate, and perhaps that does not matter. What does matter is that our contemporary letters are becoming so cruelty conscious[1] and are so pervaded by neurotic attempts to substitute vicarious thrills, violences and horrors for an honest and artistic use of feeling and form.

[1]See *The Bookman* for January, 1922. Alan Reynolds Thompson recognizes in our letters an unaesthetic "cult of cruelty." I quarrel with him only for omitting certain ethical issues.—C. M.

This defection is critically discouraging, first, because it indicates an increasingly unsalutary state of mind in so many readers who can thus be impressed; and, secondly, because it would seem to suggest a failure on the part of our nodding criticism to discriminate between artistic reality and that shadowy borderland of experience along which there stalks a gruesome galaxy of idiots, cretins, perverts, degenerates, and introverts to evoke in the reader the images of a nightmare, beside which the horrors of Dracula and Frankenstein seem like the quiet and chuckling reminiscenses of a Charles Dickens and an A. A. Milne sitting down together to drink tea and eat English buns.

Mr. William Faulkner is certainly the most touted leader of this school to-day. By a form of literary charlatanism which consists in substituting violent morbidity and septic sensationalism for genuine creative ability, he has pushed himself to a point where one critic calls him "the most discussed author of the day." His first editions are being collected; young people especially seem to have lost their heads over him; Mr. Arnold Bennett extravagantly declared that he "writes like an angel"; and still others have termed him a "genius" following directly in the tradition of the Russians.

We do not say that Mr. Faulkner has no recommendations of talent and we cannot deny that they include a vigorously trenchant style, an alert mind, a sharp power of observation, and a keen ability to detect and portray much of the inherent power and significance of incident. He often shows that he knows how to make words tell their story—this no one will dispute; and, if his obsessions were not quite so painful, there is evidence in the development of his work of an understanding of tragic motivation which can often be converted into genuinely powerful writing. On the other hand, his talents are obviously not such as to triumph over his obnoxiously unpalatable subject-matter, his egregious weakness of form, and the general ineffectiveness of the dribbling stream-of-consciousness method which he employs; and nothing but the deliberate use of the grotesque can account for the phenomenal rise of this man from the dullest mediocrity.

For that his use of horror was deliberate and cheaply used to make money, Mr. Faulkner himself admits. "I took a little time out, and speculated what a person in Mississippi would believe to be current trends," he says of one of his books, and then I "chose what I thought was the right answer and invented the most horrific tale I could imagine." I was tired of painting houses, he tells us, and I decided to invent a tale horrible enough to sell. That he has continued writing tales of horror ever since is perhaps his greatest mistake and to understand the relentless grasp which this theme has on him we must somewhat reluctantly consider the insistently violent novels which he has written to date. "The printed word that lasts over centuries has for its skeleton tragedy or despair," he claims. That his own novels have for their skeleton tragedy and despair will become evident. That they cannot last should become obvious.

It is not insignificant that his first novel was inspired by Sherwood Anderson. Faulkner tells us that he had been living with Anderson

and that he wrote *Soldiers' Pay* to avoid other work. Upon Anderson's recommendation (though this well-disposed critic had not read a line of his guest's novel) the book was accepted by Anderson's own publisher. Thus was Faulkner made a man of letters. But that his brow was not quite worthy of these new honors is suggested perhaps by the reception of the effort. *Soldiers' Pay* is an insipidly thin story which details the return of a young soldier supposed to have been killed in the war. The novel was judiciously ignored for the most part and Faulkner, loath we suppose to return to the painting of houses, went to Europe on a freighter. Here his work in the engine room and on deck "made him feel clean" and upon his return he wrote *Mosquitoes* and *Sartoris*.

The first of these is beneath notice; the second contains the author's best writing. *Sartoris* is the story of an old Southern family fast losing its traditions to the encroachments of a new system and witnessing its decadence in the recklessness of the moral coward who is the heir. Young Bayard Sartoris returns from the war, marries, annoys his grumbling old grandaunt Jenny, finally kills old Bayard Sartoris in an automobile accident. What a plague these Sartoris men were to the women, Narcissa and old Jenny, who had married into the family. Old Jenny with her incessant and yet kindly grumbling; her nephew, old Bayard, sitting all day in front of his bank to which he had been driven in a chaise by his Negro servant; the scene in which the delegation of Negroes visits Old Bayard to collect the money which Bayard's Negro valet had squandered from the church treasury; the description of Miss Jenny's tartness when she hears of Bayard's accident; the genuine sympathy and feeling in that last chapter where Aunt Jenny is about to send young Bayard a telegram to come home to see his newborn son and is interrupted by Dr. Peabody who shows her the headlines announcing Bayard's death; the portrait of Dr. Peabody himself —these are charmingly done and in their deep understanding of the South show a vein in Faulkner that he was unwise not to mine more deeply. And even in this novel why did he have to include such a perverted character as Snopes, the bank cashier, who so vitiates the softness of, let us say, such a portrait as the following:

"This was Dr. Lucius Quintus Peabody, eighty-seven years old and weighing three hundred and ten pounds and possessing a digestive tract like a horse. He had practised medicine in the county when a doctor's equipment consisted of a saw and a gallon of whiskey and a satchel of calomel; he had been John Sartoris' regimental surgeon and up to the day of the automobile he would start out at any hour of the twenty-four in any weather and for any distance, over practically impassable roads in a lopsided buckboard, to visit anyone, white or black, who sent for him, accepting for fee usually a meal of corn pone and coffee, or perhaps a small measure of corn or fruit, or a few flower bulbs or graftings . . . When he was young and hasty he had kept a daybook, kept it meticulously until these hypothetical assets totaled $10,000. But that was forty years ago, and since then he hadn't bothered with a record at all; and now from time to time a countryman enters his shabby office and discharges

an obligation, commemorating sometimes the payer's entry into the world, incurred by his father or grandfather, which Dr. Peabody himself had long since forgotten about."

This is Faulkner at his best and whatever commendation we may have for him must certainly stop at this point. For in *The Sound and the Fury* we are introduced to another nightmare group of characters who are presented to us as a horrible background for the pointless and boring details in a single day of an imbecile and an idiotic suicidal maniac respectively. Faulkner here makes a generous display, not only of his disgusting lack of taste, but also of a lack of artistic ability, when he employs many of the methods of that literary impostor, James Joyce. In themselves as a complete abnegation of his ability are the author's failure to clarify for us the several ages indicated in the lives of his cretins by his skipping back to former periods of their existence, by his failure to make clear the relationships of his characters and even their names, and by the generally befuddled use which he makes of Joyce's method and his master's (Anderson's) Freudian suggestion.

Sanctuary is Faulkner's most offensive piece of work, a "cheap idea . . . deliberately conceived to make money" as its author unabashedly admits. Then he adds with pathetic crudity, "I made a fair job and I hope you will buy it and tell your friends and I hope they will buy it too." The subject matter here is too painful for even a cursory discussion and we content ourselves with quoting Mr. Alan Reynolds Thompson whose crisp and condemning article already referred to so nicely indicts the mind which can conjure up such a series of violences:

". . . it will be enough to say that the central incident is a rape, which is made particularly hideous by the fact that the criminal . . . is an impotent degenerate. Minor episodes are murder, intimate incidents from a house of prostitution, and the lynching of an innocent man. Mr. Faulkner, moreover, is careful not to let us know all the horrors at once, but gradually reveals them bit by bit when the revelations will cause the maximum of shock."

To William Faulkner life seems to be a cruel wasteland with nothing to relieve its monotony but the sudden shocks which the reader continually experiences. To read his novels is to cross a desert that is bleak and in the midst of our awful loneliness to come at unexpected intervals upon piles of human bones bleaching in the sun as they tell their terrible stories. For to this novelist even the most beautiful things are often repugnant and he describes the most commonly accepted and familiar things with a phraseology and a connotation which make us shrink from the images with the greatest physical disgust. Thus he says of one of his characters that "he had that vicious depthless quality of stamped tin." The sunburned thatch of hair of another is to Faulkner only "matted and foul" and the man's beard is "dirty gold." Still another character is tagged as a "short man with a bald skull and a round, full-fleshed, rosy face in which his cataracted eyes looked like two clots of phlegm." And even a road is but "an eroded scar" while certain band music resembles a

"thin coating of tortured Tschaikovsky on a slice of stale bread"! One has only to read his description of the main thoroughfare of Memphis to see the acrid vision of this man—a vision so vitriolic that besides such a passage Lewis's description of Main Street seems suffused with the kindliest of glows.

Three more of these novels must come under our consideration. *As I Lay Dying*, which Faulkner adjudges his best, was written during the nights of a six weeks' period during which its author was working as a coal passer in a power plant. During the hours when he wasn't passing coal he sat down at the table he had constructed out of a wheelbarrow, listened to the hum of a dynamo (he threatens to buy a dynamo for his workroom), and wrote his book. His book shows some outside influence, but we can't quite decide whether it is the dynamo or the wheelbarrow which has done the trick. Lurid, morbid and cruel, it is the story of a family of warped and impoverished children who, with their father, carry their mother's coffined body across a dismal countryside to bury her in her own home. The unmitigated cruelty and curiosity of this tale are such as can be equaled only by the rut of *Sanctuary*. And to make this luridity more effective Faulkner has the narrative told in fragments by fifteen different people from that many points of view. The technique which he uses (italics to suggest a change of subject or time, for example) adds nothing of clarity to the result.

His growing immersion in such technique is in itself, we believe, an indication of the decadence of his power. At all events, in his novel, *Light in August*, he employs a style that can be described only as a conglomerate concoction of Joyce, Gertrude Stein, Anderson, and the inmates of an asylum. What are we to say, by way of illustration, of such a sentence as the following: "He was not thinking at all now; thinking had not begun now; the voices had not begun now either."? And are we only to be amused when he says, "Knowing not grieving remembers a thousand s a v a g e and lonely streets"? My, oh my, we tell ourselves, what disadvantages Hawthorne and Thoreau and Poe labored under, not knowing this modern technique which can be used so effectively. Listen, for a moment, to this delectable selection in which Mr. Faulkner describes one of his character's thoughts while eating:

"I'll know it in a minute. I have eaten it before, somewhere. In a minute I will memory clicking knowing *I see I see I more than see hear I hear I see my head bent I hear the monotonous dogmatic voice which I believe will never cease going on and on forever and peeping I see the indomitable bullet head the clean blunt beard they too bent and I thinking How can he be so nothungry and I smelling my mouth weeping the hot salt of waiting my eyes tasting the hot steam from the dish* 'It's peas,' he said, aloud."

Such a use of italics and an annoying habit of running words together ("yetdark," "Augusttremulous," "garmentworried") add much to the general clumsiness of his style. *Light in August* is the story of Lena Grove and the weeks of silent suffering she underwent while searching for the father of her child. This, at least, is the tenuous thread which holds together the numerous inci-

dents—a most brutal lynching, a gory murder, brooding and relentless cruelties and lusts—upon which William Faulkner likes to dwell. Even Hardy's Tess, we suppose, walked not more alone than does this Lena Grove and in her there is certainly the making of a refined and tragic story. But her creator relegates her to the background to make room for cruder emotions which cover the surface of the world he knows.

The pathos and sympathy that the reader feels for Lena, her naïve simplicity and trust — these virtues might have been made much of but they are attributed to a very unintelligent and stupid character and thus fail to elicit from us that elevation and sympathy of spirit which is one of the cathartic values of finely tragic fiction. Most of the characters seem to be driven downward: they are motivated and impelled by an instinct which leads them around in circles, but always with their faces toward the ground. Thus, Miss Burden prays: "Dear God, let me be damned a little longer, a little while." And Christmas is made to say, "But I have never got outside that circle. I have never broken out of the ring of what I have already done and cannot ever undo." They are made to move always against an impenetrable wall, these bleak and neurotic creatures of Faulkner's nightmare fancy; they slink along it in the night and they leave reeking behind them the wildest products of horror and crime. Perhaps we had better keep our minds locked against such mad marauders? We certainly should!

Somewhat recently, the reviewers have been acclaiming Mr. Faulkner's *Pylon*. One of them tells us that, in *Pylon*, "Mr. Faulkner has never written a better story . . . or a more painful one." We cannot accept this judgment, perhaps, after all: certainly our author has never written a better story than *Pylon*. But, at the same time, we must add that he has never written a worse one.

The novel, we can only say, is as delightful and inspiring as the rest of his books. It tells of an air-race pilot who has come to New Orleans to compete in a local race. He shares his wife with his parachute jumper. He does not even know whether or not he is the father of his wife's child. The characters all live in an atmosphere of absinthe and execrable gin. They cannot speak without blaspheming. They cannot eat a sandwich without drooling. They cannot get through one chapter without vomiting. One of them admits that he has arrived at that point where only the cigarette ends he picks up off the floor have "any kick" to them. A waitress's hand has "vicious coral nails, the hand too looking as if it had been conceived formed and baked in the kitchen. . . ." We do not feel, as a matter of fact, that we ought to offend our readers' sensibilities with any further suggestion of the *real* verbal excrement piled up in the pages of *Pylon*. From the selfish moron who is the pilot's mechanic, to that embodiment of death that is the reporter—not one of the characters seems to live in any world except the nightmare world of horror, filth, and ruttish unreality.

As we have already suggested, the most vicious aspect of such writing is the fact that it is part of a cult that bids fair to complete that brutification so dangerous to moral

sensibilities. Faulkner is but the head of a vicious school. The cruelly bitter and disillusioned novels of Morley Callaghan, the barren stories of Nathan Asch, the painful cries of bleak futility that ring through the pages of John Dos Passos, and the perverted cruelties of Robinson Jeffers—do not such manifestations of the cult augur ill for the tastes of our age? When even one of our best American poets cries out,

"I shall cry God to give me a broken foot.
I shall ask for a scar and a slashed nose,"

it would seem indeed that this consciousness of cruelty is overdeveloped in us. There is a tragic beauty in life and many of the creators of good fiction see it, but Evelyn Scott turns out puppets by the dozen who might all be classed with her Paul in *The Golden Door* as having "no language for anything but pain." There is a tragic beauty in the world and poets have seen it. But Mr. Sandburg—quoted from above—does not see it in that moment when he says: "So there is a killer to be killed and I am the killer of the killer for today." Haven't we had enough of this? Hasn't our neurotic social thinking already wreaked enough havoc upon our letters?

To the proponents of this type of literature we must suggest that in all truly great tragic works of art in which cruelty is the theme, there is a significant difference of selection and effect. In the first place, the cruelty is never deliberate or forced as it is in the work of Faulkner and his school. We never feel that it has been introduced merely to shock us. So natural does the *motif* seem in the trilogy of Æschylus that the cathartic value of the plays would have been completely satisfying even if the Greeks had not taken the further precaution of avoiding the actual portrayal of the murder or cruelty upon the stage. Or, to take a more contemporary example—since the Greeks (and the Commandments) seem to have gone out of fashion with us: Full of horror as it is, Cronin's *Hatter's Castle* is an example of the way in which the true artist builds up his scene, selects his language and details, and justifies his tragic incidents until the tragedy breaks itself at the end and affords us the relief of some finer feeling.

Again, many of these writers use the theme of cruelty to-day because they know they cannot attract us in any other way. They cannot influence us by the quality of their writing, by their deep understanding of life, or by their skill. And so they hack men to pieces in the hope that the agonized cries ringing through dull pages will arrest our attention. They lack the delicacy and skill to depict normal characters leading eventful or charming lives; and so, they give us abnormal characters vomiting on alternate pages.

Our great critics have always seen eye to eye in condemning this. Coleridge spoke of the sense of beauty subsisting in "simultaneous intuition of the relation of parts" and "exciting an immediate *complacency, without intervenience.*" Addison talked of its being the "*agreeable* visions of things." Sainte-Beuve said that "a true classic is an author who has *enriched the human mind, increased its treasure and caused it to advance a step.*"[2] Why quote any further? For, apart from the serious æsthetic defects of this

[2] Italics mine.—C. M.

writing there is an ethical one which we cannot ignore: Such work actually hardens a reader. And now, perhaps as never before, we are seeing the effects of it around us.

Finally, what will these writers do when our senses will have become so jaded and hardened that we cannot longer respond to even their appeals of violence? After we have had bigger and better and still bigger and better horrors, then what? After we have retrogressed to the Roman arena, then what? Is the cheapest sort of sentimentalism to come into its own again and are we to begin all over?

We suggest that we do not wait for this: that we begin now to discriminate between that writing done by the members of our cult of cruelty and that literature which really does increase the treasure of mankind and causes it to *advance* a step. Let us recognize such work—that of the Faulkner school—for what it really is: charlatanism of the cheapest kind. Let us leave these purveyors of violence and cruelty and lust and shadowy products of literary nightmares. Let us ignore their imbeciles, idiots and cretins. And let us, instead, turn our attention toward fiction that gives us men who are real creatures of a real world—men who look upwards and stand straight and tall against the sky.

ECSTASY

ALICE E. CATE

A TALL delphinium counted her beads of dew
Awaiting expectant the quiet dawn.
A moment of silence—
The sun crashed through the fog
Robbing the tall delphinium of her beads of dew.
She stands bereft.
To me is left—
An ecstasy
Of blue.

POTPOURRI

The Opinions of Our Contemporaries

ONE of the functions of the professional intellectual and artistic classes in a democratic society is to maintain a sense of responsibility in "popularization." In America, and largely as an incident to the high pressure salesmanship carried over from other fields, "popularization" has been vulgarization. Authors and publishers have tried to market "philosophy" by leaving out its philosophical essence and its difficulties; science has been vended with the spirit of science utterly erased. There is another tradition of popular culture, of which France and England have been notable instances. The responsible manual, the repertory theatre, the cheap but not cheaply edited reprint, the societies of musical amateurs, the workingmen's colleges—these are all examples of the instrumentalities through which culture may come genuinely to live in a commonwealth.

—Irwin Edman, in *The Saturday Review of Literature*, June 29th.

I am inclined to the opinion that people "who tremble to think" are nearly always wrong. I doubt whether they tremble and I am sure they seldom think. They are usually people who are irritated by change, especially by some change that interferes however slightly with their interests or pleasures. Let us then cease trembling to think and take to thinking instead.

—*The New Statesman and Nation*, June.

Of course Heaven sends us in every decade a few specialists who keep themselves generally informed, and have a command of common, everyday English; but they are often martyred, and oddly enough it is their own fellow specialists who hurl the first stones. But the narrower ones—those who fill their minds so full of uncommon knowledge that there is no room left for common sense—are the ones who help to destroy popular confidence in experts, by talking out of turn. Perhaps one wins worldwide recognition as a builder of locomotives, or as a leader of armies. This recognized special knowledge gives to any of his pronouncements a wide hearing. Whereupon he is induced to voice silly views of art or history or politics; and a scornful public cries "I told you so," and begins at once to distrust even the man's profound special knowledge, and the profundity of all other experts as well.

—Burges Johnson, in *The North American Review*, June.

Our modern churches do not strike the deepest note in life. They appeal to comfort and wonder why the churches are empty. They have swept out of the Protestant churches the crucifixes and have put in cushions. Then they wonder why the cushions are not used. Jesus appeals to the heroic, and millions would die for Him to-day.

—Stanley Jones, *Christ and Human Suffering*.

If you wish to know why the young men are tempted by Communism, by Fascism, by almost anything which is emphatic and bold

and positive, this is the reason: those who sit in the seats of authority are preaching a gospel of frustration. If you wish to know why in spite of all our schools and colleges, the level of competence in public life is low, this is the reason: we are not training men to govern; we are teaching them to believe that in great matters it is unnecessary to govern. If you wish to know why the political sciences are not a true discipline for the future guardians of our civilization, but are a haphazard collection of disconnected specialties, this is the reason: it is disreputable to hold and to declare a positive and coherent conception of the function of the state in a modern economy.

—Walter Lippmann, Phi Beta Kappa Oration, Harvard University, June.

The trial copy of "Ulysses" to be preserved by Columbia may very well be a "monument to a liberal judge" and his intelligent verdict, as cheerfully alleged. But in better times it may be looked upon rather sadly as a spectacular default of a great mind and sensibility that invoked moral chaos when the world was crying upon genius for new disciplines, fresh courage and poise.

—The N. Y. *Herald Tribune*, May 27th.

I know nothing of social developments or of political necessities. But I do know for certain that a dozen empires have passed away and a hundred cities vanished in the few thousand years during which man has become *Homo sapiens*. Only when he becomes *Homo sapientissimus* will there be less risk of cities vanishing into dust and of nations bleeding to death for reasons obscure and uncertain. And that *Homo sapientissimus* has at last emerged I see no hint or sign. On the contrary, at the moment there seems to have been a slight retrograde movement; man is *Homo insipiens*. We are hovering on the brink of a precipice, winding round that dizzy path up which we may ultimately reach the peaks of Wisdom, but off which we may so easily t o p p l e to destruction. . . . In any case, don't let us sit primly in our chairs admiring the view up Fifth Avenue or down Regent Street. For in how short a time will that view be over rolling green hummocks and reed-grown wastes, with the sea or the river lapping at an empty shore!

—Stanley Casson, in *The Atlantic Monthly*, July.

Hitler denies that he wants war. He denounces bombing from the air. He assures us that Germany has no aggressive aims. In Germany the Protestant pastors still go to prison. Collectors for Catholic charities are assaulted by the Nazi Brownshirts. Jews are chased from their homes and livelihoods—simply for being Jews. No business of ours, you say. Perhaps not. But are you ready to believe that a Government which knows no method save force at home really believes in reason and moderation abroad?

—The London *Sunday Express*, May 26th.

To give a penny to a poor man, we have been told, is an act of self-indulgence performed at the expense of the poor man's strength of character. We are tempting him to go on indolently in the streets instead of making a man of himself at honest work. Apparently it is the character only of a poor man that you can undermine; give a rich man all the oysters, cigars and champagne that he can consume, and at the end of it all, his character re-

mains as firm as the Rock of Gibraltar.

—*The New Statesman and Nation*, June 1st.

Negatively, no one was ever the worse off morally for an abundant experience of beauty. Positively, in so far as anyone experiences beauty, he is a better human being, lives more richly and generously wherever beauty is. Outside of this field his moral destiny is in his own hands and these may be feeble or strong. Thus, while many have crossed over blessedly and unconsciously from the realm of beauty to that of the good life, my practical advice to any one who wishes to negotiate this difficult pass, is to start from the good life.

—Frank Jewett Mather, *Concerning Beauty*.

My idea of education is to unsettle the minds of the young and to inflame their intellects.

—Robert Maynard Hutchins, President of the University of Chicago.

The gravest charge to be laid against the cinema, the radio, the newspaper and the various easy modes of transit is that they are all enlarging the field of individual experience so rapidly that communication between centre (soul) and circumference (imagination) is in danger of being snapped. The individual is being pulled out so forcibly in all directions that his personal life is attenuated and maimed.

—C. Day Lewis, *A Hope for Poetry*.

The evidence supports the view that Religion and Science have ample scope to approach ever nearer to the truth without essential conflict, to achieve a fuller understanding of the spiritual aspect of reality without any sacrifice of the essentials of religion or any offense against the most rigid canons of scientific reasoning. It bids us be of good cheer: for truth and reason are not mere adaptations to environment; rather, truth is a spiritual ideal and must in the end prevail, and reason is of the essence of the universe; while beauty is the symbol of immortal things, a symbol which we can but dimly comprehend, things which the poet alone may tell of in the symbolic language of his art.

—William McDougall, in *The South Atlantic Quarterly*.

Denunciation of the young is a necessary part of the hygiene of older people, and greatly assists the circulation of their blood.

—Logan Pearsall Smith, in *All Trivia*.

The "pure" Christian (*i. e.*, the convinced supernaturalist) will hardly be a reformer, though he will certainly exercise his loving kindness in personally relieving whatever distress he encounters. The "pure" philosopher, like Spinoza or Santayana, is equally disqualified. Intellectually detached from the masses, viewing with disdain and pity the wrangles of men, he will fix his gaze upon the steadfast essences which abide, unperturbed, though creeds crack and dynasties fall. . . . The intellectual may condescend to the university; the mystic, to the Church. But . . . these "establishments," stimulate mind and soul in "most men" and are the only means through which they gain nourishment. To minimize institutions is to turn culture and religion into the private prerogation of the *élite*.

—Austin Warren, in *The American Review*, Summer.

THE MARTYR WITH A "YIN"

By James F. Kearney, S.J.

FEW martyrs are more interesting from a psychological standpoint than Mark Ki.

At Sienhsien in North China there was inaugurated in April, 1928, an official process with regard to more than three thousand Christians, among them Mark Ki and his family, who died for the faith during the Boxer Rebellion in 1900. In the intervening years extraordinary efforts to gather satisfactory official testimony have been made, but the difficulties encountered have been extreme: eyewitnesses naturally refused to speak openly for fear of reprisals, and there was always the native tendency to disregard precision in details to be taken into consideration. In spite of these discouraging obstacles, however, the first batch of evidence concerning the victims was dispatched to Rome on November 3, 1930.

Because of the need of a heavenly patron to aid in the struggle against the opium vice which is gnawing away at the vitals of the Chinese people, we trust that Divine Providence may name the extraordinary Mark Ki as one of the elect.

Li Hung Chang, Chinese Viceroy at the time of the Boxer Rebellion, estimated that about one-ninth of China's tremendous population were victims of the opium habit. In his *Memoirs* he speaks pathetically of its ravages: the groveling human wrecks, the opiated bodies in places of execution, the deserted wives and families of the fiends, and the unburied suicides along the pathways. "Avoid the juice of the poppy," he urges, "it will eat out your minds, it will rot away your vitals, it will shrivel up your bowels, it will make you walk as a leper, it will send you to your death." And again: "For the user of the vile juice there is no pity in any heart, no welcome in even the lowliest home; there is no shame too great for him, no depths too awful for him to sink. He thinks he lives in some sweet heaven, yet wakes to find that fearsome hell has been his abode, and always will be."

The "yin" is the terrible, gnawing hunger that seizes upon an opium addict. If the victim does not respond at once to the temptation, it grows stronger, invades the whole organism, and takes possession of the faculties to the exclusion of every other thought and desire. The poor sufferer tries to resist; his eyes fill with tears, his nerves get on edge, his heart beats wildly; and after a short struggle the temptation has conquered soul and body. The fatal box is sought out, the pills are prepared in feverish haste, in a twinkling little white fumes are pouring from the pipe, and the sting of conscience is deadened by the delights of the accursed drug.

The worst of the present situation is, that the influential classes, who, because of their education, wealth and social position, should help the government in enforcing the laws against opium, too often take the lead in spreading this vicious habit.

The poppy is cultivated to-day more and more widely, even though prohibited by law; for too many

government officials are unwilling to sacrifice the huge revenues they derive from the opium traffic. The financial drain of civil wars, bandit and communistic ravages, and now the undeclared war with Japan, have driven thousands and thousands to this source of gain. For the war lords, money has been necessary to continue fighting; to pay the heavy taxes imposed upon him these latter days, the peasant has had to find some way of making more money. Both took to the cultivation and sale of opium as the easiest way out. That is why now, in places where previously the deadly flower was rarely known, poppy fields can be seen stretching out as far as the eye can reach; caravans of camels or automobiles guarded by soldiers of well-known generals transport the drug to the market; and the number of victims grows daily.

Leading Chinese and friends of China have cried out loudly against this state of affairs, and the League of Nations has conducted an investigation. But only a united, conscientious offensive on the part of the Central Government, vigorously sustained by the better classes of the country and by the different religious bodies, can overcome this curse which is eating the heart out of poor China.

The Church has condemned the opium vice in no uncertain terms, though it has never disapproved of the cultivation, sale and use of opium for medical purposes only. Monsignor Constantini, at that time Apostolic Delegate to China, gives the Catholic position succinctly in a letter from Peiping, October 2, 1931. Here are a few excerpts:

"Though the cultivation of the poppy and the commerce of opium are not *per se* illicit, nevertheless in China the disastrous consequences which result from it, render these formally contrary to the moral law." . . . "It is necessary that through the schools and the Catholic press the most active propaganda be made against opium." . . . "If there is little hope of correcting and curing those long since contaminated, there is a serious obligation to work with indefatigable charity to preserve future generations." . . . "For the Church as for the nations, what counts most is not so much the number of years, as the firm and persevering will to prepare for posterity the way which leads to good." The sanction imposed on those who violate the Church's decrees against opium is thus recalled: "We must always remember . . . the instructions given by the Holy See to refuse the sacraments to the faithful, and baptism to catechumens with whom the abuse of opium is inveterate . . . "

This doctrine plays an important rôle in the remarkable case of Mark Ki.

Sad experience has taught the missionaries that the tyranny of the "yin" is all but incredible. Once almost an entire Christian village became contaminated by the opium vice. The heads of some forty families, little by little had begun smoking opium, and the contagion spread rapidly from father to son, till money, land, provisions, clothes, everything had gone up in deadly fumes. The village was on the verge of ruin, when a supreme effort was made to avert the catastrophe. Wives and children of the victims, and even the victims themselves, implored the missionary to come and help them. A council of war was held, and it was decided that a long spiritual retreat for addicts only

should be conducted at the mission center, and that the retreatants should be locked inside the mission compound till it was over. On the appointed day all the unfortunates arrived together, earnestly desiring to be cured of their ruinous habit, saved from themselves. Everyone was carefully searched at the entrance to make certain that no opium pills would be introduced into the hallowed place. On the first day of the retreat, everything went on well enough, for the retreatants sincerely wished to be cured. But by the third day the poor fellows were wandering around like lost souls, whimpering like children, and trying to force the gates or at least to bribe the relentless custodian to move heaven and earth to procure for them some of the fatal pills. It required real heroism for most of them to finish the retreat at all. Unfortunately, very soon after, of the forty who had made it, thirty-seven lapsed quickly back into their former habit despite their certain knowledge of the terrible consequences for both body and soul. Such is the will-destroying tyranny of the yin.

At the time of the Boxer Rebellion there lived in North China a fervent Christian named Mark Ki, brother of a priest, and descendant of an old Christian family converted about 1650 by Jesuits from Peking. He was the father of a splendid family. Never did he, or his children, or his grandchildren who lived with him, omit a morning or a night prayer. Old Mark said his beads daily, and —what proved to be very important —added thirty-three extra Our Fathers and special prayers to obtain the grace of a good death. As village standards go, he was fairly well educated, and a faithful reader of the Chinese *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. He was the head man in his little parish, Ye-tchoang-t'eou. He cared for the chapel, rang the bell, read the prayers, and looked after the missionaries on their infrequent visits. Moreover, he was somewhat of an infirmarian, and took delight in performing little corporal works of mercy for those who suffered. Thus he was widely known and esteemed in all the countryside.

Yet this apparently model Christian brought shame to his brother, the priest, sorrow to his immediate family, and disgrace on the ancient Christian name that he represented; for Mark Ki was an addict! All his virtues were outweighed by this one vice. It had not always been so. Mark had not contracted the habit out of native perversity or youthful bravado. At the mature age of forty he had been taken down with a severe attack of dysentery, and after trying remedy after remedy, was at death's door. A quack doctor then told him that there was a certain cure, which he might take or leave as he chose. This cure was opium. Mark resisted the suggestion for a time, but as his life ebbed lower, he at length consented to a trial. The Church, as we have said, does not condemn opium as an evil in itself, nor when used strictly for medical purposes. And so thus far Mark had not sinned. Moreover, the medicine worked admirably. The more the patient smoked, the better his stomach became; appetite, strength, sleep, came back to him, till he could honestly say his health had never been better. When he was quite well again, Mark, knowing his obligations, put away his pipe, disposed of the few remaining pills, and became a model parishioner again.

Unfortunately, he had already smoked too long. A week had scarcely elapsed when the yin was upon him. He struggled hard for a time, but he finally yielded. When the sweet dreams had vanished, he repented sincerely of his weakness, and came back to his prayers and his works of mercy. He took a firm resolution never to smoke opium again as long as he lived.

A few days later the terrible yin was upon him once more. He fought it again, and yielded, and repented as before. The missionary absolved him at first on receiving his promises of avoiding occasions; but after repeated lapses, according to the laws of the Church, he could do so no longer until there were definite signs of amendment. Old Mark's heart sank when he was forbidden to approach the sacraments. The time for the fulfillment of the annual Easter duties came: all his family went piously to confession, all the Christianity went, all save poor old Mark whose will was too weak to resist the call of the deadly fumes. On the morrow all approached the Holy Table, while he, the head man of the Christianity, the honored patriarch of a large, devout family, remained in the middle of the church, bowed down disconsolately, weeping for his sin and his powerlessness to overcome it. This extraordinary state of affairs went on for thirty years! Though the old man did not increase his regular doses, he could not, try as he would, tear himself away from the accursed habit. And so he began to say to those around him:

"Of course I want to get to heaven. But how am I going to do it? I'm afraid the only chance I have is to die a martyr!"

The words were prophetic.

The Boxer Rebellion broke out in full force in the early summer of 1900. As to its cause: one explanation is that a grievance, real or imaginary, may develop for years unsuspected beneath the bland and expressionless face of the Chinese, until some trifle perhaps quite unconnected with the original complaint brings on the crisis and lets loose a terrific storm. That is a way of explaining the Boxer uprising psychologically. Far-seeing Chinese, however resentful of outside influence in the Empire, realized from the start that the movement was a mad, futile thing, which would do China far more harm than good. It was the Middle Kingdom's misfortune in this, as in other dealings with foreign powers, to employ tactless, high-handed, illicit means to remedy any real complaints that they might have had.

When rumors of the terrible storm that was to burst began to circulate among the Christians, many fled from the village of Yetchoang-t'eou. However, Mark Ki, trusting in the friendships he had contracted with the pagans of the village because of the good turns he had done for them, did not believe it necessary to follow suit. Unfortunately, he was betrayed by false friends, who Judas-like, were attracted by money, the money they knew old Mark kept concealed in his house. The chief traitor went to the group of Boxers in a nearby center, and informed them that there was a Christian family in the village; on the next day the fanatics arrived.

When Mark heard of it, he did not lose his customary calm. That evening he gathered together his large family of children and grandchildren, twelve in all, and they knelt to

say what were to be their final night prayers on earth. Early in the morning he led them to the house of the pagan he believed to be his very best friend, thinking that hidden away there, they would be perfectly safe from the Boxers.

Poor Mark had chosen the house of the traitor himself!

When the persecutors began their search in the village, Li the traitor informed Mark with seeming reluctance that he could no longer keep him in the house, and that all would have to leave at once. The old man was astounded at this betrayal, but without a protest he went out into the street followed by his large family—and ran right into the group that was searching for him.

Little Barbara, aged eleven, at once became terrified and tried to run away. A Boxer leaped after the child, caught hold of her and brandished a sword over her head. The youngster screamed out for help, and her mother came quickly to the rescue, defending her little one as best she could, meanwhile pleading with the ruffian to leave the child alone. The whole snarling band then turned against the mother, and one of them with a sudden stroke of his sword sliced off her head.

The storm was over for a time. Barbara and the other members of the family were now placed in a large two-wheeled wagon and driven off to the mandarin to be tried. About a hundred Boxers, shouting and brandishing their lances in triumph, accompanied the prisoners, and very quickly a large crowd of pagans gathered.

Lu Lao Yinn, leader of the fanatics, did not doubt for a moment that the mandarin at the Yamen or court, would quickly condemn the Christian family; but he met with unexpectedly stern resistance. As a matter of fact, there took place a long, complicated trial, presided over by another Pilate who earnestly tried by various pretexts to save the prisoner, but who weakly yielded in the end, washing his hands of the whole affair. From the details which follow, it can be readily seen that if Mark Ki, the opium smoker, had shown the least sign of yielding, his own life and that of his family would have been instantly saved.

Inside the court room, Lu Lao Yinn demanded at once the head of Mark Ki, but the mandarin who might simply out of fear of the Boxers have consented straightway, was astounded to see hastily organized groups of the best subjects in his district, all stanch friends of old Mark, daring the wrath of the fanatics by coming forward to plead for mercy for the captives. A lengthy discussion took place.

"Mark Ki is a Christian!" repeated Lu Lao Yinn over and over again with growing fury.

"Mark is our benefactor," replied his pagan friends doggedly.

The prudent judge listened as the legal battle waxed warmer.

Outside the Yamen the crowd surged around the wagon in which Mark and his family were held in bonds. They made no attempt to disguise their sympathy, for the old man was a great favorite. Now according to the traditional standards of Chinese etiquette, Mark was obliged to thank them for their kind words by prostrating himself to the earth before them. But he was too tightly bound to move either hand or foot. Little Barbara's bonds hung looser, and her grandfather ordered her to kotow in his place. The child, apparently recovered from her recent fright, climbed down

from the wagon, and surrounded by pagans made the prostration of thanks in the name of her grandfather. It was done so nicely that the crowd became more and more outspoken in their sympathy for these helpless victims, and began to talk of ways and means to save them.

They realized that the surest way for the Christians would be apostasy. Not daring to suggest this to the old man, some of them in a subdued voice began whispering to Peter, Mark's second son. The old man's eye followed the schemers anxiously. Their evil suggestion was not at once repulsed.

"Father," called out Peter waveringly, "what shall I do?"

"Son," answered Mark in a tone of authority, "don't apostatize! Lift your eyes to heaven. Its gate is open before you. Rather death than apostasy!"

Peter's courage immediately revived at these words, and he answered his tempters:

"Since my father will not apostatize, well, neither then will I."

Inside the court room the legal battle still raged. The mandarin was thoroughly perplexed. To pronounce the death sentence on Mark would be to alienate the best subjects of his section; to release the prisoner meant offending the Boxers who had already begun to dominate him. Cunningly he sought a means of keeping the friendship of both groups. A sudden happy thought struck him. Turning to Mark's pagan friends, he said in a magisterial tone:

"Mark Ki is a Chinese citizen. You testify to that and I believe you. But it is charged that he is a Christian, and you know that the new laws issued by the Empress have forbidden this false religion imported from the West. Let your friend then declare publicly that he is not a Christian, or that he will not be one for the future, and I shall set him and all his family free."

Mark's friends, who did not know what was happening outside the Yamen, thought this proposal fair enough. They came out resolved to reason with the old man and urge him to give in. But scarcely had they uttered the word "apostasy" when Mark stopped them.

"That, never!" he exclaimed. "I am deeply touched, my friends, at your efforts on my behalf. If you can save us by some other means, I ask nothing better. But not by apostasy. I had rather die first!"

The answer was given courteously, but with a firmness that his friends immediately recognized as unshakable. Here was one opium smoker whose will had not been utterly weakened by the poisonous drug.

"But can't you apostatize just for a time?" insisted one harder to convince than the others. "When things quiet down again you can come back to your religion."

"Not for a second!" replied Mark.

"At least pretend to apostatize, then."

"Can a man pretend to dishonor his father?" answered Mark hotly.

The pagans were sorely puzzled. Some whispering went on, and then a new expedient was sought. All the prisoners on the wagon wore scapulars and religious medals plainly visible.

"At least turn these over to us," urged one of the tempters, planning doubtless to take these articles into the mandarin to show as evidence that the whole family had apostatized.

Mark Ki saw the trap, and his answer came sharply:

"They may kill us, but they won't take our scapulars away from us. The Boxers can only kill our bodies, they can't kill our souls."

This answer caused a lively dispute among the pagan listeners.

"What does old Mark mean by that, now?" some one asked. "When the body is dead, is there any soul left?"

"What is the soul anyway? Who ever saw one? Should a person give up the world that he can see, for an invisible world that is not at all certain? This foreign religion has very hard doctrines. Old Mark must have swallowed the drug of folly."

The sympathies of the crowd were now divided, and many began to ridicule what they considered an unreasoning display of stubbornness. Some Boxers pushed their way into the court and recounted to the mandarin what had been happening outside. The latter was visibly relieved, for if he now turned the Christians over to the persecutors, his own subjects could have no grounds for complaint against him, since Mark had refused openly to obey the laws of the empire. However, to make the decision perfectly legal he sent a court official to Mark Ki with the message, "Apostatize, and the mandarin will protect you."

"Please tell the mandarin," replied Mark, "that our family has been Christian for two hundred years, and we cannot apostatize."

The official reëntered the court room with the response. After he had gone, new and more vigorous efforts were made by pagan acquaintances of the family to get them to apostatize, and the Boxer captors, becoming more and more impatient at the delay, brandished their swords, terrifying a couple of the women prisoners, it is said, into uttering words of apostasy which must have pierced old Mark to the heart. But they soon regained their composure, and again stood firm with the rest of the family.

Some new complications had arisen within, and Pilate still delayed handing the prisoner over to the Boxers. He sent the same court official again to exhort the Christians to reconsider their decision. At last the mandarin even came in person, and when Mark received him respectfully, made a final appeal to the family to obey the Empress and give up their foreign religion. Mark Ki's answer was as before. This time he raised his hand solemnly to heaven saying, "We have been Christians for nine generations; we cannot apostatize!"

It was a dramatic end to the long trial. The mandarin reëntered the court, wrote the condemnation on the official red paper, and a court clerk read it to the assembled crowd:

"Since these people have refused to apostatize, the mandarin hereby delivers them up to the Boxers who may do with them as they wish."

Pilate thereby "gave him up to their will; he judged that their petition should be granted."

The Boxers, now mad with joy, swarmed round the wagon, and the sorrowful way began. In China Calvary is always at the west gate of the city.

The wagon, drawn by an ox and two asses, creaked slowly along the main street, accompanied by an ever increasing throng of spectators. At the head of the procession rode the Boxer chief attended by his bodyguard, one of whom carried aloft the famous Boxer flag with its

"Death to the Occident" slogan. In the distance loomed the massive west gate, topped with a pagoda in which were kept the tutelary deities of the little city.

Suddenly a strange thing happened. From the prisoners on the wagon there broke forth a death song. Old Mark had intoned the litanies, and the chorus was taken up by all the family.

"Listen!" cried the pagans in astonishment.

The chant was so sweet, so solemn, so touching, that a hush fell over the marching throng, while old Mark's clear voice rose higher and higher:

"Mother of Christ, . . . Mother of Our Savior, . . . Mother of Our Redeemer, . . . Queen of Apostles, . . . Queen of Virgins, . . . Queen of Martyrs . . ." and so forth. The answering chorus, in which the plaintive note of children's voices mingled with the firm "Pray for us . . . Pray for us . . . Pray for us," of their elders, became a victory song which throbbed, and fell, and rose again triumphantly till the place of execution was at hand.

Little Francis aged six did not quite understand what was going on. Perhaps in his child fashion, he even enjoyed this novel ride, seated complacently b e s i d e his grandfather. As they neared the west gate, the litanies were finished; Francis turned to old Mark and asked naïvely, with wonder in his eyes:

"Grandfather, where are they taking us?"

The old man, the opium-eater who had not been absolved for years, who had predicted that the only way he could be saved was by martyrdom, pointed with an eager finger to heaven and answered:

"They are taking us back to our home, little one!"

Perhaps it was because of this incident that some pagans pleaded with the Boxers not to put this innocent child to death, but to turn him over to them to be adopted and raised. No doubt the captors would have consented for a handful of money, but the grandfather knowing well what would happen to the faith of the child if left in the hands of pagans, interposed decisively with the words:

"No! My children are all Christians as I am. They will die with me."

The chanting of the litanies was now resumed and out through the west gate of the city went the singing martyrs. The wagon soon came to a halt, the victims were ordered down, and then old Mark immediately took charge, insisting that the execution of the women and children should take place first, and he himself be reserved to the last. He whose own will had been so weak up till this day, wished now to fortify others, and to make sure that not one of those under his care should lose courage at the end.

"Don't be afraid, my children," he repeated soothingly over and over again. "The gate of heaven stands open before you. From the heights God is beckoning you. In an instant we shall all be in heaven."

The victims knelt, and the Boxers began the slaughter without delay.

"Close your eyes," warned Mark. "In a moment you will open them in the light of heaven."

A Boxer came to little Barbara, and lifting his lance cried, "Apostatize!"

She snapped out a refusal, hid her little head in her hands, and fell pierced through the body.

And so the harrowing work went on. Not one of that large family uttered a word of apostasy, not even the two who, it was said, had shown momentary weakness before the Yamen. When all had been dispatched save old Mark, a final effort was made to get him to yield. Could his opium-weakened will hold out longer under the terrific strain that had been put upon it this day? A pagan approached him and said:

"Old Mark, pretend that you apostatize, and you will be saved."

Mark Ki this time did not even deign to answer. He was too close to the gates of eternity to be tempted back by lying lips. He simply ordered the pagan out of the way, bowed his gray old head, and died smiling under the quick blow of a Boxer sword.

The sins that priestly absolution had not been allowed to wipe away were washed out in the blood of martyrdom. Can any other but a sublimely supernatural explanation be given for this opium-smoker's strength of will in the supreme struggle?

STO ET PULSO

By Mother St. Jerome

ONE came and knocked: "And who is there?" a voice within replied.
"'Tis I," the Lover said:
"The dews are on my head,
"The night is falling and the wind blows cold." . . .
The answer fell—"Too strait this place for two; Thou canst not here abide."
And so He went away
into the desert for a year and a day,
to suffer, wait and pray.
Once more He came
and stood and knocked. (Still would the latchet hold?)
And "who is there?" inquired a voice, the same.
"Thyself!" the Lover cried—
At once the door fell wide,
and so He entered in, there to reside.

SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE

A Tale of Old Glaston

By Eleanore M. Jewett

AMONG the company of monks at Glaston there was once, in the long ago, one Brother Anselm. The Ugly Brother, men called him, whispering, and indeed, not always in too soft a whisper at that. His back was crooked hunching his shoulders, his chest protruded, his arms and hands seemed abnormally long for his short awkward body, his legs were bowed and he walked with an ungraceful rolling gait. Moreover his face was more ugly than his misshapen body, for his head was elongated, his lips wide and long and his thick brows hung beetling over deep-set eyes. Those eyes were not bad, only one rarely noticed them, turning away quickly from the repulsive sallow face. They were thoughtful eyes, gray, not unkindly. Men might also have called him the Dreaming Brother for he was more silent than any among those whose business it was for so many hours of each day to maintain silence. He was silent not only with his tongue but with his whole body, being wont to hold himself in such perfect immobility during periods of prayer and meditation that a friendly nudge would pass as unheeded as if it had been given to a body of marble. At other times too, odd times, the Brothers would find him standing motionless in a corridor or sitting on a bench in the cloisters, so still, so unheeding of all around him, that they would pass him by, awed and wondering.

"Perhaps he hath the seeing eye," said some, "and beholds visions in ecstasy."

If he did, Brother Anselm said naught of it.

He stood one day in the great Abbey leaning absently against the carved base of the rood screen. Though he did, in truth, dream much and was blessed occasionally with ecstatic vision (for which he thanked God fervently and gratefully) this absentness of his was more a habit of mind than anything intended. He would frequently come to, as it were from sleep, almost as if from unconsciousness, and find himself at pause in some task, having been motionless, unheeding of all save the vivid pictures in his mind for how long he knew not. He reckoned the habit as a fault, confessed it to the Abbot, ofttimes, and did penance.

Brother Anselm was tumbarius of the Abbey, and his duties included the care and cleaning of the shrines, reliquaries and sacred objects of which Glaston boasted many. He had been about this task when he found himself leaning against the base of the rood screen. His hand had been resting upon a figure in high relief, the carved face of a saint, beautiful, with regular features above a tall gracefully proportioned body. Brother Anselm sighed and passed his hand unconsciously over his own ugly and uncouth countenance. Then he went on about his business.

When that was done which was needful in the great echoing Abbey he passed on to the small chapels each of which held some treasured reliquary. Under a certain window he paused, looked hastily about and finding himself quite alone, bent quickly, lifted a thin stone slab in the paving and thus uncovered a trap door of oak which in turn gave access to a rough stone stairway. Brother Anselm, having placed the stone slab so that it would fall back into place with the closing of the trap, descended, closing the heavy oak door over him.

It was pitch dark but he moved with the assurance of long custom, knowing by a touch, where the steps ended and the passage began. It was an ancient drain of large dimensions, empty and disused since Roman times, forgotten by all save the Abbot, the tumbarius and occasionally one or two other trusted Brothers; by them kept as secret knowledge to be handed on at the point of death to a successor. In the days when the ravages of the Danes were the terror of the countryside, this drain was frequently used as a secret hiding place and means of egress, for it led to a small cove, little frequented and hidden, on the shore of the sea.

After a few turns in pitch darkness, a faint glimmer of light penetrated the passage coming from the opening in a cave at the far end. But before he reached this end Brother Anselm stopped, ran his hand along the damp stone to the right of him, felt among down-growing roots and mold and fungus and in a few moments thrust a door open, outward from the passage. A chill draft of damp air rushed out; he entered what was apparently an underground chamber, felt behind the door for flint and flare, and, after a few failures had an oil torch burning. This he thrust into a cresset and looked about him. The place was familiar enough, a low stone-lined room whose shadowy corners ill-lit by the one smoking flare were piled with chests, ancient reliquaries, an aumbry for books, and other monkish and churchly furnishings. This was the secret storehouse of the Abbey, the spot in which were kept some of the most ancient and precious treasures whenever, as at present, times were troublous, and one could not foretell at what moment a greedy king might confiscate the Abbey holdings and turn the gold and gems of ancient bindings, croziers, patens, cups —yea, even crosses—into the greedy maw of the royal treasury. Troublous times! were there ever times that were not troublous, ever days when security and peace lay settled upon the land?

No one in all the great community of Glaston knew now of this secret chamber save Brother Anselm and my Lord Abbot, and they would not tell what they knew even to the chosen successor in the office of each until they knew beyond shadow of doubt that that successor was worthy, and then only just before the holy oil which would be brought to the deathbed, was come and ready.

For long and long, times had been troublous; there was many a priceless ciborium, there were gold and gem studded coffers, crosses that were also reliquaries containing most sacred hallows, manuscripts, ancient, rare, bound in foreign enamel inlaid with jewels; parchments written by hands of saints; treasures even Brother Anselm knew not of, secreted there in that

hidden chamber waiting for a day when the things of God and of His religious would be safe, safe to come out before the eyes of all into the open day. Meanwhile they rested there hidden, accumulating, forgotten. Nor was that all. Brother Anselm moved across the damp, uneven floor, loosened a slab of rock from the wall of a dark recess, removed it and took from the aperture with infinite care and reverence, an ancient Chalice. It was made of some dull metal, worn and frail but beautiful in line and texture, unadorned by gem or scroll or ornamental gold. Brother Anselm held it in his two hands and walked slowly to a small black altar which stood against the side of the opposite wall. On this altar was a cross of black stone, nothing more. Reverently, almost with bated breath, the Ugly Brother placed the Chalice on the black marble table of the altar before the black cross, then he knelt on the rough stone floor, clasped his hands in prayer and gazed upon it. This was the dearest, most precious possession of Glaston, the holiest hallow in all the realm of England, nay, in all the world, for,—so it had been whispered from generation to generation, from the lips of a dying tumbarius to the ear of his kneeling successor,—this was, of a truth, that Cup from which Our Lord drank at the Last Supper.

Brother Anselm sank into reverie and meditation, but it was a dry and sterile communion and after a little, with a sigh, he rose from his knees, took the Cup again in his hands and, still with the utmost care and devotion, replaced it in its hidden recess and closed the stone in the wall. He sighed again; why was it that so often when he longed with intense, passionate longing for some vision, some sign of heavenly awareness, that his thoughts wandered and his contemplation was a barren thing? And then again, when he least expected it, scarce wanted it perhaps, there would flash before his inner eye a picture of such startling vividness that for the moment that it lasted he could not tell what was vision and what actuality, what shadow and what substance. He glanced again at the place where the Holy Chalice lay hidden. What *was* reality? Was that indeed the Cup that had touched the lips of God made manifest to men? Was it in truth the Holy Grail about which story and legend had clustered and were even now growing into a body of high and beautiful romance? Or was it merely a sacramental vessel made, perhaps, in the likeness of that Other? How could one know the truth? What *is* the truth? What is reality?

Pondering such thoughts Brother Anselm extinguished his flare, left the secret chamber, closed the door and drew the white roots together again over the aperture, then went slowly on down the passage to its opening in a cave by the sea. A great rock hid the mouth of the cave from any beholder from without, but it stood sufficiently away from the opening to permit the monk to climb out.

The sea was calm and very blue; white summer clouds floated lazily above the horizon and the sand of the little cove was smooth and clean. Brother Anselm blinked and scowled, his eyes conscious of the glare and whiteness after the dark of the passage and the hidden chamber, then he straightened his hunched shoulders and breathed deep. Truly the world was very beautiful—or would be if there

were not men in it. He frowned again but this time not because of his eyes. The thought of his own ugliness flashed upon him as it often did. He looked down at his lean, knotted fingers, passed his hand in that habitual gesture of his over his rough forehead, bushy brows and protruding lips. The Ugly Brother—and he hated ugliness. He hated men sometimes, too, the lazy, insincere, back-biting monks, living falsely with broken vows, or at least half-heartedly, glad of the security of the Abbey which assured them food and shelter and a certain amount of physical ease, instead of the hardships of the outer world; hypocrites, false servants of Mother Church! To be sure they were not all like that — many of them were far otherwise, quiet, sweet, saintly souls—but what did he really know of the Brothers anyway, he who was so aloof and apart and, yes, self-centered? What were they, really? And what was he?

He raised his head and gazed unseeingly out toward the horizon. Suddenly there flashed upon him that strange feeling of shifting planes, of inner awareness that preceded vision. Around the point of the cove came a long, low vessel with a high carved prow. Swiftly it cut the water, propelled by many oars. Over the sides he could see round shields, glancing helmets and weapons glinting in the sun. And faces, too, he could distinguish as the boat pulled in to the shore; wild, cruel faces, blond beards and hair. He knew at once who they were, Danes,—sea robbers, the dread and terror of the countryside in the long ago. The first to leap on shore as the boat grated on the sand, was a tall and kingly figure, evidently the leader. Brother Anselm caught his breath as he looked into his face. Beautiful it was, and the whole figure of the man; tall and strong and perfectly proportioned, beautiful . . . The others, pouring from the vessel, rushed past the Ugly Brother unheeding, as if he were not visible, but the leader paused for a moment, looked with startled intentness into his eyes, then with great leaping strides overtook and led his fellows. They would burn and pillage and torture and slay, and the smell of blood and the shrieks of the dying would make them glad.

Brother Anselm shook himself free of the spell. It was but a vision of things long past, a ghostly repetition perhaps, the lingering shadow of that which had once been reality. But the eyes of the leader haunted the monk; somewhere in his inner being there was a click of recognition. That man, so physically perfect, so beautiful, might have been himself, *had* been, perhaps . . . and had tortured and slain and destroyed, and gloried in it . . .

The Ugly Brother passed his hand over his face and shuddered a little. The man was not real, he told himself . . . am I? He pondered, his eyes fixed upon the sand at his feet. The dreaming state was still upon him.

There were footprints in the sand, the print of a man's bare foot with the mark of blood in the soles of each. "I have not loved enough," thought Brother Anselm, "perhaps if I love more I shall find the key," and he absently followed the footprints.

They led him back from the shore to the muddy road, on and back to the great gates of the Abbey. Here the Ugly Brother turned aside to the Almshouse and entered a bare, rough stone chamber. A noisome

stench greeted him for the place was crowded with beggars, many of them covered with running sores. Here were the lame, the blind, the mutilated, those sick of dragging fevers and all manner of diseases, and a few lepers apart from the others, waiting in a corner for such alms as might be thrown them. It was the hour when the almoner was wont to distribute doles from the monastery table and offer such medical aid as he had time, knowledge and inclination for. Brother Anselm had always been fervently grateful that his responsible position as tumbarius made it unnecessary for him to act as almoner, or even to assist in the dispensing of charity at the Abbey gates. But today he made his way among the filthy bundles of rags and ailing humanity as one who knew his post and belonged there. The almoner accepted his assistance without comment, glad of another pair of helping hands. A look of surprise and a shrug of the shoulders; "The Ugly Brother is in a dream," he said to himself, "'tis doubtful whether he knows rightly where he is or what he is doing."

The almoner was the more surprised when day after day found Brother Anselm working voluntarily among his poor and sick, tending with his own hands the most repulsive and wretched. "Mayhap it is a penance Father Abbot hath inflicted," he thought, and said nothing.

Day after day, week after week, the Ugly Brother added to his usual monastic duties this tending of the sick beggars. The monks whispered about it, then took it as a matter of course and gave it no further thought. It was a noisome task and doubtless good for the soul. Brother Anselm was odd and unexpected in many things that he did. Perhaps he was inflicting a penance on himself.

Day after day, day after day, though the beauty-loving eyes and heart of him cringed and winced at the sordid ugliness and filth and deformity and gruesome pain before him, Brother Anselm tended the sick and hurt and dying that crowded to the Almonry to get what succor they could. Impelled by a desire and a power he did not understand, he toiled and ministered early and late.

And a strange thing came to pass. One who had been torn and maimed had crept to the Almonry to die, and Brother Anselm had need of wine to revive him, and there was none. And behold, the bare and grimy end of the stone chamber melted and changed before the eyes of the Ugly Brother and he saw there an altar very white and clean and glistening; and on the altar stood two lighted candles and between them a Chalice, shining and beautiful. As one in a dream Brother Anselm approached the altar, took in his two hands the Cup and knew it for that hidden one in the secret recess underground. And it was filled with wine. He held it to the lips of the dying beggar who drank, and died with a smile of peace on his lips. But before he died he opened his eyes and looked deep into the eyes of Brother Anselm and the Ugly Brother bowed his head, for the eyes were those of Him Who hung upon the Cross.

After that the strange chancel and white altar, the candles and the Cup were always there. Whenever the Ugly Brother had need of wine for the dying, he took the Cup and gave the sufferer drink. And he knew not rightly whether the Chalice that he held in his two hands was dream or substance, only he

knew that it was there, as surely there as the huddled rags of human bones and suffering flesh to whom he ministered. Often and often those whom he had given to drink from that Cup turned and looked at him with Eyes that he knew, and he worshiped before them. The footprints, also, the blood-stained footprints that he had seen in the sand, he saw them there before him, often and often, on the ground beside the sickest, the most sorrowful, the most loathsome, the most degraded. Indeed, they were always there when he could spare time from his ministering to look for them. Did he dream them or were they a reality, they and the Cup? Dream or substance, fact or illusion? He knew only that they were there.

Days, weeks, months, years. Often in the summer the Ugly Brother would go from the noisome Almshouse to the cove by the sea, thrust off his black robe and plunge into the cool, clear water. It was not considered safe or wise among the monks so to immerse the body in cold water but he would be seized with an overpowering desire to be clean, to be rid of the vermin, the filth, and the smell of disease. Then he would stand for a moment looking at his naked body, his hairy pigeon-chest, his long bony arms and hands, his bowed legs, and he would loathe himself. And yet the very ugliness of his body held for him a certain fascination. It was almost as if he hoped it might change perceptibly, that each time he looked at it appraisingly thus, he might find it a little less unlovely.

Hard by the Abbey, near a hill, there was a well of water, deep and clear and still. Passing by, the Ugly Brother would pause, lean over the stone edge of the well and gaze at his own reflection in the water far below. Was that indeed he, Brother Anselm, that sallow face with its beetling brows and sunken eyes, those protruding lips, that ill-shaped head, and those hunched shoulders? The face in the well looked back into his as if he were a stranger. Was this the real he or a distorted picture of reality? What was reality?

There came a day when he leaned thus over the brink of the well, and the dream state was upon him, though he knew it not. He leaned and gazed, and the water beneath him was deep and still, as always, but to-day it gave back no reflection of his ugly face, though the sun stood behind him and a passing cloud mirrored its billowy whiteness in the cool depths for a moment and then was gone. No reflection of himself, yet something there was in the dark water. Brother Anselm pressed against the stone rim, his eyes intent, watching, and behold, a hand arose, a white and beautiful hand holding a Chalice. He knew the Cup at once, the sacred, secret vessel, which lay hidden in the treasure chamber underground, yet stood upon the mysterious shadowy altar in the Almshouse when the sick and dying had need of it, the Grail which the lips of the Lord Himself had touched at that Last Supper in Jerusalem. How it shone and glistened, how the outward and visible form of it changed and wavered, or was it only the reflection, the shadow of the Grail, in the still water? It was lifted up, held out as it were, to the longing soul of Brother Anselm and he leaned far over, grasping for it with his two hands.

The Brothers found him at last and dragged his body from the well,

and the Abbot was summoned and he and all came running, but the Ugly Brother was quite dead. They laid the empty shell of him upon the ground and they wept and made great lamentation and crossed themselves and prayed.

"He hath gone without Confession," said one, "and without the Last Rites! Christ have mercy on his soul!"

"Little would he have had to confess," said another; "which of us can think of one evil that he hath done?"

"The sick and the beggars will be desolate without him," said a third.

"So shall we all," said yet another, "though we knew him little, his spirit hath been dear to us for he hath breathed forth gentleness and love." And he turned away, weeping.

"He doth not look so ugly in death," whispered a young novice, "see, there is a smile on his lips and his face is not unlovely; why did they call him the Ugly Brother?"

"Look! Look!" cried an old, old monk and fell upon his knees.

They all turned to where the ancient one pointed and behold, close beside the Well they saw some one standing; a tall figure clad in the monkish robe, with a face so beautiful and glad and shining that the eyes of the wondering Brothers could scarce bear to dwell on it. In his two hands, fair, white hands, the figure held a Chalice and from the Chalice shone a great light.

"Brother Anselm!" breathed the old, old Brother, and they looked in amazement and breathless wonder from the shining form to the dead and ugly body beside them.

Suddenly a white dove flashed from the blue sky, brushed, as it were, the lips of the body, poised for an instant above the shining Grail and was gone. And the vision, too, was gone and only the empty shell of Brother Anselm in its dripping black robe lay among the monks on the ground.

What is reality? Neither substance nor shadow, neither fact nor dream, neither the corporeal nor the incorporeal; that which lies beyond the substance, behind the shadow, in and through and beneath and above them all—that alone is reality:—LOVE.

THE DRAMA

By Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt

AN OUTPOST LITTLE THEATER

WE arrived as the new road was being formally opened; clefts in the mountain side—a gorge filled in—miles of the perilous old stage-coach route with its hairpin curves eliminated and Mountain Top brought into easy contact with the mining city below. Mountain Top was celebrating its sudden accessibility. Cars sped up round the broad curves and facile grades of the new highway; family groups lined the summit to watch the parade of local dignitaries interspersed with floats—the usual patriotic tableau; trucks with red, white and blue; a Masonic lodge in regalia; a bakery with beaming bakers in snowy white; bathing beauties from the Lake. Then on a grassy meadow amid the wooded hills, the county assembled to hear its most successful sons air their oratory. Gaseous waves of it swelled from the amplifier—all with the same refrain:

"Mr. Chairman — Gentlemen—Fellow citizens—great occasion—highly honored—congratulations to gentlemen responsible (among whom I—) and to fellow citizens—roads—expansion—tourists—population—developments—business—big business—" Of a sudden commerce came crowding in upon the grassy field—trolleys clanged where the crickets chirped and Mountain Top, the city of the future, subdivided the plateau in neat cross sections with Main Street and home sites.

Yet, strangely enough, none of the speakers found anything to say about the new road as just a road, except the Highway Commissioner who talked about all the other roads he had built or hoped to build. But as for the romance of a road,—winding over hilltops, dipping into valleys, leading on and on across the county, the state, the continent, over rivers, under railroads, past little farms and great cities, through peoples' very lives,—of all of this none of the orators or politicians grasped the essence. But they inflated themselves over the districts where they owned real estate and one even waxed very red over the poppies in Flanders Fields, "where," he shouted with a breaking voice and an apoplectic fervor that made the poppies pale, "our township has given of her best and bravest—magnificent sacrifice—call to us to make good—because, perhaps not in Flanders, but somewhere over there are now six graves!" So much eloquence made it very difficult for the last speaker, who consumed fifteen minutes in telling humorous stories about last speakers who were shot in their tracks. As no one had been clever enough to bring a gun, however, he was able to explode his whole arsenal of wise cracks and then, at last, the chairman announced that the Broadway Players would now give a condensed version of their current play. Then we understood how it was that the row of superhumanly silent little boys had withstood all the speeches. They held

their ground as the first row at the play.

The Players came from the theater by the Lake, represented by the bathing beauties. It was from the mudguard of their float that we watched the company yell their lines from the speakers' platform. Their audience varied in age from Grandpa and Grandma to the twins in front of us who hadn't a full year between them. More active infants dodged between the legs of absorbed parents and found their way to the baskets from which the bakers, descended from their truck, were distributing cookies as largess and advertisement. A suspicion of sentiment at the start evoked groans from the youth, harrowed by amplified rhetoric, but once the farce got loudly under way, young and old, except for the toddlers, stood spellbound. The first act ended with shouts of applause. It was a woeful moment when the chairman announced that as the speeches had taken more time than was anticipated, the remainder of the play would have to be canceled. It was particularly bitter to the first row little boys.

That night we were fortunate to see the play concluded in the lakeside theater. "The only *real* theater within one hundred and fifty miles," we were told. The county was even prouder of the theater than of the new road. The theater sprang into being a year ago last spring, just after a Thespian native son had convinced the brothers who are the local magnates — lumbermen, realtors and storekeepers — that their district could support a legitimate venture. A week later, there, in the grove of pines—stood the theater with a refreshment stand at the crossroads to consume whatever change was left over after the tickets were paid for. At the end of the first month the theater had justified its sudden erection. "We bring Broadway to the Grove," is the slogan. The promise is to be redeemed this season with *Post Road, Accent on Youth, The Petrified Forest, The Bishop Misbehaves,* to say nothing of *Romeo and Juliet*! Practically no one in the audience has seen the original productions.

The company is mostly under twenty and on the board and pocket money basis. They work with an avidity born of enthusiasm and inexperience. After the rehearsals are over, even after the evening performance, they collect and continue working. The girls brew themselves coffee to counteract the sleepy mountain air and cue each other into the morning. The boys are in the adjoining house but we fancy they succumb to sleepiness earlier. They may succumb to something else if the girls persist in their new idea of heating canned soups instead of coffee in the mutual coffee pot! The whole arrangement dovetails very neatly, as the Management's mother owns the boarding house that lodges and boards the company and the Management and his wife are respectively the heavy comic and dowager of the cast. They have both been on the stage since they could toddle and the Management won the lady in the old days from under the nose of one of our great comedians. They have the kindliness and consideration of old troupers. If they have no bath tubs to offer the company, the whole lake front is at their disposal and neighbors, who luxuriate in porcelain fixtures, are hospitable. In the theater, the Management has provided six large dressing rooms.

Where the audience come from remains a mystery. From the encircling forests they appear, from centers of anthracite, fifteen, twenty, fifty miles distant. Apparently that whole section of Pennsylvania take to their cars at night and they like to have somewhere to drive. Not only have the Methodists not denounced the actors but they invite them to their Church Socials. The rector of the Catholic Church in the nearest mining town brings over parties of his parishioners. The Theater in the Grove fulfills a real function. It has brought Broadway to the mountains. Just how valuable this is to the mountains is another question. If the theater, as we believe, be the reflection of current life and thought, then it is an education—if sometimes too liberal. We await with much interest the report of the mountains' reactions to poetry. Last season, the play that sold out the house was *The Pursuit of Happiness*. What welcome to *Juliet*?

TWO NOTABLE PICTURES

There are occasional pictures that break down the barrage of those of our friends who always preface their remarks by, "Of course, I rarely go to the Movies—" Just at the moment it is quite the thing to close or open a discussion of *Paths of Glory* with, "What did you think of *The Informer*?," when the answer, to be in order, must include some comparison with *The Scoundrel*. As a matter of fact, they are two representative examples of finished acting, intelligent direction and photography. We are among those who give an easy first place to *The Informer* although *The Scoundrel* is a better seller despite the disrespectful reviews it has received in some quarters, especially in *The Stage* for July. Though they differ widely in atmosphere, both are concerned with the ultimate repentance of a sinner and encompass enough sentiment at the final fade-out to embarrass the sophisticated younger generation. In Hollywood circles, *The Informer* is considered one of the best pictures of the season; *The Scoundrel* was produced independently in Astoria.

Taken from the novel by Liam O'Flaherty, *The Informer* tells of the horrid yielding to temptation of a Sinn Feiner during the Black and Tan domination in Dublin. To save the girl he loves from going on the streets and to buy them both a passage to America, he betrays his best friend to the police for a reward. The macabre satire of how he wastes the money trying to stupefy his conscience through the night that follows, is relieved by the bitter comedy of some extraordinarily well directed scenes and acting. The action culminates with his secret trial and condemnation—his escape, recapture and bitter battle, and closes with the Judas crawling up the aisle of the church and being forgiven under the shadow of the crucifix by the mother of the boy he betrayed. Perhaps we are old enough not to be ashamed of tempting sentiment when it comes to repentant sinners, but to us the ending seemed quite logical. After laying bare certain weaknesses of the Celtic character, it seems only just to show the blessed side of its faith and charity. It is probably exactly what the informer would have done when God and death loomed near him. It is

undoubtedly a true picture of the Irish mother. Though he is not an ingratiating subject for close-ups, Victor McLaglen gives an astounding performance of the hell ridden informer. His face needs no dialogue to explain the emotions he is suffering. Indeed one very interesting feature of the picture is its almost exclusive use of pantomime in the opening scenes. The action is pressed forward by John Ford, the director, in a series of tense pictures that in the light and shadow of the dark Dublin streets have the quality of lithographs.

The Scoundrel for the first time brings to the screen Noel Coward, with all his advantages of clean cut features, crisp diction and the power of timing pauses and insignificant gestures so that they are infused with intensity. The close-ups of Mr. Coward are worth careful study by younger actors. At one point where he faces a revolver, and nonchalantly lights a cigarette, his face is immobile but his hand, as he lifts it, gives a nervous twitch which unmasks all his bravado. The story is whispered to be based upon the private life of a recent well-known publisher and many of the authors are identified in literary circles. It has been pointed out, however, by annoyed members of the profession, that publishers' offices are not usually decorated like Elizabeth Arden salons and that authors are not in the habit of making a club of the waiting room. However that may be, the publisher, so suavely played by Mr. Coward, is a very indiscreet Don Juan who becomes a target for a fiancé's bullets and is finally drowned on his nefarious way to Bermuda. His body is gruesomely shown being battered by the seas, but his spirit returns to New York to save itself from endless waves by finding some one who can shed a tear for his departed soul. It is the story of Rostand's *Last Night of Don Juan* retold as a modern fable, but the subtlety and the philosophy of the original have suffered badly. With Rostand, Don Juan challenged by the Devil to prove himself what he claims to be—the world's great sinner—discovers that it was only bodies and not souls which he possessed. Only one tear among the many is real and while that lasts, he may search for a heart that really loves him. But at the end, not ripe for Hell, he is condemned to be a Showman of Marionettes. The rather crude version of the legend, provided by Messrs. Ben Hecht and MacArthur show their Juan hunting for the girl whom he had wronged most cruelly. The last scenes involve many cartridges as the wronged girl's rescued fiancé fires thrice at Mr. Coward and then thrice at himself, and when Coward offers to renounce salvation to save the other man, all the bullets are found to have been wasted; tears flow and we leave the publisher on his way to Heaven. Knowing the authors, we are not quite certain that they didn't have their tongue in their cheek during that last scene, but the moment that gave us a thrill was when Coward's partner, puzzled by Coward's mysterious return, picks up a bit of seaweed from his desk. Hokum is hokum but—it works!

Unlike *The Informer*, *The Scoundrel* leans heavily on its snappy dialogue spurted by Alexander Woollcott, Hope Williams, etc. Miss Julie Haydon is a new and striking type on the screen. If *The Scoundrel* is not top notch as a morality play, it is unusual in modern circles to be reminded of immortality—and Hell.

PLAYS PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

February, 1934

TOBACCO ROAD.—Henry Hull, the original of the three Jeeters, has now revived this Georgian record-breaker on the Coast where apparently it is as popular as in the East. By this time everyone feels it more or less of a natural function to see this painful drama of the poor whites.—*At the Forrest.*

December

PERSONAL APPEARANCE. — Having worn out most of the competitive comedies, Gladys George is still amusing many as the gorgeous Movie Queen stranded on one of the Pennsylvania highways. — *At the Henry Miller.*

January, 1935

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.—A powerful and well-written tragedy, touching upon a subject best avoided, but showing with tremendous force the danger of snap judgments. Extremely well acted.—*At the Maxine Elliott.*

ANYTHING GOES!—The one surviving musical comedy. It includes Victor Moore, William Gaxton, Ethel Merman and Bettina Hall, and while not up to the level of *Of Thee I Sing*, it has very amusing elements, together with some very rough ones. —*At the Alvin.*

February

THE OLD MAID.—Proudly sporting the Pulitzer Prize endorsement, this dramatization of Edith Wharton's story of New York in the 1830's and '50's, owes its success as much to its beautiful sets and costumes by Stewart Chaney as to the *MS.* by Zoe Akins. There are some charming young people in its cast and Judith Anderson and Helen Menken as the older women contribute much to the dramatic interest.—*At the Empire.*

March

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—A not very elegant farce about some racing touts and their capitalization of Erwin and his "hunches." Erwin is the quiet little doggerel writer of greeting cards who is much more interested in Mother's Day than in the odds in the betting. William Lynn as Erwin has created a character that is as appealing as Throttlebottom. One must admit that despite its lapses from polite usages, it is genuinely funny—and entirely moral.—*At the Playhouse.*

April

AWAKE AND SING!—The author, Clifford Odets, who has recently achieved notoriety by being deported with his friends from Cuba, makes no secret of his Bolshevist sympathies, nor do his producers, the Group Theater. The Berger family, as shown in the three acts of the play, live and wrangle in the Bronx. The line of the play is sharp and penetrating and the types are better conceived than acted. Personally we found it very unappealing.—*At the Belasco.*

The Ball and the Cross

THE BALL AND THE CROSS *is one of the symbols of Christianity. It signifies, as is obvious,* THE WORLD AND THE FAITH. *It is our intention to publish in this department usually two or three short articles, which may appropriately be grouped under the caption chosen.*

A KOREAN MOTHER HUBBARD COMES HOME

AN old lady, in Korean homespun as white as the hair that framed her contented, weather-browned countenance, violated all precedent and perplexed her angel escort by pausing when she reached the top landing of the Golden Stairs for a last, long wistful look at Tyong Kung county. Uncertain whether he could conscientiously humor this unexpected whim of his precious charge, her angel hovered for a second and then gracefully folding his wings alighted beside her, not unwilling to tarry for a moment on the threshold, now that she was safe and he was so soon to lose his care of her. His had been a long commission, but not a hard one. He had come to know Tyong Kung county as well as herself, for he had seen her safely through seventy-nine years there under a thatched roof, the occasional leak in which hadn't assumed such paramount importance with him as it had with her. He had been with her in the fields in the early spring when she was breaking the clods turned up by the plough, and he had shared the admiration that glowed in her eyes when she raised them occasionally toward the purple patches of azalea that robed the mountains back of Tyong Kung in royal glory. He had often accompanied her to the stream with her basket of clothes, and enjoyed letting the tips of his glittering wings trail and cause eddies in that same stream while she squatted beside it and rubbed the dirt out of the wet clothes on a rough stone.

She was not one to keep an angel over-occupied. The rhythmic rap-a-tap-tap of her ironing clubs of an evening had a homely music in it which he conjectured he would miss. At markets, weddings and wakes he had brushed angelic elbows with the saints and sinners of the county and, without for a moment losing sight of his own precious charge in the midst of all the confusion and jostling, he had fallen in love with the people of Tyong Kung and with the laurel on its hills, so that he was not too much surprised when she paused and looked back.

Her gaze was now bent upon figures in white moving busily in and out of the little huts, almost all well known to her. A group here and there, bent over green rows that stood out so clear-cut against the brown soil, would hold her attention for a moment and then she would study others up to their knees in a rice paddy. Her eye followed the men and women plodding along the gray road winding away to the market town which she had so often walked. She knew the man with the pig on his back and the woman with the half-bushel of grain. Were they not all old neighbors and friends? Then of a sudden something round and glistening escaped her eyelid and slipped past the golden banister.

"Not a thing in their heads," she exclaimed with a fullness of feeling that quite startled her angel out of his own reminiscences, — "not a thing in their heads but a pig to be sold or a row to be weeded! Ah! if they only knew!" shaking her head at the futility of it all, and hastily adding: "They're so good at heart!"

"None better, and I've travelled a lot," he responded.

"It was often enough," she mused, "that my own mind was all taken up for days at a time with nothing but the weeding, or the driving rain that was threatening to beat down a patch of grain, or the rush to get the cabbage in out of an early frost, and not a thought of—"

"It's that way with mortals," interrupted her guardian, pensively preening a wing, "somehow they don't appreciate the reality of anything but what's before their eyes, or under their nose at the moment. And, more's the pity, so many of them have never even known that anything existed but weeds and weddings, millet and markets, rice and rain. If they only knew! as you say."

"Speaking of rain," said the old lady, "do you remember the day all of us from the upper end of the valley were weeding old Kim's big field, and myself on the row beside his daughter remarked to her while straightening up my aching back, that the spring rains were timely enough, and she quietly said, 'God sent them.' It was the grace of God that prompted me to ask her 'What's God?' for her words went down into my heart like the seed rice into a deep paddy. They set me thinking, though it was long before anything came of it."

"His grace works gently and slowly as a rule," remarked her angel, "but I'm not too sure that I may not be acting beyond my faculties in allowing you to tarry on these dizzy heights. It's not exactly—"

"That was a hard summer," she continued, oblivious of his latter remark, "and it wasn't until the flailing was finished and the snow had put us all indoors with the spinning and weaving that I found myself beside Kim's daughter again with an opportunity to hear more of the doctrine. The more I heard, the more my heart warmed to it. It came to me like the dawn over O Sak mountain after the long dark hours on the early road to market."

"And do you remember," she went on, "the next spring when the priest came through and I was there with the rest to be examined, in mortal dread that he might not baptize me, although Kim's same daughter was squatted right behind me to give me a word or two when I'd need it? How the sweat came out on me when I got caught up on the

Creed for the third time and the priest frowned and shook his head, as if it was all over!"

"I prayed hard for you that same moment," said her angel. "That frown had me worried a bit, till his own guardian nodded to me not to take it too seriously, and explained that it was only a nervous way his reverence had after being awake most of the previous night with the fleas. But, as I was saying, this tarrying here on the threshold is not—"

"One moment," she said, with her eye fixed on a white building that stood out from a group of thatched huts, "that's it with the bell in the fork of the nearest tree. It wasn't there when we came into Tyong Kung. And, what a sight!" she enthused, "to see the children from four villages gathering to it across the paddies with their books under their arm, to learn that there's a God all-concerned about them! They're the ones that can grasp it quickly, and while the grown-ups are well meaning enough, it's in the hearts of the little ones that the God Who made them finds a ready place, for they're not all cluttered up with earthly plans and hopes and fears."

Reluctantly did the old lady withdraw her gaze from the youngsters hurrying along to the chapel-school which she felt in her heart was the great hope of Tyong Kung. Then with a deliberation that sorely tried her guardian's patience she let her eye roam across the green foothills studded in places with scrub pine and thickly dotted in the clearings with mounds, and she began to pick out and count some of the smallest of them—two from this hill and three from that, until she said aloud, "Fifty-two. Fifty-two, by God's favor. There would have been more if I had had a little more fervor and promptness. God forgive me for the time I waited for the rain to clear off and then got to Chang's house only to find that the little body was already cold."

Not having had the heart to interrupt her harmless musings, but by this time fully convinced that he had gone the limit, her angel now drew himself up prepared to do his duty and said briefly and firmly, "It is not the custom to pause here on the very threshold."

"A thousand pardons," ejaculated the old lady at the mention of the magic word "custom," and quite embarrassed she hastily drew her shawl about her and was whisked up to the pearly gates.

"Kim Lucia," announced her guardian with an air of confident assurance that something would happen. It did. The gates swung wide. Then he found his angelic serenity all but shattered when out of their celestial cradles and off their celestial swings and jumping boards tumbled half a hundred almond-eyed cherubs in the brightest of Korean New Year jackets of dazzling reds, blues and yellows, to swoop down upon and careen about a confused old lady. Quite overwhelmed, she barely maintained enough composure to run a delighted but half-anxious eye over the fluttering brilliance that wheeled about her—"Forty-nine, fifty," she counted, and just as a shade of concern began to show itself in her delighted countenance, two truant cherubs, who had been gathering ethereal azalea on a distant bank of clouds that resembled in shape and size and color the mountains back of Tyong Kung, came winging in with "a thousand pardons" on

their lips and a huge but very disheveled bouquet in each tiny hand.

"Fifty-two," she said, unconsciously reaching for the Korean laurel, and the gates swung to.

I was sitting on an empty upturned Mass kit in the sacristy of the Tyong Kung chapel-school with its bell in the fork of the nearest tree, when an old lady in Korean homespun shuffled in.

"This is old Lucia," she announced, after a very profound bow, "old Lucia who doesn't know anything. I came in to ask you to be easy on me in the catechism examination. I believe in God and the priest and beyond that I know nothing."

I met her again on several trips, but her greeting was always the same: "This is old Lucia, who doesn't know anything," as was also her petition, "Be easy on me in the examination" (a yearly event here), and her profession of faith "in God and the priest."

It was from the catechist I learned that Kim Lucia would hurry the length or breadth of Tyong Kung county, rain or shine, to baptize a dying infant. "Fifty-two" infant baptisms is no startling record in a country like Korea. In fact it's no record at all, but for a hard-pressed farmer's wife who spent the day in weeding or harvesting and half the night in patching and ironing, and who knew little more than the bare essentials of her religion it was not so bad. It ought to be enough to entitle her to the humble rôle of Mother Hubbard to a half hundred cherubs.

LEO W. SWEENEY.

Nova et Vetera

Order Out of Chaos

Anyone who knows the complications of the Mexican land question and offers a solution for it is treading on very uncertain ground. Titles go back for centuries to a fragment of paper with a seal on it, to a dried-out scrap that cannot even be deciphered. Tradition or prescription is sometimes the only title. Grants by one Government have been annulled by its very successor. Large *haciendas*, without change of title, are worked by many descendants of one original owner. Acres held as *hacienda* property really belong to the *ejidos*. These *ejidos* are often in possession of property stolen from the *haciendas*. Former Church property is held on morally doubtful titles. Land distributed to agrarians is left uncultivated or abandoned and thus the contract by which it was acquired is broken. New *haciendas* are in the possession of revolutionary leaders or governors who received them for the people but kept them for themselves. Above all, the racketeers and the government officials have pretty well driven out all thought of honesty in attempts to bring order out of chaos. A strong government aided by a free Church invoking honesty and peaceful patience, alone can find the answer to the Mexican land problem. While Mexico has neither it is impossible of solution except by plain robbery, which will leave the last case worse than the first.

The labor question should not be hard of solution on the basis of the encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI. These suggest simple justice to the three classes involved in it: the worker, the capitalist, and the consumer. All three should have their organized groups meeting together from time to time to discuss problems common to all. Nowhere in America is there less labor trouble than in Quebec, and nowhere in the world have these principles been better applied and put to work for peace in the kingdom of labor. They are fair. They are honorable to all. Why experiment with Marxian dreams which experience shows offer no hope to labor but only such misery as that of Russia?

The religious problem is the easiest of all to solve. In Mexico it is not complicated by divisions among Christians. The one sure and safe way, even under present conditions, is to consider the American plan. Let the Church alone. Give her her freedom. She wants nothing from the State but that. Dry up the old stream of talk about State control. The Church can take care of her own nominations and thus insure no return to State slavery. If the Mexican Government is honest about wanting religious freedom here is the tested plan for obtaining it. And that plan would be accepted gladly. It is obvious that it would work, for it does work, not only in these United States but in many countries just as Catholic as Mexico.

Present-day Mexican Government officials have been insistent in proclaiming that the Church in Mexico is different from the Catholic Church

anywhere else in the world. "If we had such a Catholic Church in Mexico as you have in the United States," their sympathizers have said to me over and over again, "there would be no religious trouble in Mexico." Well, here is the way to have it. Moreover, even with the solution suggested there would remain in Mexico for a long time the necessity of finding a sufficient number of priests for the parishes. Let other nations volunteer help to solve that part of the problem. If the officials of the Mexican Government really want what they say they want, there will be no difficulty about giving it to them. The Mexican bishops, once freedom is accorded, will need the help.

Education is no less an easy problem to solve, though one calling for more time. If the Mexican Government wants to do only what ex-President Calles stated and "take possession of the consciences of the young, because they do belong and should belong to the Revolution," there is absolutely no solution to the educational problem in Mexico. The Revolution does not own the consciences of the children. The children of the nation do not "belong to the community, to the collectivity." They belong first to the parents who brought them into the world. But if the Mexican Government wants education, it can have it. If the dynamo is for illumination, it can be set to work and the united forces for light will labor to the end desired. The Ontario plan, the Quebec plan, or the American plan, all offer a start for negotiations on the question. I venture a guess that these negotiations, so far as the Church is concerned, would not occupy all of twenty-four hours, even allowing for sleep and rest. And if the Mexican Government really does desire to have the Catholic Church in Mexico conducted in worship and labor as is the Catholic Church in other countries, it can have all the effective guarantees it needs to be fully assured that it will be given exactly that. If, on the other hand, the Mexican Government wants only to destroy religion, it must not complain if its appeal for world sympathy be rejected in the light of its determination to rule or ruin.

—From *Blood-Drenched Altars*. By FRANCIS CLEMENT KELLEY (Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Co.). 2d ed.

GOD'S HOLY MOUNTAIN

IT is because we do not contemplate, that religion so often seems unreal, in contrast with the obvious realities of secular experience. Contemplate, and it is the latter which will seem unreal in contrast with the reality of God and His Self-communication to the souls of men. All other contemplations, with the forms they reveal, will take their subordinate places in the hierarchy established and completed by the all-embracing Form on which religious contemplation and its mystical fulfilment are fixed: a correlative hierarchy of being and value, form and contemplation. And at the summit of this ladder, or, if you prefer, in the central depths of being, is the Holy of Holies where the Cherub of contemplation spreads his wings, intuition and love, over the ark of the covenant, to adore the Veiled Presence of God in a human soul, raised by grace to supernatural union with her Creator. So still are these wings that they seem motionless in the dusk which fills the shrine: but they are vibrant

with a life, tense, ecstatic, passionate. No life is so vital, no energy so powerful, no embrace so close as this supreme contemplation — but no repose so still, no silence so profound, no gulf so vast. It is a vital union which is also a contemplation of form, awe of a Majesty which almost annihilates the adoring soul, for "the searchers of Majesty shall be overwhelmed with the glory," and the fascination of a Beauty which intoxicates her with never satisfied desire.

This indeed is the crown of religious contemplation—but accessible by report to all and the summit of a contemplation totally denied to no sincere seeker. In the presence of this contemplation the shallow arguments, the shoddy sophistries, and the imposing catchwords of a rationalism, whose methods of reasoning, fashioned for other investigations, are incapable of such employment, but with which nevertheless it claims to plumb the depths of being and to solve its riddles, are revealed in all their intolerable superficiality, tawdriness and irrelevance. In the silence of the sanctuary who would spare a thought for the mouthing of those mountebanks who think they have disproved the Divine Majesty because their cheap blasphemies have tickled the ears of the groundlings? Seen from the height of mystical contemplation, Bloomsbury and Moscow, Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells, have shrivelled to the measure of their native stature. Viewed from the peak of God's Holy Mountain how large does the Tower of Babel which the Totalitarian state of Fascisto-Communism is struggling to erect at such cost of labour and zeal, appear far below on the plain of Shinar? Less than an ant hill beside Mount Everest. Even the achievement of modern science and technique, mighty and valuable though it is, appears incidental and unessential, the apprehension of forms and the manipulation of energies which owe their entire being to the Absolute Form and Energy in One, here subject and object of the spirit's contemplation. And if at times the darkness is a painful oppression, in the centre of the soul reigns a peace not to be broken. For the soul holds fast, or rather is held fast by, One who will not let her go and who, if He is nameless, is named in every name uttered in heaven and on earth, because He is expressed in every form and active in every force.

Form and matter, immanence and transcendence, relative being and Absolute, multiplicity and unity, activity and rest, width and height, humanism and theocentric adoration—these and all the other contrasts of our experience are harmonised, actually, if not conceptually, in this supreme experience. The possibility of such contemplation, in which time touches eternity and man is united with his Maker, suffices to establish the oft-questioned worth of human life and history for all its pitiful tale of pettiness and folly, suffering and sin. I have said infinitely too little, but that little may, I hope, indicate where the path lies to that silence which says all, and where contemplation has no longer need of justification or praise, because it is the satisfaction of every desire and the possession of every value, being the possession of God.

—From *The Philosophy of Form*. By E. I. Watkin (New York: Sheed & Ward, Inc.).

Foreign Periodicals

The Possibility of a New Christian Order

Notice that when we refer to the establishment of a new Christendom, or the realization of a Christian temporal ideal in history, the definition of the words ought to be kept very clear. It is not as an end and as an accomplished fact (so that you could say, "There, it's all over; let's have a rest") that a concrete historical ideal can ever be realized, but as movement, as something being done and always remaining to be done (just as a living being, once born, continues the process of self-fashioning). At what moment can the "realization" of this ideal, its "achievement," be said to have taken place? When it passes the line and is born to existence in history and begins to obtain recognition in the consciousness of the many and to play an active part in the work of social life. Before that it can only be said to have been in the course of preparation, but afterwards it will go on fashioning itself. I have already drawn attention to the difference between a *utopia* and a *concrete historical ideal*. By exact definition a utopia is a model to be realized as end and as resting point—and it is irrealizable. A concrete historical ideal is a dynamic image to be realized as movement and as line of force, and it is in this sense that it is realizable. Hence its realization may be a long way off (and as far as the new Christian world order is concerned, it looks as though it *is* a long way off); nevertheless, it may serve straight away as the point to hold in view, and during a period of preparation which may be very long, it may control action at every instant proportionate both to the future object and the present circumstances. It is what we have called political action at long range. . . .

Every authentic revolution (and to bring a new Christian order into being needs . . . *more* than a revolution in the ordinary sense of the word) presupposes that at some time or other people have begun to turn aside from the present order, and in a certain sense despair of it. The first element of a revolutionary attitude in the widest and most legitimate sense of the word, involves transferring the specifying ends of activity towards a state incompatible with the principles of the present state, and carrying within oneself this future, only to be born of an essential break with the present. . . .

To those who want to add a sort of duty of civil war to the list of civic duties and force everybody to choose between contrary illusions (resembling one another on many points) promising immediate temporal salvation, the Christians who take up this attitude may give the impression of making a breakaway. It is not their fault, for all that, that they appear in this light, but the state of a civilization which is not doing much more than burying its dead. You might really find a certain detachment and a certain sepa-

ration, but only in the sense in which the present condition of the world no longer provides the end in view and the objectives by which action can be determined. It is no breakaway or secession in the sense in which the followers of Marx and Proudhon secede and get together as a class—a *civitas* against the political *civitas*. It is only (and nothing is more truly human) the refusal to sacrifice the future to the present, a *conversion* towards an end and a *concentration* on a centre which is not the present order, but instead, a new Christendom demanding long preparation, on a wider scale and with greater patience than that of the generations of militant socialists who prepared the communist revolution in Russia.

—JACQUES MARITAIN, in *Colosseum* (London), June.

THE ETHICS OF EUGENICS

IN its present form Eugenics dates back to 1833 when Sir Francis Galton coined the term and originated the movement. In his "Inquiries into the Human Faculty" he describes Eugenics as the science which deals with all the influences that improve the inborn qualities of the race developing them to the utmost advantage. According to the English Eugenical Society, however, eugenics embraces a wider field, for it includes the study of all agencies under social control that may improve the racial qualities either physically or mentally. Considered in this light it is evident that the scope and object of eugenics is praiseworthy. In fact it forms part of the virtue of charity which teaches us to love our neighbors as ourselves. But in modern times this movement has been so vitiated by the wrong principles and wrong thinking of our age that it has become infected with the virus of maudlin sentimentality, of feverish haste, of egotism and a general lack of faith in great principles. In their feverish excitement to rid the world of insanity and crime, and to give us a physically better race, eugenic enthusiasts have set aside all principles of the rightness and wrongness of human conduct, and making it their philosophy that the end justifies the means, they plunge into wholesale and drastic legislation offensive to right reason.

For economic reasons eugenists want fewer and stronger people, who are both wealthy and healthy. They warn us that mankind, by over population, is marching steadily downward on the road to physical and social degeneration, and will eventually find itself on the verge of starvation. Nature, they say, is limited in its store of pleasures and treasures. Reduce the number of men and women, therefore, and the individual's chance for a better share increases. Further, as the healthy men and women of today are only the healthy infants of yesterday, "fewer and better babies" becomes their slogan. To get the fewer babies the higher classes are to launch late into marriage and to limit their offspring; to get the better babies, undesirable adults, including the struggling poor, are to forego the right to marriage or at least to bear no children.

This then is the gist of the eugenic doctrine; and though some of the more sincere eugenists would disagree with much of it, there is no doubt that it carries an appeal. The patriotic note that it sounds and the

spirit of altruism that it breathes attract the hearts of many; while the more selfish of men are led to it by the baser baits of covetousness and lust, with the result that we run the risk of being unwarily ensnared and trawled into the eugenic net. There is need therefore to walk cautiously.

The most drastic result of the eugenic doctrine finds expression today in the law of the sterilization of the unfit, which is finding a place on the statutes of some of the countries of the world. Inspired with a utilitarian philosophy, eugenic circles see nothing degrading in the practice. They are immune to the denial of private and personal rights that it entails; they are heedless to the abuses it may foster; and, so deeply are their unethical principles motivated by wrong thinking, that they do not falter to concede to the State absolute dominion over the individual, even to the extent of influencing his selection in marriage. To them the State is a kind of modern Baal—the God State—to which all must bow a heedless knee.

Let us examine this point a little closer. In the first place it must be remembered that neither the individual nor the state has absolute dominion over life. The individual may not recklessly or wantonly cast away his life, nor may the state take away the life of its subjects. With life, goes bodily integrity; and so neither can mutilation of any sort be inflicted upon an individual. These rights are the essential corollaries of the inherent dignity of man and remain with him from the first moment of his conception to his last breath. Unless, therefore, the individual has wantonly forfeited these rights of his, the state has no power to deprive him of them. Sterilization constitutes a grave mutilation, and unless demanded by therapeutic reasons to avert some disastrous malady, this form of bodily interference, whether voluntarily accepted or legally imposed, constitutes a grave injustice to the inherent personality of man. The state exists for the good of the individual, and not the individual for the good of the state. Does the presence of defectives in the world constitute so grave a menace to humanity as to warrant inhuman methods of sterilization and the like? Careful insight shows no such conditions to exist.

—Hubert Noronha, in *Catholic Action* (Bombay), April.

Recent Events

Vatican Protests Nazi Attack on Church

News from Germany during July indicated that the Hitler régime, after a bitter warfare against the orthodox Protestants of Germany and after tolerating, if not instigating, outrages against the Jews, especially in Berlin, launched a bitter attack against the Catholic Church. First, there was the pronouncement of the Minister of the Interior, Wilhelm Frick, on July 7th, complaining of what he was pleased to call "Sabotage of Reich laws." The laws in question were those referring to sterilization. In the same pronouncement the Minister asked if there was any purpose in having Catholic newspapers, Catholic occupational organizations, or Catholic youth societies. He maintained that these did not "fit into our times and are often active in fields which the Nazi State must reserve for itself."

The *Osservatore Romano* for July 16th contained a long article replying to this speech of Frick's at Münster. The Vatican paper pointed out that the Concordat guarantees Catholics liberty in the profession and public exercise of the Catholic religion, without any limitation and that the maxims of the Catholic Church are not only dogmatic but moral. Therefore, *Osservatore* continues, there is no doubt that it is impossible to reconcile the speech of the Home Minister with the provisions of the Concordat.

Two days later General Hermann Goering, Premier of Prussia, released a statement through the official Prussian press service, vigorously combating "Political Catholicism." The Catholic clergy were sternly warned that any "attacks" on the new German State from pulpit or parish house would be dealt with as assaults on the Government's authority. Of course everyone knows that the word "attacks" includes even the mildest criticism of any policy of the Nazi Government.

This new decree was communicated to local police authorities throughout Germany, as Goering's authority as head of the Secret State Police covers the whole Reich. It is also understood that the decree was promulgated with the full knowledge and approval of Adolf Hitler. Immediately the Papal Nuncio in Berlin presented a protest from the Vatican. The following Sunday sermons in Catholic churches avoided any reference to the new difficulties with the Government, except in southern Germany; it was reported that priests in Baden read a letter from the Bishop calling the Nazi drive against Catholic Youth organizations a violation of the Concordat. The general opinion is that there will be no formal action by the Bishops of Germany until their annual meeting next month in Fulda.

Hapsburg Family May Return to Austria

During the early part of July steps were taken by the various departments of the Government of Austria to repeal the law of April, 1919, which forbade any member of

the Hapsburg family to live in the country unless he renounced his imperial claims, and which confiscated the royal properties. Now it has been decided that some 62,000 acres will be restored to the ex-Empress Zita and her children, and an initial payment of 10,000,000 shillings made to them for real property not to be restored.

The possible political consequences of these overtures to the young Archduke Otto, son of the late Emperor Karl IV., last imperial ruler of the dual monarchy, have caused keen speculation throughout Europe. He and his mother have been living at Stenockerzeel, a few miles from Brussels, and it was significant that a few days after this news from Austria was published, King Leopold and Queen Astrid of Belgium paid their first official visit to the former Empress and the Archduke. In Austria itself opinion is sharply divided. Socialists and Nazis will strongly oppose the restoration of the Hapsburgs to power. In Hungary, it was stated, the political situation is not affected by Austria's action which is purely a private affair between the Vienna Government and the Hapsburg family. Where serious trouble threatens is in the countries forming the Little Entente, which had been a part of the old Empire and which wish to preserve their independence. It was even reported that a Hapsburg restoration would mean an immediate mobilization of troops by the three countries. An editorial in the official organ of the Czechoslovak foreign office went so far as to say that the Little Entente would not even tolerate the return of the former Empress Zita and the Archduke Otto to Austria as private citizens.

Cardinal Patriarch of Venice Dies

Pietro Cardinal La Fontaine, Patriarch of Venice and Primate of Dalmatia, died on July 9th, at the age of 74. Born of a Swiss father and an Italian mother in Viterbo, north of Rome, he studied in his native town and was ordained there in 1883. He became widely known as a preacher and was appointed by Pope Leo XIII. to do special missionary and retreat work. In 1906 he was consecrated Bishop of Cassano al Jonio, a small town in Calabria in the south of Italy, but four years later he came to Rome as Secretary of the Congregation of Rites.

Pope Benedict XV. made Bishop La Fontaine Patriarch of Venice in 1915 and the following year created him a Cardinal Priest. During the World War he endeared himself to his people by his energetic relief work for the soldiers and their families. Cardinal La Fontaine was a member of the Consistorial Congregation, and of the Congregations of the Sacraments, of Rites and for the Oriental Church.

May his soul rest in peace!

New American Bishop in China

The Right Rev. Francis X. Ford, M.M., Prefect Apostolic of Kaying, China, is the third member of the Maryknoll American Foreign Mission Society to be elevated to the episcopacy. Word was received late in June that the district over which Monsignor Ford has had jurisdiction as Prefect Apostolic has now been made a Vicariate Apostolic and he will become its first Bishop. The territory is in South China and its people are cared for

by twenty-three Maryknoll missionaries, four Chinese priests and ten Maryknoll Sisters.

Bishop-elect Ford was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., where he received his preliminary education. Then he attended Cathedral College, the preparatory seminary in New York. The Maryknoll Foreign Seminary was founded in 1911, the year Francis Ford was graduated from the College and he was the first applicant for admission. He was with the first group of missionaries sent by Maryknoll to China in 1918, and except for one visit to this country in 1929 to attend a general chapter of his Society, he has been in China ever since. Four years before he had been placed in charge of the new mission center at Kaying in the interior of the province of Kwangtung. The success of his work during these seventeen years is evidenced by the fact that now the Holy Father raises him to the episcopacy to govern this same territory. We wish Bishop Ford continued success and every blessing in his new office.

The Rev. Selden P. Delany, Convert Priest

After little more than a year as a Catholic priest, the Rev. Selden Peabody Delany died after a lingering illness early in July. He had been in the Episcopal ministry for thirty years, and *The New York Times* said of him that "he was the most prominent Episcopal clergyman convert to the Catholic Church in the United States since the conversion in 1919 of the Right Rev. Frederick Joseph Kinsman, the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Delaware."

Father Delany was born in Wisconsin sixty-one years ago, and after receiving his bachelor's degree at Harvard, studied at the Western Theological Seminary in Chicago and was ordained to the Episcopal ministry in 1899. He served in his native State and in Massachusetts before he was named assistant rector of the High Episcopal Church of St. Mary the Virgin in New York in 1915. He was made rector in 1929 and two years later resigned to become a Catholic. He was received into the Church by the Right Rev. Msgr. Joseph H. McMahon, pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, on his fifty-sixth birthday, June 24, 1930, the Nativity of St. John the Baptist, whose name he took in his conditional baptism. On the same day he was confirmed by the late Bishop Dunn. The following autumn he enrolled at the Beda College in Rome to study for the priesthood, and nearly four years later he was ordained. Already his health was failing.

After his return to this country Father Delany was appointed chaplain at the Convent of Jesus and Mary, Highland Mills, N. Y. When he died his funeral services were held in the church of his baptism. Monsignor McMahon celebrated the Solemn Mass of Requiem in the presence of the Most Rev. Stephen J. Donahue, Auxiliary Bishop of New York, who pronounced the Absolution. The Most Rev. Moses E. Kiley, Bishop of Trenton, N. J., who had been consecrated in Rome on the day of Father Delany's ordination, was also present, with a large number of prelates and priests and lay people, including many non-Catholics. Monsignor McMahon delivered an eloquent eulogy paying tribute to the sincerity and zeal of

his friend's work in the Episcopal ministry, and stressing the peace of soul that came to him after he entered the Church, and the humility and resignation with which he submitted to the illness that soon made it impossible for him to offer the Sacrifice of the Mass.

It has been estimated that Father Delany's conversion five years ago has led at least two hundred High Episcopalians into the Church, including eight former ministers, two of whom had been his assistants at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin and who are now studying for the priesthood in Rome. Father Delany wrote *Why Rome?* when he came into the Church, and during his illness was at work on *Rome From Within* which will be published shortly.

May the soul of this earnest priest rest in peace!

Convention of Catholic Daughters of America

Delegates of the Catholic Daughters of America met in Seattle, Wash., during the first week of July for their sixteenth biennial convention. Several of the hierarchy manifested their interest in this large order of Catholic women by attending sessions during the week. The Most Rev. William J. Hafey, Bishop of Raleigh, N. C., who has been national chaplain of the C. D. of A., for ten years, preached on "The Youth Movement," at the opening Mass of the Convention. The society has a junior membership of 17,000 girls between the ages of twelve and seventeen and a total membership of 200,000.

A strongly-worded resolution was passed denouncing birth control, aimed at recent pronouncements of the National Federation of Women's Clubs and the American Association of University Women. It called the action of these two other organizations "a direct insult to the rank and file of the decent and virtuous women of America," and "unsocial and inhuman, inasmuch as the attack of the artificial birth control propagandists is aimed primarily at the poor and underprivileged classes, the victims of the unjust and greedy plutocratic domination of the economic order."

Other resolutions endorsed the Legion of Decency, warning the motion picture producers that this is no temporary "moral wave," but "a permanent movement," and also favored an international demonstration for world peace, in accordance with the wishes of His Holiness Pius XI. A meeting was devoted to the "Converts' League," under the direction of Miss Florence M. Winter of Washington, D. C., national chairman of this branch of the work of the organization.

Our Contributors

We can think of no one better qualified to make a lovely verbal miniature of "Wordsworth's Exquisite Sister" than Theodore Maynard, with his discriminating sensitivity and his poetic understanding. Dr. Maynard's writings have endeared him to Catholic readers especially, both here and abroad. He has taught in many of our American Catholic colleges and is now a member of the faculty of Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg. He has another volume of poems scheduled for early publication.

Carroll K. Michener ("Chink, Chink Chinaman"), whose tales with an Oriental flavor have enlivened our pages in the past, has gathered his Asiatic spices in person. Following graduation from the University of Minnesota, he engaged in a career as journalist in various parts of the United States and in the Far East. He has been a successful editor and a contributor to *Scribner's*, *The Review of Reviews*, *Asia*, *Travel* and many other magazines, and is the author of *Heirs of Incas*, an account of his travels in South America and Spain.

Piercing the confusion that engulfs the modern mind, "The Philosophy of Simplism" by James W. Lane, M.A., is a timely comment on the modernist movement in art, politics, sociology and philosophy. Mr. Lane, an alumnus of Yale, Cambridge and Harvard, is an art and literary critic and an essayist. He has contributed previously to our columns and has frequently appeared in many of the art magazines as well as in *The Commonweal* and *America*.

The growing indignation aroused in America by the intolerable persecution of Catholics in Mexico, and the recent petition for an inquiry presented to the President by a considerable body of our legislators, has centered attention on the attitude to be taken by our Government in the matter. William Thomas Walsh, M.A., Litt.D., deals informatively and interestingly with this topic in his article "Some Precedents for the Borah Resolution." Dr. Walsh is well known to our readers; he is also a frequent contributor to many other Catholic periodicals and has this year published two new books, a novel, *Out of the Whirlwind*, which has attracted wide and favorable notice and was a Catholic Book of the Month Club choice, and *Isabella the Crusader*, his second book about the Spanish Queen.

This short study of the history and scope of "Melodrama" as a theater form marks the first appearance in our pages of the author, Martin I. J. Griffin, M.A., who is Professor of English at Villanova College. We feel that many interesting topics await his interpretative pen.

Begun last month, "The Pre-War *Pension*" is completed in this issue, and again Eleanor Downing, M.A.,

B.Litt. (Oxon.), stirs our memories of rich opportunities gone with the leisured living of a past era.

Welcome, indeed, is the clarity of thought displayed by Camille McCole, M.A. ("The Nightmare Literature of William Faulkner"), in his exposition of the cruelty and insincerity of a much vaunted school of modern writers. Professor McCole's criticisms of contemporary literature have appeared frequently in our pages. He is on the faculty of St. John's University and lectures at Hunter and at Notre Dame College, Staten Island.

Far off China comes very close to our hearts as we read this inspiring story of "The Martyr With a 'Yin,'" who washed away the weaknesses of thirty years with the blood of martyrdom. The author, Rev. James F. Kearney, S.J., M.A., is a teacher and missionary now stationed at Gonzaga College, Shanghai. His pen has made him familiar to readers of many Catholic periodicals and among his longer works is *Psychology in the New Literature.*

Eleanore M. Jewett, M.A., whose verse has been found occasionally in our pages, is represented this month by a poetic story of Old Glaston, "Shadow and Substance." In private life, Mrs. C. Harvey Jewett, she manages successfully several careers being housekeeper and wife to a busy doctor and mother of two very lively children. Nevertheless, this versatile lady contributes widely to current periodicals and has written a number of children's books. She makes her home in Canandaigua, N. Y.

Our poets bring us a variety of subjects this month. Anna McClure Sholl, an old friend, stirs us with her majestic tribute to "Lawrence of Arabia"; Frances Frieseke ("Lost Secret"), daughter of the American painter Frederick Carl Frieseke, lives in France, and despite her youth, is already well known on both sides of the Atlantic; Ellen Gilbert (Mrs. James Kinney) has been frequently represented here by poems and stories, and appears this time with a brief but charming lyric "Premonition"; a piece of authentic autobiography, "Cathedral Bells," sprang from a flash of beauty experienced at Exeter by Mary Sinton (Mrs. John D.) Leitch; the colorful poem "Ecstasy" comes from the pen of Alice E. (Mrs. Eleazar) Cate, a former teacher of English who was blinded eight years ago in a tragic accident, but has made of her life a fountain of inspiration, writing plays, romances and poems of which this is the first to appear in our columns; and Mother St. Jerome returns to delight us with her mystical "Sto et Pulso."

New Books

Michelangelo, the Man. By Donald Lord Finlayson.—At War With Academic Traditions in America. By A. Lawrence Lowell.—Chapters in Frontier History. By Gilbert J. Garraghan, S.J., Ph.D.—Story of the Spanish Missions of the Southwest. By Frank C. Lockwood.—Chronicles of Barabbas. By George H. Doran.—Forerunners of American Fascism. By Raymond Graham Swing.—The Nazi Dictatorship. By Frederick L. Schuman.—Out of the Whirlwind. By William Thomas Walsh.—Queen Victoria. By E. F. Benson.—Symphonic Masterpieces. By Olin Downes.—The Victor Book of the Symphony. By Charles O'Connell.—An Introduction to Pareto. By George C. Homans and Charles P. Curtis, Jr.—Shorter Notices.

Michelangelo, the Man. By Donald Lord Finlayson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3.50.

A great many books have been written about Michelangelo during the past four centuries. Any author, therefore, who wishes to add a work of true merit to the "Michelangelo literature" must master a huge array of historical and literary sources, and he must be a master of exposition also. Donald Lord Finlayson comes to his task with adequate preparation and not without courage. He affirms that no biographer in English has yet attempted to present Michelangelo "as *e. g.* Vittoria Colonna knew him—as a living personality in whom heredity and environment acted and to which he reacted." The author's aim, therefore, is to recapture the vision of the living man Michelangelo as it must have appeared to her who during the last ten years of her life was the artist's closest and dearest friend. This aim has been in great part achieved. The facts of Michelangelo's life are marshaled in an admirable manner. The inherited family traits of the artist, his native endowment of character and genius, the advantages of his environment, his indomitable ambition, his severe and excessive slaving upon his tasks, his extreme self-reliance, his high-handed treatment of all opinions contrary to his own, his peculiar sentimental attachments, his quick suspicions, his frequent periods of despondency, his irresolute habit of yielding to the whims of powerful patrons and unreasonable relatives—these and other phases of his character are well portrayed, interpreted and documented.

In drawing this portrait of the man it was, of course, impossible to ignore altogether the artist. But no full evaluation of the artist's work has been attempted, and no mention is made of criticisms, such as that of Ruskin, who charged Michelangelo with "having subverted art to essentially base and selfish purposes, and with having constantly distorted and exaggerated the character of his subjects in order to produce results which would glorify his powers of execution and force his spectators to think not of the subjects depicted but of Michelangelo."

In his account of the moral depravity of some of the popes and

princes of the Renaissance period, the author has, in several instances, repeated slanderous accusations which are not admitted by critical historians. The author's own significant references to "the mortal venom which dripped from the pen of Aretino," and to "the avalanche of ridicule and abuse, as obscene as it was deadly" with which the courtier press-agent of that time was sure "to engulf his victim," should have served as a reminder that this violent partisanship may have carried over into books of our time and that these latter may not be quoted trustingly and blindly. Finlayson's own pen drips poison—though unknown to him—when he writes that the twenty nude young athletes which Michelangelo painted above the thrones of the Prophets, upon the Sistine vault, did not represent "those fine young bodies which were all too often desecrated in the bedchamber of Clement VII." The implied charge is false.

Nor is it literally true that during the reign of Pope Alexander VI.—and, presumably, due to the perverseness of the papal court—"every night the murdered bodies of four or five prominent citizens were found in the streets of Rome" and "each night the city paid her adoration to some famous harlot."

When citing the custom, prevalent in Ancient Hellas, of older men contracting deep emotional attachments for handsome youths, the author adopts a new and light-hearted attitude. Not knowing that he is touching upon a matter more serious than the case of Alexander VI., he summarily dismisses all charges and insinuations and declares that the said custom of pagan Hellas implied nothing but "a partnership of the noblest and most pure-minded sort" which, however (and here the author relapses into the rôle of the censor), "was perverted and prostituted through the sordid rottenness of sixteenth century Italy."

Among the outstanding traits in Michelangelo's character were a deep sense of religion and a strong Catholic faith. In the present volume nothing more than a few passing references to these are found. We learn only casually of Michelangelo's convictions regarding the supernatural world and the life beyond the grave and of his faith in the Church and the saving graces administered by her. Thus in a letter, written to his nephew in January, 1548, after the death of his brother Giovansimone, we read the anxious inquiry: "I should be glad to hear circumstantially what kind of end he made, and whether he confessed and communicated with all the sacraments of the Church. If he did so, and I am informed of it, I shall suffer less." And again in a letter written November 15, 1555, shortly after the death of his brother Gismondo, we read the words vibrant with gratitude: "Inasmuch as he died sound in mind and with all the sacraments of the Church, let God be praised." A little further on in the same letter we read a request for prayers for his sick servant Urbino: "if, then, you know of some devout person, I beg you to have prayers offered up to God for his recovery." In a letter written February 23, 1556, to Vasari, we read of Michelangelo's great sorrow (mingled with gratitude) over the death of Urbino, his faithful servant for 26 years: "I owe the greatest thanks to God . . . Urbino's death taught me to die without displeasure, rather with a deep and real de-

sire . . . he has vanished from my sight; nor have I hope left but of seeing him again in Paradise. God has given us good foundation for this hope in the exceedingly happy ending of his life."

Michelangelo's friend, Vittoria Colonna, Marchioness of Pescara, spent her declining years at the Convent of Santa Anna dei Funari in Rome giving her time to prayer and meditation. Among the few friends to visit her in her retirement was Michelangelo who in this period in spite of all his unceasing activity was leading a lonely life. The two understood each other and not the least of the bonds which drew them together was their common attitude toward the Catholic faith and religion. The Marchioness undoubtedly had the opportunity of gaining some definite concept of her friend's spiritual ideals and also of the external practical side of his religion. The present volume, in spite of its expressed aim, leaves us uninformed about these things and even fails to reassure us as to whether or not at the approach of his death Michelangelo asked for and received the sacraments of the Church and her last blessing.

The book has a good subject index. There are some 27 errors of printing; but no list of "errata" is given. The bibliography, on page 342, consists of 24 titles but does not include the names of George Brandes, Woelfflin, Frey and others.

T. C. P.

At War With Academic Traditions in America. By A. Lawrence Lowell. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. $4.00.

Assuredly, if any one has the right to speak with authority about college education, it is President Lowell. For a quarter of a century he was the head of an institution which, under his predecessor, had emerged from a condition of almost death-like somnolence to one of intense activity. He built upon the foundations laid by Eliot, and bequeathed to his successor a university whose reputation is second to none in this country. He is no armchair theorist, but a very practical and much alive administrator who has had, first of all, to see clearly his objectives and then to push forward steadily toward them, often in the face of considerable difficulty and much opposition.

The present work contains a series of addresses delivered on academic occasions, excerpts from his Annual Reports, and articles which have appeared in reviews and magazines. The unity that runs through the whole is one of principles accepted rather than of a consecutive and comprehensive development of any group of educational theories.

Lowell devotes almost the whole volume to an analysis of the problem of undergraduate education. Evidently, he looks upon Harvard College as the most important part of the University, and judging from results, most people are apt to agree that he is right. From Harvard College have come many of the leaders of the nation, prominent professional men, and scientists. And they have come because Lowell has constantly kept in view the idea that a college should give a well-rounded education, not prepare a man for some particular thing. "I shall assume," he writes, "that the object of the undergraduate department of the University is to give an education, and without attempting an exact definition of this term, I under-

stand it to mean a general training of the mind as distinguished from the acquisition of specific information which is expected to be of any definite use in after life" (p. 5). After floundering around since the beginning of the century, the progressive college administrators are almost all coming to the same conclusion. By this one does not mean a return to the hard and fast liberal arts curriculum of a century ago. The new curriculum is particularly characterized by the fact that it is designed for the individual, that the methods of instruction look toward individual needs, its whole *raison d'être* being to train the individual, not to impose an inflexible subject-matter on every type of student, despite individual differences and limitations.

President Lowell, and I think rightly, regards the general examinations and the tutorial system, for the introduction of which at Harvard he is largely responsible, as a sound step toward the individualized college training which is his ideal. He details somewhat at length how these two educational aids work out for the betterment of the undergraduate's training.

There is one very significant omission in the book. Nowhere does the author refer to the need of religion in the educative process, nor to the duty of a college to train its students in religion. The teaching of religion, and by that I do not mean ethics or personnel work, is as much the work of a university as is the teaching of chemistry or the romance languages. Newman saw this clearly, and that is one of the reasons why his *Idea of a University* is as significant to-day as it was the day it was written. The college man is a unit man, and the college which educates him intellectually and physically, and fails to educate him morally and religiously, is, to put it very mildly, only doing a part of its job. In refusing to mention character and religious education as vital parts of a college program, I feel that President Lowell is remaining true to Harvard traditions. I like to think that he, no less than we, recognizes the need of religious education for all, but faced by the tradition of a century does not know quite how to fit such training into a scheme of education which, for political reasons, has become increasingly secularist. It would, therefore, be a matter not so much of philosophy that divides us, as a practical difficulty, the solution of which involves, it must be admitted, many knotty problems. J. H. R.

Chapters in Frontier History. By Gilbert J. Garraghan, S.J., Ph.D. Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Co. $2.50.

Story of the Spanish Missions of the Southwest. By Frank C. Lockwood. Santa Ana, Calif.: The Fine Arts Press.

Father Garraghan, S.J., long connected with *Mid-America*, is well known to historians within and without the fold for his scholarly studies in our frontier history. In the present volume he has gathered together nine monographs which he had published in various historical reviews. They deal with the early history of Vincennes, Chicago and St. Louis, and with the missionary activities of Father Peter De Smet and Father Nicolas Point among the Indians of the Northwest. The author corrects many an error of his predecessors, says the last word on many long debated questions, and brings out clearly the great part

played by Catholics in the discovery and development of the West.

The most interesting chapters of this volume deal with the missionary labors of Fathers Point and De Smet. The former was the typical Jesuit missionary. He worked for five years among the Flatheads, the Blackfeet, the Crows, the Gros Ventres, the Flatlands and the Cœur d'Alenes, living in their tents, sharing their poverty and distress, following them about in their periodical hunts, and ministering to their needs. Father De Smet on the other hand never lived for any considerable time among the Indians, and never learned to speak any of their languages. But he created the Indian Catholic missions of the West, securing the funds to finance and the personnel to staff them, pleading their cause in this country and abroad, and acting frequently as official intermediary between the Indian tribes and the United States government.

Professor Lockwood, a disciple of the great historian of the Southwest, Dr. Herbert Bolton, gives us in fascinating pages a complete history of the thirty-two missions founded by Father Kino,—Jesuit scholar, missionary, explorer and builder,—in Sonora and Arizona during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries (1687-1771). We have the geographic location of each mission site; a brief history of each mission as related by the founder himself; a mapped-out itinerary to enable the tourist to retrace Father Kino's many journeys; an account of the missions under the Franciscans (1768-1824) and comments by travelers who have visited them in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

Father Kino was practically unknown until Dr. Bolton outlined his career in the two volumes of his *Kino's Historical Memoir of Pimeria Alta*. To-day every American must needs pay tribute to the dauntless explorer who broke and then mapped all the main trails that constitute the present highways of the Southwest; to the indefatigable builder of mission after mission; to the lover of the Indians who taught them farming, stock-raising and building, while he won them from paganism to the Gospel of Christ.

The volume is well written and beautifully illustrated by scores of photographs, which picture the missions as they are to-day. B. L. C.

Chronicles of Barabbas. By George H. Doran. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.50.

This is in many ways a most engaging volume. In it Mr. Doran sets down his recollections of fifty years' experience in the publishing field. He writes with a simple sincerity that at times becomes naïve, his complete lack of "side" being indicated in the title, which derives from the fact that Byron once so vented his spleen against the whole tribe of publishers.

But a certain amount of egotism is essential to any good volume of memoirs, and Mr. Doran possesses that amount. It makes his book especially interesting to one who in one way or another has been in fairly close touch with the things of which he writes.

A Canadian of Protestant Irish descent (he was brought up, he says, in the tradition of the Battle of the Boyne), George Doran drifted into the publishing business first as a "smart boy" with a religious tract concern, through which he made the acquaintance of Fleming

H. Revell, whose company he afterwords joined in Chicago.

From the outset he obviously felt the fascination which attends work in this field, though it is strange that the charm should have manifested itself amid such unpropitious surroundings. At any rate he succumbed to it, and has been eminently successful in the ventures upon which he afterwards embarked either independently or in association with other publishers. Many of his later associates were, like his earlier, men of a narrowly Evangelical type, who nevertheless could on occasion subordinate their religious principles to the exigencies of good business.

His interests as head of the George H. Doran Co. established in New York in 1908, took him far afield from those with which he started, for as the publisher of many of the most popular authors of recent years he was in personal contact and often on terms of intimate friendship with a host of famous men and women, such as Arnold Bennett, Michael Arlen, Margot Asquith, Edgar Wallace and many others.

His comments on them are delightfully frank, occasionally even scandalous. He makes an obvious effort to cling fast to the principles with which he set up in life, but from time to time he accommodates them to the demands of friendship or to the altered codes of the day, as in his accounts of the domestic arrangements of Wells and Bennett. The book contains one wholly unnecessary chapter, whose strictures on sexual perversion might very well have been taken for granted.

Apparently Mr. Doran has had little opportunity to know Catholics at close range, though some of his most eloquent tributes are paid to Catholics, such as the publisher, James Clarke, and the late Father Duffy. To one who has known Eugene Saxton for many years it is amusing to find him described as a Jesuit, but gratifying to read the recognition of his gifts here recorded.

The value of a book like this lies in its lively comments on actual persons. In that respect, and also for its account of the principal publishing firms of the period which it covers, it is an interesting contribution to our literary history. As criticism it has no value at all, because Mr. Doran naturally evaluates authorship chiefly in terms of sales. If anything were needed to demonstrate the difference between the publisher's gifts and those of the author it is here, in the almost total lack of literary grace with which this book is written.

B. M. K.

Forerunners of American Fascism. By Raymond Gram Swing. New York: Julian Messner, Inc. $1.75.

The Nazi Dictatorship. By Frederick L. Schuman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.00.

With all the virtuosity of a first-class newspaper man and from that unique coign of vantage possessed by a Washington correspondent, Raymond Gram Swing, draws some unforgettable portraits of the men he describes as "Forerunners of American Fascism."

Although he gives good sketches of Father Coughlin, Senator Bilbo, Dr. Townsend and William Randolph Hearst, he is easily at his best in depicting Huey P. Long. Summing up the Senator's achievements in Louisiana, he declares: "He has increased the debt of the state from

$11,000,000 to nearly $150,000,000, the second largest per capita debt in the Union." But Mr. Swing is quick to add "while the state has benefited from most of the money spent and its credit has been maintained at a high level, he has relieved the poor from many taxes and arranged for an early exemption of all property of $2,000 or under." And it is all too true that the Louisiana dictator punishes all who thwart him with grim, relentless, efficient vengeance. What the Washington ace correspondent fails to point out is that in the larger arena of public life at the National Capital, Senator Long by fits of stubbornness, irritability and spitefulness has alienated some of the most liberal-minded coworkers he had in the Senate.

The Nazi Dictatorship is quite a different book. It represents the patient, painstaking research of an acknowledged scholar. Dr. Schuman, who is Assistant Professor of Political Science at the University of Chicago, spent most of the year 1933 in Germany. Consequently, his book combines a wealth of personal experience and the distilled essence of an ocean of literature. The Chicago professor in every instance has utilized either first-hand sources or expert compilations of authentic material. Above all, he has employed a lucid, colorful, narrative style. Individual episodes stand out like chapters of adventure and romance in a novel. The footnotes, though abundant and precise, illuminate rather than obscure the text. The bibliography alone is a veritable treasure-trove.

Despite these excellences of content and style, it cannot be reported that the analysis is entirely objective. The will to achieve complete impartiality is evident; but the success of the effort is doubtful. Wedded to a terminology that smacks of the new psychology, Dr. Schuman appears to have approached his task with the conviction that both Hitler and his brand of politics were frankly to be studied as clinical material. The subtitle betrays this mentality: "A Study in Social Pathology and the Politics of Fascism." As a result, there is more than one passage that represents an apology for the "Jewish-Marxist materialism." The reviewer agrees that Nazism is a highly emotionalized and subjectivized mass mysticism, but he also believes that if there had been less self-seeking on the part of the Social Democrats under the flag of the Republic in Germany, the democracy would have survived the test of discontent and rebirth with fewer base surrenders to force and expediency.

Finally, it should be noted that if the Great Powers freely had given to Heinrich Bruening the concessions that have been extorted from them by the Hitler terror, every critic of Nazidom would be in a surer position. The spectacle of violence succeeding where conciliation, good will and understanding were powerless is not reassuring for the peace-loving millions in the world. J. F. T.

Out of the Whirlwind. By William Thomas Walsh. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. $2.50.

We have reason for rejoicing in the appearance of a fine, mature and powerful novel that is at once soundly American and essentially Catholic. The novel has long been the most sterile field of Catholic literature, perhaps because it is a very

delicate feat to balance fruitful propaganda with creative imagination. Dr. Walsh has solved this difficult problem with so sure a touch that we are amazed at the apparent ease of his accomplishment. He tells a story of absorbing interest. His interpretation of the Polish American will be best appreciated by those familiar with the characteristic *nuances* of this national element.

The Catholic viewpoint of the problem of evil supplies the basic theme, and Dr. Walsh puts into living flesh a memorable sermon on the subject. His book is for adults; its plot concerns indulgence by two young people in illicit passion, which results in a gory murder and the condemnation of one of the two to life imprisonment for a crime he did not commit. Stephen's downfall and his slow, painful regeneration are memorable events in the world of fiction as is also the shrewdly observant study of Nina.

Because the author's theme was suggested by newspaper accounts of an actual murder trial, his book has been compared with *An American Tragedy*. Such comparison is enlightening for it calls attention to the fundamental contrast between a constructive Walsh and a demolishing Dreiser, between order and chaos, between hope and despair, between God and nothingness.

Dr. Walsh's style is vigorous and subtle. His sense of movement is particularly apt,—for example: Book 1, which emphasizes the animal nature of man, rushes the reader feverishly through page after page of passionate activity; in Book 2 comes a check—a curious lull, a numbness such as one feels after a shock or in the first stages of convalescence; in Book 3 the note of spiritual growth is struck slowly and gently and gathers force steadily, consistently mounting to the grand crescendo of completion. Fitting naturally into the well-organized plan are lucid expositions of the Church's attitude toward many things: the power of prayer, free will, sin, grace, self-discipline, mortification, psychiatry and Confession, Communism, Socialism, Atheism, ambition, education, Revelation.

The Catholic Book Club did well to select this work, for it is one that thinking Catholics will find profitable to read and valuable to pass on to non-Catholic friends. C. A.

Queen Victoria. By E. F. Benson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50.

This biography, a recent addition to the increasing literature on the Victorian age, treats the subject with detachment, which shows that the nineteenth century has definitely passed into the realm of history. The Prince Consort's personality inevitably dominates a large portion of its four hundred pages, but it is primarily a biography of the Queen. Mr. Benson has made full use of the sources at his disposal, many of them new, particularly her more intimate letters and memoranda and her confidential communications with her Ministers. All these he has woven together and inspired with a touch of interpretative genius.

He has, however, so little patience with many of the Queen's idiosyncrasies that he is apt to overemphasize them. Both she and her generation afford an easy target for irony —dangerously easy for one like Mr. Benson so inordinately fond of it as to forget that it forms the mustard,

rather than the meat of life. Indeed his irony, though it certainly enlivens the book, often leads him to exceed the limits of good taste. Intent on amusing the readers at the Queen's expense he appears to lose sight of those deeper qualities which are not so susceptible to ridicule. We have every reason for deploring with Mr. Benson her many prejudices and her failure to see an opposite point of view. Her failure, for instance, to understand the Catholic Church was a misfortune. It was a misfortune which she shared with a large majority of her contemporaries, victims of the same historical circumstances, but it was not a fault. Pope Leo XIII. had a deeper knowledge of human nature than Mr. Benson can probably ever hope to attain. With that clear vision which sees the quality of soul beneath the surface of things he entertained a warm regard for the Queen. This regard she fully reciprocated, and it is interesting to note that the gold plate, which she sent to the Pope as a mark of her esteem, was used by the present Holy Father in the recent canonization ceremonies for Fisher and More.

In spite of Victoria's influence at many critical moments, it is not improbable that the main course of English history during her reign, would not have been very different had she never ascended the throne. Her victory was in another sphere. It was the victory of her own inherent qualities over the debased standards which prevailed in society before her accession. It is enough to compare the appalling picture in the early part of this book with the conditions which existed during her reign, to realize that she effected a social revolution by the sheer force of her convictions and the strength of her character. R. F. W.

Symphonic Masterpieces. By Olin Downes. New York: The Dial Press. $2.75.

The Victor Book of the Symphony. By Charles O'Connell. New York: Simon & Schuster. $3.50.

Only a critic possessing Mr. Downes' broad knowledge and wide-ranging sympathies could discuss with interest and impartiality such diverse geniuses as Bach and Debussy, as Beethoven and Stravinsky. This is not to deny that the author reveals his affinities. They lie not with the formalists, the upholders of music as an abstract art of pure design, but rather with the romantics who view music as inseparable from thought, emotion and life—the whole man.

The author's radio talks, later amplified and published as *Symphonic Broadcasts*, are the germ of this book. New material and extensive revision have not altered the freshness and brio of the expositions and analyses. In chronologic succession Mr. Downes discusses the greater number of those symphonic works which hold their place in the contemporary American repertory. To illustrate the basic principles of symphonic structure, thematic quotations are given from the G minor of Mozart, the C minor of Beethoven, the D minor of César Franck, and *Till Eulenspiegel* of Richard Strauss. A chapter on the orchestra and the musical forms of Bach's time provides the indispensable perspective for appreciation of his works.

One would like to quote some at least of the stimulating views thrown off in the course of these dis-

cussions: Beethoven's practical abnegation in his Fifth Symphony of melodic forms in favor of the driving power of rhythm, Schumann's magic that could transmute even sentimentality into poetry, reasons why it is still impossible to make a balanced estimate of Wagner, the comforting assurance that Brahms' Fourth Symphony is not a valedictory but has vital contact with the music of to-day, our failure to realize Dvorák's vision of a great American music—and others, but the reader will need no guidepost.

The five hundred odd pages of The Victor Book of the Symphony include brief biographies and analyses of more than two hundred and forty orchestral works. A chapter on the composition and range of the modern orchestra, photographs of members of the Philadelphia Orchestra posed with their instruments, and musical illustrations in the text make a reference book that should lie handily near one's radio or victrola. In his Foreword Mr. Leopold Stokowski indicates the author's method of securing appreciation as one consisting largely of suggestion. The reader is stimulated to make his own imaginative flight. Also Mr. O'Connell steers adroitly between confusing technicalities and a false simplicity.

M. C. M.

An Introduction to Pareto. By George C. Homans and Charles P. Curtis, Jr. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

This book is an outgrowth of a seminar on the sociology of Pareto held at Harvard University under the direction of Professor Lawrence J. Henderson. It is an attempt to introduce the reader to the main work, *Traité de Sociologie Générale*, of the late Vilfredo Pareto, one-time professor at the University of Lausanne, an English edition of which has recently appeared under the editorship of Arthur Livingston.

The characteristic of the *Sociologie Générale*, according to the authors of the Introduction, is that it "applies to the study of society a method which has been found successful in the maturer sciences." As far as the nonlogical actions of men—the most important element determining society—are concerned, the *Sociologie Générale* provides a scheme and a method of applying that scheme which has been found to have wide usefulness in the study of society. This, the authors of the Introduction claim has been done by no sociologist, and consequently they suggest that Pareto may become the Copernicus of the science of Sociology.

The lack of clearness which runs through the Introduction makes it difficult reading. The precise meaning of a number of important terms is not made sufficiently clear. There is no attempt whatever made to define sociology, other than stating it is "what we read about in this book." Sentences such as the following are none too illuminating: "The actions of men are among the elements which are in a state of determination with the social equilibrium," and "Conduct, however, is kept from being tangential by the practical necessity of viable behavior." It was quite unnecessary for the authors to go out of their way to be indefinite by suggesting the following equation of American normality: "The average number of automobile cylinders, times two, over meridian 7-1212 less the square root of Owney Macleod's exemption."

There are not a few things in the Introduction that enlightened and right-minded readers will take exception to; for instance, "Birth control is regarded as murder"; "Hell perhaps unfortunately, is only a sentiment"; "Christianity, from its early Fathers down to our own clergy, has sometimes more and sometimes a little less regarded sex as a sin and has done its best to suppress all but the indispensable minimum of sexual intercourse"; and—speaking of the self-imposed poverty and chastity of the mendicant friars—"Neither poverty nor absolute and irrational chastity is of benefit or use to society any more than is the Pope's refusal to leave the Vatican, but they lead men to give alms more readily."

J. M.

SHORTER NOTICES

FICTION: **Paths of Glory.** By Humphrey Cobb (New York: The Viking Press. $2.50). One may read nearly half way through this book, under the impression that despite the claims of the publisher, it is just another story of the War. For the first chapters follow those well-worn paths once trodden by every author of war stories, but now to our relief, fallen into comparative disuse. Only the scene at the chalk pit might warn the reader that he is turning the pages of an extraordinary book. About the middle of the volume, the tale begins to sharpen and deepen, to grow more original and dramatic, and the closing part leaves us stirred, tense, almost gasping with a new realization of the inhuman selfishness and the mad brutality of war. Foreseeing, as he well might, that the average reader would find the climax of the story incredible, the author appends a note with references to prove that "such things really happen." The officers seem a bit "stagey" at times, but the men are real. Some minor technical errors have been already pointed out by experts, but for men of ordinary intelligence and normal feeling it would be difficult to find a plea against war more persuasive than this book taken as a whole. If it were not disfigured in several passages by a coarseness which makes it ineligible for general circulation, we should be disposed to recommend it far and wide.

A Few Foolish Ones. By Gladys Hasty Carroll (New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50). Novels of the present season might make a foreigner wonder whether Americans are not necessarily divided into two camps: the worn-out po' white trash of a swampy South or the washed out flinty relics of Maine's rockbound coast. But let them not judge too quickly. Here, indeed, is another Maine novel, but one much above the average in wholesomeness and broad understanding of humanity. Its theme might, perhaps, be found in the Victorian precept "Home-keeping hearts are happiest." Readers who enjoyed Mrs. Carroll's *As the Earth Turns* will not be surprised at her ability to bring to life a cross section of rural Maine. This study follows the life of Gus Bragdon from his young manhood to his death at a very old age; it covers a period of sixty years. Gus and his elder daughter, Kate, are magnificently portrayed, and the frail little farmwife, Sarey, is an achievement in sympathetic dis-

cernment; the other characters suffer, it seems to us, from too strong an inheritance—the author forces them to typify single or combined family traits somewhat to the detriment of individuality. The tale has interest and charm, and while realistically detailed, it does not become tedious. It will make good vacation reading.

The Pascarella Family. By Franz Werfel. Translated by Dorothy Tait-Price (New York: The Viking Press. $2.50). Here are the Barretts again but not in Wimpole Street. Don Domenico Pascarella rules his family in Naples where Mama's room is preserved as a tender shrine and where the children idolize Papa despite his jealous tyranny. But the eldest sister, Zia, realizing how her own youth has shriveled, determines that they must all conspire to send the beautiful Grazia to the ball at Bertolini's. It is a terrible secret to keep from Don Domenico, but Grazia goes and meets romance in the impassioned but elderly Mr. Arthur Campbell of London. The quixotic chivalry of Mr. Campbell in conjunction with his complete ignorance of Italian, nearly completes the tragedy which begins when Don Domenico faces bankruptcy and his three sons sail for Brazil. By the last chapter, however, everything is straightened out somewhat in the fashion of Mrs. de la Pasture. It is a pleasant nineteenth century kind of novel, written with charm and with much affection for Italian types and scenes. If read on a sunny afternoon in a garden, one's criticism will be mellowed into gratitude. The first English translation of The Pascarella Family was published in 1932. It has been reissued to show the versatility of the author of the generally popular but painful *Musa Dagh.*

The Kings of Beacon Hill. By Christine Whiting Parmenter (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $2.00). To those familiar with Boston, Mrs. Parmenter's title will suggest a problem of social distinctions. Her story depicts the merging by marriage of two families, the Kings, rich aristocrats of Beacon Hill, and the Bowens, plumber plebeians of Roxbury. It is a simple, homey book, with an admirable heroine who excels in the domestic virtues; an honest good-natured hero; a villain both handsome and wicked; and of course, a butterfly *ingénue;* there are riches and parties and dishwashing and lots of lovely cuddly babies. For us, a fly is dropped in the honey by the satisfaction with suicide as a solution of life's embarrassments, and by the generally expressed dissatisfaction with Etta because she declines to divorce her husband so that he may marry another woman.

La Fin de la Nuit. Par François Mauriac (Paris: Editions Bernard Grasset. 15 *fr.*). This is a complete novel in itself, but its principal character, Mme. Thérèse Desqueyroux, has appeared in an earlier work called by her name, and her personality is definitely marked by the attempted murder of her husband which was there related. Here we have a study of her during her declining years in Paris, an outcast from her native district of Les Landes. The emphasis is almost exclusively psychological, but the book is none the less melodramatic, and is based chiefly on Mme. Desqueyroux's struggles against what she believes to be her fate, to bring evil to all she touches. Though the other characters re-

main lay figures, Mauriac makes the strange Mme. Desqueyroux credible, and his story of her theft of her daughter's fiancé, her renunciation of him and her death, is one of sustained and compelling interest.

Laughing Prelude. By Isabel C. Clarke (New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50). This is the story of a wealthy young Englishman falling in love with a gardener's daughter, whom "he prizes above all the world for her beauty, her intelligence and her sweet dainty ways." The class barrier leads to a clandestine marriage—for this brave soldier is an arrant coward at heart — and the young wife pledged to secrecy is left alone in London while he goes to France to die in the Great War. How the proud mother fights dire poverty and outrageous scandal without a word of complaint; how she is forced to hand over her child for adoption to a rich, childless woman; how the child finally comes to his own—all is dramatically told in Miss Clarke's best vein.

Travel: Provence. From Minstrels to the Machine. By Ford Madox Ford. Illustrations by Biala. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.00). Delight is a life-giving and, happily, a contagious germ—and certainly it is personal delight as well as an infinitely picturesque background which vivify these literary meanderings of Mr. Madox Ford. He loves insatiably the sun-baked soil of Provence: he has even an apologetic love for the London wrapped in fog and family memories or for the bright loquaciousness of New York, if only for the contrast these offer to the southern paradise where both "bees and poets" may work all winter. To this ancient Roman Province on the immemorial Trade Route from Cathay to Europe, he would have us all return if we would hold on to the remnants of a disappearing civilization. So he sings the pæan of its nightingales and its cookery, its bull fights and its troubadours, with gracious respect for the fabled Marys of the Sea and—we regret to say—an "affectionate admiration" also for the medieval sect of the Albigenses. Mr. Madox Ford would probably be the last to deny his frivolity and general unreliability as a theologian. But as an æsthete he is delightful even when frivolous. And he makes it harder than ever for the rest of us to resist the lure of Arles and Avignon or Nîmes and Carcassonne.

Leaves from a Greenland Diary. By Ruth Bryan Owen (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.00). Greenland with its 640,000 square miles of ice and rock, is a closed country to tourist and trader. Special permission must be obtained from the Danish Government for artists, scientists or diplomats desirous of visiting the country. On her way to the United States last summer, Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, our Minister to Denmark, made an eight weeks' tour of Greenland's chief villages under the tutelage of Captain Hansen of the Disco. She records with heartfelt appreciation the kindly hospitality given her by Danish officials and Eskimo natives. Mrs. Owen visited the people's houses, schools and hospitals; she attended marriages and christenings in the tiny Lutheran churches; she watched the natives paddle their frail kyaks in their seal hunts, the women unload the Disco and scrub the cod and halibut, the men handle

the fierce dog teams and cut up monster whales for the winter's food. This drab land of small fishing villages—they have but two hundred inhabitants on the average—is pictured by the author clothed in the icy whiteness of its thousands of icebergs, the green-rose of its beauteous aurora borealis, and the golden glow of its sunsets.

Away to the Gaspé. By Gordon Brinley (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50). The "Duchess" and her husband, Putnam, the talented illustrator of this interesting travelogue, thoroughly enjoyed their four months' motor trip from New Canaan, Conn., to the Gaspé Peninsula by way of the Berkshires, the White Mountains and Quebec. We are convinced that many a reader of these sparkling pages will be tempted to follow in their tracks. They drove and camped in fair weather and foul, fished for trout at Coin du Banc, danced with the habitants at Madeleine, made dozens of sketches of the cliffs, bays and islands of the Gaspé littoral, and visited scores of quaint fishing villages. They describe in detail the country's homes, churches, schools, bird colonies, wild flowers, fisheries and pulp mills. A beautiful water color frontispiece of Percé Rock together with some two dozen excellent pencil drawings make these pages live.

La Cathédrale de Chartres. 40 Photographies inédites d'André Vigneau (New York: Editions Tel-Maison Française. 45 *fr.*). We know of no better compensation for reluctant stay-at-homes than this beautiful collection of photographs of that "masterpiece of mystic sculpture," the Cathedral of Chartres. Seldom have we seen any to compare with these pictures in size and clearness of detail; the double spreads are 22 by 15 inches,—one, a panoramic picture taking in the lower stage clear across the Royal Portal, in which the kings and queens are three inches high; another, a far-flung view stretching out over the town. In the single plates, with a single figure, the head is just the size of the original. Excerpts from Huysmans and Rodin given in French and in English form a worthy introduction to this superb collection, and a numbered list explaining each of the forty plates is a welcome addition where there is such a wealth of material. It is a book to be treasured by all lovers of art and by all prospective or seasoned travelers.

Royal London. By Douglas Goldring. Edited by F. A. Mercer (New York: Studio Publications. $2.00). Consisting largely of clear, well-produced illustrations — there are nearly a hundred—this is one of the many books inspired by the recent jubilee of King George. Pictures of the royal family, of parks and palaces, churches and public buildings, of monuments and historic streets convey much of the atmosphere of this city of ceremony and pageantry, a city saturated with the history of the British Commonwealth. The volume will bring a nostalgic joy to the exiled Londoner. In format, it is of the quality which we have come to expect from this publishing house.

The London Scene. By H. V. Morton (New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. $2.50). This seasoned writer of travel books gives us here a very useful compendium of facts of history and topography, an A.B.C. of the City and the West End of London, that we wager will go into the pockets of many travelers this

summer. A bird's-eye survey of the rise and development of London through the various historical periods is followed by an alphabetical list of the chief buildings, streets, historic sites, and by a brief account of their literary or other associations. An appendix gives places of direct American interest and the illustrations feature the changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace, Hyde Park, Caledonia Market, Nelson's Monument, etc. Mr. Morton deserves the gratitude of the hurried tourist, eager to make the most of his opportunities.

MISCELLANEOUS: **Humor: Its Theory and Technique.** By Stephen Leacock (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50). Mr. Leacock, acclaimed by some as the greatest living humorist, here writes upon the least explicable of subjects, examining, illustrating and shrewdly commenting upon every known form of it from the lowest type originating in jangling syllables, bad spelling and misused words, to that which finds its basis in the very incongruity of life where laughter and tears become one. Parody, burlesque and mistranslation; comic verse, story-tellers and story-killers; the varying national fashions in humor,—all are treated both in their serious and in their amusing aspect. Chaucer for all his charming tricks of language, is dismissed with the brief notice: "he told dirty stories well." Bacon and Shakespeare rank "as far ahead of the singers and dirty story-tellers of the middle ages as they do above the Algonquin Indians." Gilbert and Sullivan get the credit of having "kindly chloroformed and buried" the rough, roaring, rollicking "British tar" type of humor which Smollett developed and Marryat copied. Mr. Leacock manifests characteristic disgust with "that terrible obsession of sex, which is creeping like a green slime all over our imaginative literature," and which is one of the worst hindrances to the development of real humor. "The readers gather just as horse flies do along the road where a well-fed horse has passed."

The Islandman. By Tomás Ó'Crohan (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50). Another glimpse of the Blasket Islands is welcome. This time it is given by Tomás Ó'Crohan who was born there in 1856 and has lived on the Great Blasket ever since. He tells of family life in a little one-room thatched hut, with people and animals huddled by the fireplace together; of fishing and seal hunts; of school and wakes and marriages and wrecks; of joys and sorrows alternating as the tides. His book is akin to *Man of Aran* in its sense of human hardihood and bare subsistence; its immediate locale of course suggests *Twenty Years A-Growing* —but Ó'Crohan emerges from his background a shrewd, sprightly little fellow with a gift of pungent wit; one misses in him the poetry and grandeur of O'Sullivan.

Heaven High—Hell Deep. By Norman Archibald (New York: Albert & Charles Boni, Inc. $2.50). This thrilling biographical sketch of an American war aviator, recommended by both the Book-of-the-Month Club and the Literary Guild, deserves the wide acclaim it has aroused. It is a remarkable story told with natural artistry: it conveys Youth's high hopes at the beginning of war adventure; the zest and romance of flying; the high spirit of American lads—Quentin

Roosevelt and others like him—who were "Archie's" companions in the famous Kicking Mule Squadron. But perhaps the part that will linger longest in the reader's memory is the vivid description of suffering endured in German prison camps.

Avowals and Denials. By G. K. Chesterton (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50). The thirty-six essays of Mr. Chesterton's latest book are reprinted with slight alterations from the *Illustrated London News*. In that style of his, so familiar to every reader in the English speaking world, he discusses such topics as Shaw and His Black Girl, Eugenics, The New Prudery, Return to the Land, Jazz, The One-Party System, Prussia, Paganism and The Next Hundred Years. He is not quite ready to endorse Mr. Winston Churchill's defense of the original John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough. He welcomes as an inspiring and challenging book, Mr. Middleton Murry's *Study of Blake*. Discussing the question if artistic revolutions — pre-Raphaelites, Impressionists, Post-Impressionists and any number more—are really necessary, he says that Mr. Eric Gill answers in the only way a real revolutionist can answer, "that his is the right revolution and every other is the wrong revolution."

INDEX TO REVIEWERS

B. L. C.: Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P., missionary and writer, Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York City; founder and spiritual director of The Catholic Unity League; author of *Studies in Church History, The Question Box*, etc.

B. M. K.: Blanche Mary Kelly, Litt.D., poet and critic, Professor of English, College of Mount St. Vincent, New York City; formerly Editorial Manager of The Catholic Encyclopedia; author of *The Valley of Vision, Mary the Mother*, etc.

C. A.: Claire (Mrs. Thaddeus G.) Armstrong, artist and critic, Port Washington, N. Y.

J. F. T.: Rev. Joseph F. Thorning, S.J., Ph.D., Professor of Sociology at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.; associate editor of *Thought* for the Department of International Relations, and Chairman of the Europe Committee of the Catholic Association for International Peace; author of *Religious Liberty in Transition*, etc.

J. H. R.: Most Rev. James H. Ryan, S.T.D., Ph.D., LL.D., Litt.D., Rector of the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.; Editor of *The New Scholasticism;* member of the editorial board of *Speculum;* author of *An Introduction to Philosophy*, etc.

J. M.: Rev. Jerome Merwick, O.S.B., writer and critic, Professor of Sociology, St. Benedict's College, Atchison, Kans.

M. C. M.: Margaret C. Meagher, writer, teacher, musician, cataloguer of bibliographical works for Art and Society Libraries, Richmond, Va.

R. F. W.: Robert F. Wilberforce, C.B.E., barrister and diplomat, Director of the British Library of Information, New York City.

T. C. P.: Rev. Theodore C. Petersen, C.S.P., writer and critic, Professor of Scripture, St. Paul's College, Washington, D. C.

BOOKS RECEIVED

AMERICAN BOOK CO., New York:
American Writers Series: *Mark Twain*, by Fred Lewis Pattee; *William Cullen Bryant*, by Tremaine McDowell; *Nathaniel Hawthorne*, by Warren Austin; *Washington Irving*, by Henry A. Pochmann; $1.00 each.

D. APPLETON-CENTURY CO., New York:
First Century of American Literature. By Fred Lewis Pattee. $3.50.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
Catholic Action. By Burton Confrey. $2.68.

DODD, MEAD & CO., New York:
There Was Tammie. By Dorothy and Marguerite Bryan. $1.00.

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & CO., Garden City, N. Y.:
Beauty's Daughter. By Kathleen Norris. $2.00. *A Mind That Found Itself*. By Clifford W. Beers. $2.50.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., New York:
The Supreme Law. By Maurice Maeterlinck. $2.00. *Powers That Be*. By Alexander Cannon. $1.50.

FARRAR & RINEHART, New York:
Deep Dark River. By Robert Rylee. $2.50.

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO., New York:
Grand Tour. By Patrick Balfour. $3.75.

HARPER & BROS., New York:
No Traveller Returns. By Joseph Auslander. $2.50.

D. C. HEATH & CO., New York:
Labor in Modern Industrial Society. By Norman J. Ware.

ALFRED A. KNOPF, New York:
Lucy Gayheart. By Willa Cather. $2.00.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:
Christian Art. By C. R. Morey. $1.75. *The Gospel According to St. Luke*. Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures. $1.00.

LORING & MUSSEY, New York:
The Art of Authorship. By Edwin V. Mitchell. $1.75.

THE MACMILLAN CO., New York:
The Russian Revolution. 1917-1921. By William Henry Chamberlin. Two vols. $10.00.
Mirage and Truth. By M. C. D'Arcy, S.J. $1.75.

THOMAS NELSON & SONS, New York:
Science: A New Outline. By J. W. N. Sullivan. $2.00.

PRENTICE-HALL, INC., New York:
Logic in Theory and Practice. By Charles Gray Shaw. $2.00.

REYNAL & HITCHCOCK, New York:
Anthology of World Prose. Edited by Carl Van Doren. $3.50.

JOSEPH P. WAGNER, New York:
A Call to Catholic Action. A series of Conferences. Vol. I. $2.00.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO., Boston, Mass.:
A History of Europe. By H. A. L. Fisher. $4.00. *The Wolf at the Door*. By Robert Francis. $2.50.

THE BRUCE PUBLISHING CO., Milwaukee, Wis.:
St. Raymond of Pennafort. By Thomas M. Schwertner, O.P. $1.50.

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE, Toronto:
On the Governance of Rulers. By St. Thomas Aquinas. Translated by Gerald P. Phelan, Ph.D.

SOCIEDAD "SAN MIGUEL," Buenos Aires:
Theologia Moralis. By Josepho Ubach, S.J. Vols. I. and II.

DESCLÉE DE BROUWER ET CIE., Paris:
L'Invasion Laïque. Par Louis Capéran. 18 *fr.*

ERNEST FLAMMARION, Paris:
Sur la pente. Par André Tardieu. 12 *fr.* *Saint Jean Bosco*. Par Henri Ghéon. 12 *fr.*

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:
Sainteté et Bonne Volonté. Par R. P. Lekeux. 8 *fr.*

LIBRAIRIE PLON, Paris:
Sainte Anne D'Auray. Par Émile Gabory. 12 *fr.*

PIERRE TÉQUI, Paris:
Études sur Pascal. Par George Desgrippes. 12 *fr.* *Le Pain des Grands*. Par Chanoine Eug. Duplessy. Tome I. 12 *fr.*

IMPRIMERIE LE LORRAIN, Metz:
La Vérité sur Catherine Filljung. Par Jean-Baptiste Pelt. 25 *fr.*